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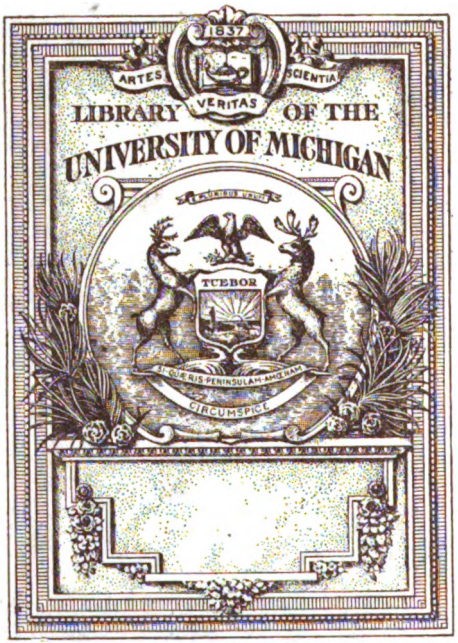

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CANON BARNETT

VOL. I

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Rev^d S. A. Barnett when he became Warden of Toynbee Hall

Affectionately yours
Samuel A. Barnett

...N BARNETT

...the first University Settlement
... Hall, Whitechapel, London

... WORK, AND FRIENDS

...BY HIS WIFE

...

...MES, WI... ...E ILLUSTRATIONS

VOL. I

WITH SIXTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS

...OSTON & NEW YORK
...HTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
1919

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CANON BARNETT

Warden of the first University Settlement
Toynbee Hall, Whitechapel, London

HIS LIFE, WORK, AND FRIENDS

BY HIS WIFE

"Fear not to Sow because of the Birds"

In Two Volumes, with Thirty-nine Illustrations

VOL. I

WITH SIXTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS

BOSTON & NEW YORK
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INTRODUCTORY NOTE

SAMUEL A. BARNETT stands preëminent as a shaper of new forms and habits in the ordinary round of human intercourse. He made ways of service interesting and commanding that had seemed dull and even repellent. Working with ingenuity and comprehensiveness as of the statesman of a new order to establish a proper physical and economic basis for the common life, he strove yet more for that rising of the spirit in every man apart from which none can either get or keep his larger birthright of freedom and power. With a feeling like that of the Renaissance for all the good fruits of knowledge and beauty, he placed that highest valuation upon them of insistence that they could and should be made the possession of the whole people.

He set out to see specifically that these gifts should be provided in just measure to a given community made up of the humblest. He summoned to his help as citizens in it a succession of the most select young spirits of Oxford and Cambridge. A widely varied, quite unexampled, yet thoroughly consistent system of assistance, instruction, leadership in mutual aid, and, above all, unaffected fellowship across all dividing lines, came step by step into being. The result was the one distinctly new social institution that was developed in an era prolific of discovery in physical and mechanical science.

Important as Canon Barnett's work was toward bringing vital spiritual coherence to the oldest and ripest of the democracies having only the cleavages which can exist in a homogeneous people, it has furnished still deeper suggestions for a country which is in process of being haltingly fashioned together

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out of all the races and nearly all the nationalities. An ever-increasing number of loyal companies intent upon putting this influence in practice have played their part amid the vast moral changes in American life during the last thirty years, as our communities and the whole nation have been growing into a more humanly responsible sentiment. Not many of their members have had the precious experience of tracing their inspiration to its source. In these volumes all may find how surprisingly a whole new domain of effort for the studious, yet adventurous, building of democratic relationships had its creative beginnings in a single rarely consecrated, emancipated life.

ROBERT A. WOODS

South End House, Boston
May, 1919

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PREFACE

BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK

A RECORD of the life of Canon Barnett has been eagerly looked for not only by his friends but by the large number of men and women whom his words and example have stimulated and inspired. There was only one person who could write this record. For the life which it presents was not a single life. It was, with a singularly beautiful community of mind and spirit, shared, understood, interpreted, and sustained by his wife. Indeed Canon Barnett used to say, with a characteristic touch of humility, that he was but the mouthpiece of his wife and had the courage of her opinions. The words which he used in the introduction to one of their joint volumes on *Practicable Socialism* are true not only of that book but of the whole life of its authors. "Each essay is signed by the writer, but in every case they represent our common thought as all that has been done represents our common work." Yet this very fact has imposed upon Mrs. Barnett a task of very exceptional delicacy and difficulty. When she undertook to write the Life of her husband her intention was to follow the usual method, and give an account of his life, of his teaching, and of his public work. But the friends who saw the plan of the book counselled her to give frankly and fully the only picture which could be true to the reality, the picture of two lives united in efforts, principles, and aims. All who knew Canon Barnett knew that this advice was right. But it is only due to the wider public whom this

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book will reach that it should understand why it must need be the presentation of a "marriage of true minds" and of an exceptionally perfect and fruitful comradeship.

As one who owes to Canon Barnett the first impulse to the service of his fellow-men and who enjoyed his stimulating friendship for many years, I deem it a privilege to be allowed to write these words of preface and explanation. Times have changed since he died. We stand on the threshold of a new age. But the lessons in this book of single-hearted service for God and man are of abiding value. "Even now abideth faith, hope, and love; but the greatest of these is love."

COSMO EBOR:

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THE PLAN OF THE BOOK

By Mrs. S. A. Barnett, C.B.E.

It is very difficult to write a biography, and especially if the writer loves the character that is to be shown to the world. What is to be given, what withheld? Is the best to be revealed? Is it too good? Are faults to be told? Mistakes chronicled?

All through the time that this book has taken me to write, I have striven to bear in mind the standard of the greatest biographers of the Greatest Life. Those simple Galileans, in their eagerness to explain their Master, thought nothing too sacred to reveal, not even the fear of death nor the agony in the garden. They reported many a characteristic conversation, even if they got it from a suspected source, such as the woman of Samaria. They told of the depressions of fatigue, the mistaken judgment in a disciple's character, and of the error concerning a fact of natural history.

But it is hard to follow this lofty standard when the life and the love are so closely bound up with oneself. Many times have I been tempted to keep his best only for myself; but I have given of my gems, realising that it is not what a man *does* so much as what he *is* that helps forward striving souls, and my husband's tenderest depths could only be known to his wife.

I have therefore endeavoured to treat myself as a dramatist would, and, costly though it has been, to consider his wife as if she had not been myself. And when one is near the end of life, one feels that whatever the pain of publicity, it will soon be over, and then there will be left the evidences of the deep noble affection of a deep and noble character for his comrade, friend, and wife. Fearlessly therefore I have depicted him amid his father's dourness, his mother's love, his family's *bourgeois* ways and petty interests. With intention I have dwelt on his early manhood, and given in full

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many of the letters of that period, because they show the young man as nothing else can do, and because from them can be gathered the capacity for growth which was so distinctive a feature in my husband's nature. To him it was of no consequence by what channel the suggestion came, be it lovingly by the voice of a friend, or rudely from the impersonal press. As soon as he was shown a more excellent way, he immediately adopted it. Thus he grew more than anyone I have ever known, and this capacity for a changing sequence makes his biography very interesting. It could be said of him:

> "Rejoice that man is hurled
> From change to change unceasingly,
> His soul's wings never furled."

The evidences of this power of growing are scattered all over the book. It was the same man who at twenty-seven laid the poor drunken wretch on the floor of the van to travel for hours at the feet of the girl he loved, who became the courteous gentleman who never let his wife open the door for herself, and of whom one who had lived in Toynbee Hall for many years wrote that he had "unfailing beautiful manners." It was the same man who in early life disapproved of illness and showed it by severity, whose presence in later years was eagerly looked for by the sick and dying. It was the same man who began his work among the poor with the sternest tenets of repressive relief, who yet became the advocate for free breakfasts for all school children, gratuitous medical relief, and universal pensions.

This power of growth made him provocatively puzzling, and also apparently inconsistent, an estimation which his enjoyment of paradoxes and epigrams accentuated.

His temper was naturally of the sweetest, yet he was often surprisingly censorious. His sympathy was both imaginative and subtle, and yet he would harden his heart against the most piteous evidences of poverty, if his economic principles were involved. His generosity in big matters was sometimes reckless, and yet his parsimony in small ones could be both comic and annoying. His patience was part of his religious dependence on God, and yet it was united to restless ruthless energy for reform. His trust in human nature was all-embracing, yet no one investigated the statements of applicants more searchingly. His humility was one of the centres of his nature, and yet he assumed responsibilities and

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accepted positions which were hardly compatible with self-depreciation. His admiration for people was often exaggerated—and this must be remembered when his letters to me are read—yet it was joined to the most rigid criticism, and the refusal to be satisfied for everyone with any standard less than that of his "Christed self." He shrank from and disliked any dealings with occultism, but he possessed, and recognised, a rare capacity for pre-vision—for instance, I remember a walk at Antibes in the early seventies when he said:

"The next health campaign will be an open-air cure. Night and day, winter and summer, patients will be kept with only roof shelter."

At least twenty years ago, when war was far from men's thoughts, he said:

"England will have to awake to an understanding of what her faith in Christianity means and then to fight for it."

Many years before Marconi staggered the world by his discovery, my husband wrote:

"Prayer may permeate an invisible medium and influence action, just as it may be found that electricity can permeate invisible ether and produce results."

All these traits make a very interesting character, all the more because his whole being was dominated by Religion. He talked very little about it, and positively disliked abstract discussions on the unknowable; but his normal attitude was one of worship of God, and Christ he felt to be his contemporary. This was the key-note of his life; and among the multitude of notes that went to make his music, it could always be heard by all who listened, though its influence was more often felt than recognised.

A very full life is difficult to depict because of the large quantity of material. To select, when all is interesting, needs the sympathy which tells not only what people want to know, but what they don't know they want. I have been helped by much kind advice. Bishop Ryle hoped the story would be told as much as possible in my husband's "own words, for they were unstereotyped and often pregnant with thought." Mr. Alfred Spender bade me "soak" myself in Canon Barnett's writings, for "only thus could his biographer catch the unexpected originality of his ideas." Earl Grey, Dean Fremantle, Sir Edward Cook and many other friends begged that the Memoir should be a joint one of both our lives. The advice of all has been taken as far as it

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has been possible. Indeed it has been the conscientious examination of the enormous masses of papers which has been partly responsible for the delay in the issue of these volumes.

Unlike most biographies, Canon Barnett's life has been dealt with in subjects and not chronologically. I thought it would be uninteresting frequently to refer to matters, such as the Exhibition which occurred every year, or the Worship Hour which took place every week; so I have gathered my husband's thought and action together, and tell each story straight through. The drawback to this plan is that when the history covers many years it has compelled events to be referred to before they have been mentioned. For instance, the Residents' work in connection with elementary education—chapter xxiii—is described before the initiation of Toynbee Hall is recorded—chapter xxiv; and my husband's feeling on poverty problems when living among the rich—chapter xlvi—is related before his removal to Westminster is chronicled—chapter li.

The plan has also necessitated chapters on the same subject in different parts of the book. The relief of the degraded among our neighbours in Whitechapel, which is described in the first volume, was an entirely different matter from the charity questions that occupied Canon Barnett's thought thirty years later, and which have to be dealt with towards the end of the book. Of all the subjects I found those on Relief and the Poor Law the most difficult to compress. The work itself was hard, intricate, and unceasing. Indeed there was rarely a day in our forty years' work together, when the claims of the poor or the hopes for the children did not take time and demand output of thought and feeling. The pens of neither of us were idle, and it is the exceptional number of Canon Barnett's articles that has made the selection so perplexing; all the more as his methods of expression and terse statement of principles are worth reproducing.

In the earlier part of the book, the chapter on Housing tells of the destruction of the main part of St. Jude's parish during 1873–83. In the second volume, the chapters on the same subject include larger building schemes, and the story of the Hampstead Garden Suburb.

The first Pension Committee was founded the year we went to Whitechapel, to deal with the old in the parish. The second met the needs of those who had paid rates all their lives in the belief that they would receive out-relief,

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and then found the system was abolished. Later in my husband's life, as experience taught him, he urged that pensions should be given to everyone. Neither in 1873 nor 1877 was he ready for the conclusion he finally came to. Thus it has been necessary to mention pensions in two separate chapters, viii and xlvii.

The two chapters on Entertainment might seem like repetition; but the St. Jude's parties to teach self-respect to the degraded, and the Toynbee parties to break down class barriers, were quite different, even if both were aspects of the same principle.

The descriptions of the life, first in the small Orphan Home, and later in the larger training and Convalescent Home, may seem redundant; but these Homes made much of the background of our lives, and part of every week we lived in them.

It is not my hope that all our friends will read the whole of this book. I cannot imagine, for instance, a learned judge, however deep his friendship for Canon Barnett, reading the girl chapters; nor an erudite professor perusing those about school parties; neither would even a friendly political economist tolerate the sketchiness of the chapters on relief or local government. But they may all like to see my husband's early efforts to obtain higher education; and yet perhaps those chapters will be dull reading for the people who care only for housing reform, libraries, art exhibitions, or holidays for town children. One of the advantages of the group method is the opportunity it gives for selection. The contents, index, and page headings have all been prepared to enable the reader to concentrate on those aspects of thought and action which specially appeal to him, or to skip those in which he finds no interest; but in every chapter the personality of the Canon is revealed.

I have made no effort to determine the relative importance of my husband's work. If he had done nothing else but what he accomplished in democratising higher teaching, or idealising elementary education, it would have been enough to stamp him as a leading educationalist; but that branch of progressive endeavour was only one of his labours, and he could have taken a similar position in almost all the causes for which he worked.

It has not been without design that some of the word-pictures are painted in the pre-Raphaelite style and others by the impressionist method. For example, I have written of

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the Toynbee Travellers' Club fully, and described the water famine in detail, not because the first was more important than kindred Toynbee Societies, or the second of special interest; but because the reader is thus enabled to understand the work behind the other Toynbee Societies, and can realise the strength of the union of the Warden, the Residents, and Associates in any of the other public contests in which they were engaged. Behind the impressionist sketches he can supply the precision of the pre-Raphaelite details.

Many tales are told of our parishioners, and I could tell very many more. Indeed I have had to be stern with myself or I should have written too much of the noble actions, the delicate honour, and the fine consideration of our Whitechapel neighbours. But I have forborne, because the object of this book is to try to tell of the character and life of one man, and so the tales are only put in to paint the background of his life, or to illustrate some quality in his nature.

The same principle has been acted on in relation to friends who made the joy and strength of our lives. Many are not mentioned at all, others only cursorily, even if their work deserved a whole book to describe it. The principle of selection has been to speak of those who abode to the end, showing by their steadfastness that their gift of friendship has not been transient.

As we travelled a good deal, a short account of even the annual journeys would have absorbed too many pages, while to have printed all his letters from abroad, unstereotyped and attractive as they are, would have monopolised the book. So what I have done is to describe a few journeys at length and leave the others unmentioned.

The Canon's letters, when not inserted in the chapters, have been collected into batches and published with no relation except that of date sequence. My husband was a prolific letter-writer, writing rapidly and rarely changing a word. His correspondence, which, besides those to other friends, includes fifty-two letters a year to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Barnett for thirty years, is very large; and after many weeks spent in selecting which should be inserted, I am left with the sense that I need not have spent so much labour, for those included are no better than the many hundreds that are perforce excluded.

The interest in the mottoes consists in each one being

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written by Canon Barnett, and all of them contain the germ of the thought set out in the chapter.

It has taken me four years to write this book, years broken by sadness and frequent ill-health, occupied by much public work, and dimmed by the canopy of war. It has been written for my husband's friends, not only for those who are learned and have cultivated minds, but also for the uncounted number of humble people who loved and followed him. I hope I have depicted him truthfully, and not made him appear too good. Sometimes when I read biographies I put them down at the end, grateful that I have not known anyone quite so exemplary as the subject of the volume.

In one of Canon Barnett's letters to me he said:

"God be with you, God be in all who come near you to make them help you in what you want to do."

It was a large blessing carrying with it great responsibility for what I "want to do." For the production of these volumes the prayerful blessing has been obtained, and from the patient labours of Miss Marion Paterson, Mrs. Leon, and Miss Doris Davies real help has come. To them all my thanks are joyfully rendered, and especially to the Rev. V. A. Boyle, who has devoted much thought to affectionate criticism, and many hours to verifying reports and clarifying memories. Indeed without his restraining encouragement the task would have seemed too big for me, and the fire secured my efforts. His service to the memoirs is but another evidence of the generous devotion he rendered to my husband during the eight years they worked together in Whitechapel: 1884–92.

To all who care for progress I offer my book, fully conscious that it is but an inadequate picture of one of God's servants, whose whole being was permeated by the sense of His Presence, and who, convinced that "God had made man in His own image," realised that the main duty of humanity was to raise itself to its birthright.

"*Who by to love do apprehend to be.*"—E. B. BROWNING.

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BIRTH	February 8th, 1844.
OXFORD—WADHAM COLLEGE	1862–1865.
WINCHESTER	1866.
VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	1867.
CURATE AT ST. MARY'S, BRYANSTON SQUARE	1867–1873.
MARRIAGE	January 28th, 1873.
VICAR OF ST. JUDE'S, WHITECHAPEL	1873–1894.
VISIT TO EGYPT	1879–1880.
WARDEN OF TOYNBEE HALL	1884–1906.
TOUR ROUND THE WORLD	1890–1891.
CANON OF BRISTOL	1893–1906.
CURATE OF ST. JUDE'S, WHITECHAPEL	1895–1898.
CANON OF WESTMINSTER	1906–1913.
SUB-DEAN OF WESTMINSTER	1913.
DEATH	June 17th, 1913.

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CANON BARNETT

HIS LIFE, WORK, AND FRIENDS

CHAPTER I

"Human nature is too big for its surroundings."

A SMALL household was very happy on February 8th, 1844, for on the morning of that day to Mr. and Mrs. Francis Augustus Barnett a little son had been born. He had been greatly desired and long waited for, and at last had come with an unusually big head and tiny hands and feet. A fidgety child with restless ways, and sweet smiles rapidly given in response to those who served or amused him. Many a time has his mother told me of her first-born child, and her fears that she would not rear him. But she did, thank God. He was christened Samuel Augustus, because for more than a hundred years there had been a Samuel Augustus in the Barnett family. He was born at 5, Portland Square, Bristol, where the first few years of his life were spent. The house, which still stands, is large and square, the windows overlooking the greenery of the central garden. The neighbourhood is now given over to business purposes, but it was then the heart of the residential quarter of the town.

The father of the baby, Mr. Francis Augustus Barnett, had started a foundry which became specially noted for iron bedsteads, he having been the first person so to use iron. He was in a large way of business, and when my duty as a member of the Departmental Committee on the Poor Law schools—1894-5—took me to workhouses and infirmaries, I often saw "Barnett" on the head of the old-fashioned massive iron bedsteads. Mr. F. A. Barnett's father, Mr. Samuel Augustus Barnett, was a timber merchant whose firm had existed for many generations. Mary, the glad mother of the baby, was the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs.

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Gilmore. She had been five years married, and was thirty-five years old when my husband was born.

On July 3rd, 1846, another son was given to Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Barnett, called Francis after his father and Gilmore after his mother. From their earliest days the two brothers were bound together by the strong bonds of trust and affection, and all through their lives, until they were parted by death in March 1908, they wrote to each other every week, Saturday being the day for my husband's letter to Frank, and Monday's post rarely failing to bring his brother's reply.

Mrs. Francis Barnett's father, Mr. Gilmore, was a ship-owner, his many vessels trading all over the world, but chiefly to and from Australia. He was a rare and beautiful character, and pleasant tales are told of his actions and personality. The family lived in a comfortable rambling house at the Hot Wells, Clifton, a gable of which still stands and can be seen from the balcony of Judge Ellicott's house in Royal York Crescent. The garden was very large and was the scene of the happiest hours of Canon Barnett's childhood. There, with the two dear old grandparents and the three maiden aunts who worshipped "Mary's boys," in the paddock and the orchard which ran almost to the edge of the river Avon were endless joys, from that of unstinted fruit-eating, to seeing "grandfather's ships" come up the river and through the basin into dock. The old gentleman was not only a kind large-hearted man, but evidently strong and self-contained, carrying out his own ideas before they were weakened by family discussions. More than once I have heard my husband tell how he, as a lad of nine, was present when his grandfather, entering the house, announced that he had had a most interesting afternoon. Questions as to the nature of its interest brought forth the statement that after making up the accounts of his house-property and ascertaining that he had made more than five per cent., he had determined to return all profits beyond that sum to his tenants, and had that afternoon personally undertaken the duty—an individual anticipation of co-partnership principles. Such a novel business procedure not unnaturally awakened discussion, but only one of the aunts, Aunt Anne, offered opposition as to the future adoption of the plan, for the whole family lived in an atmosphere of generosity and welcomed fresh methods of extending kindnesses. Another tale of that period depicted the family

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sitting in the garden at Ambrose House, and the two boys tearing off to the orchard on hearing unusual sounds.

"What was the matter?" asked the grandfather on their return.

"Some boys after the apples," the lads replied.

"Did they get any?"

"No! we drove them away."

"Then let us go and give them some," said the old gentleman.

What a lesson in sharing, so simply given! I think it lay behind my husband's understanding of the attitude of the boy who stole some apples during the fortnight's holiday provided for him by the Children's Country Holiday Fund, and who, on being rebuked, said he was sorry he had stolen but could he be told where the public apple-trees were to be found?

Of my husband's great-great-grandfather on his mother's side it is told that he was engaged in a large and profitable carrying trade with the West Indies, but it being borne in on his conscience that slavery was wrong, he declined to benefit by the results of slave labour and refused his ships to convey the goods. He knew when he acted that his decision would not stop slavery nor prevent others from shipping the sugar, but his conscience was a matter between him and his God. So he took the step he counted right and saw the business sink and dwindle, instead of growing until it took its place among the millionaire shipping firms of great seaports, as his capital, capabilities, and integrity would have warranted. This decision is all the more interesting because it was acted on before Wilberforce had aroused the public conscience against slavery, and before Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe had—1852—in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* touched the hearts of all English-speaking people by the sorrows of our coloured relations.

From their mother came all the knowledge I have of the childhood of her sons. She told how they never quarrelled, that "Sarm," as she usually called him, with more than a suspicion of the Somerset drawl, was delicate, retiring, and tractable, but took both pride and delight in his brother's love of mischief and greater physical vitality. They went together to a little boys' school, and my peaceable husband bore in his manhood's memory his secret joy at Frank's first school fight, and his thrilling interest in all the arrange-

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ments for the surreptitious contest. Another of their childish escapades could never be forgotten, for the depleted Worcester and Crown Derby china sets still bear witness to a certain party afternoon when, told to be quiet, they both withdrew into an unusual and delightful "cubby-hole" made by the flap-table on which the tea and coffee cups had been set ready for the guests. To combine gently to push the two flaps back to the wall was a delightful game, till suddenly all the crockery fell off, and the account that "Father was very angry, but Mother seemed only frightened in case we were hurt," sums up a whole realm of childish memories, from which the enwrapping and absorbing love of "Mother" was never absent.

She also told me a story of having arranged that "the boys" should meet her after her drive to go to visit some fastidious relation, and her annoyance at seeing her first-born in clothes none of which were in order or matched, from his socks to his untidy tie. She was vexed as she could not take him with her, but her rebuke brought out the fact that he was colour-blind and could not see the difference of tint or tone over which she was worried. Years of experience taught him more what to expect in colours, and that it was red in all its variations which he could not see. A regiment of scarlet-coated soldiers and the field they were crossing appeared to him all alike, and his best tribute to my healthy appearance was—

"You do look well, with lots of blue in your cheeks," or—

"You are jolly to-day; your eyes and your cheeks match," words which conjure up a picture of a wife, to live cheerfully with whom must have required on his part much spiritual affection.

With his inability to see colour, it is strange that from his boyhood he was enthusiastic in his admiration of beautiful scenery. The family's walks and drives, the seaside resorts, and the journeys, were all settled in accordance with what "the boys" wanted. Frank claimed some amusement and his brother demanded scenery, and so, Tenby, Ilfracombe, Lynton, Shanklin, Jersey, became well known during the holiday weeks, and the horses took them to all the most beautiful spots round Clifton, Brockley Coombe, Portishead, Almondsbury, the woods above Weston, Dundry, and the hills and dales of the Mendips. Frank did not care for riding, for he was too near-sighted to make it safe, but my husband rode well and vigorously,

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and one of the happiest memories of my engagement was the long rides we had together when he took me to see the lovely backgrounds of his boyish days.

When the boys were respectively about six and eight years old their father built two houses in Whiteladies Road, Clifton, then only a road leading into the country, now a busy tram-lined thoroughfare. These houses were called "Samber" and "Frankau," and into Samber House the family moved, thus enabling the boys to enjoy, close to their own home, a real garden, the delights of which had only hitherto been known by visits to their grandfather's house.

On March 8th, 1859, Mr. Gilmore died, aged 86, and soon after his old home was broken up. Of it one of the family wrote:

It seems as though all the childish joys and experiences were focussed in that surrounding, always a background of indulgent aunts, "Uncle John" going to sea, "Uncle George" sending the first gold quartz from Australia, the fruit picking, the birthday treats, the early daguerreotype photographs in which are shown grandparents, aunts, and grandchildren, all give the impression of a happy and serene existence.—L. G. B.

When Mr. Barnett was Vicar of St. Jude's, Whitechapel, he referred to these childish days:

To F. G. B.—January 29th, 1881.—Last night—our wedding day—we had a Christmas tree in the schools, and we all made fools of ourselves for the children's pleasure. It was a grand party and you never saw such a tree! I thought of our joy round the trees at grandfather's and wondered what and why it was, and if children had the same delight now.

To F. G. B.—SUNDERLAND, *April 15th*, 1883.—Yesterday morning we went over a large ship-building yard. The noise on the hill above called up days long ago when we used to play in the field above grandfather's yard. What one would give for such days of simple pleasure now.

The influence left by this household on the lives of the two lads was not only happy, but deep and permanent. "It used to be so in my grandfather's house" were words often on my husband's lips in reference to some generous or quixotic suggestion, and the tales of the sea-going ships, their captains, their crews, their warmly welcomed home-coming, and their prayerful outsending were evidences of the union of heart and labour that old Mr. Gilmore infused into his business relations, and that all through their lives

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affected the attitude that both brothers adopted concerning employer and employed.

Among my valued possessions is an old scrap-book made by very small fingers and treasured by the mother. For my husband it was a rich storehouse of childish memories revived by quaint old prints of the favourite holiday haunts, wonderful valentines, and crude drawings. Of one bare page his mother told how it contained a picture which both the boys greatly admired. Frank frequently demanded that it should be coloured, a demand the elder brother steadily resisted, until one day when Frank was ill with some nursery complaint, the step was taken, the picture torn out, the finer shading and delicate outlines smothered in greens and reds and blues and pinks, put on in a jumble by self-sacrificing fingers guided by colour-blind eyes, and the picture carried in delight to Frank's bedside. Here the child was father to the man; he always so *enjoyed* offering his sacrifices.

Another tale of their early days shows the characters of both brothers, Frank's infectious delight in boyish pranks and his brother's sympathetic co-operation. In one of their walks they met a donkey-cart on which sat an old market-woman fast asleep. Quietly to turn the patient beast and to set him on the way towards his stable instead of towards the town was easily accomplished amid the hushed laughter of both. But the continuation of the tale is that the joke perpetrated and enjoyed, my husband ran after the cart and once more set the sleeping dame on the road towards the market. All his life he appreciated practical jokes and mischief-loving boys, and enjoyed repeating stories such as the above even when they had no such kindly conclusion. Among them there was one when Frank, assisted by his mother, dressed up as an elderly lady and called as a patient on a doctor friend who had lately set up a practice at Clifton, and as he, Frank, was a very good actor and mimic, both the interview and the account of it became rich veins in the family mine of laughter.

The first person whom my husband was ever conscious of admiring was Mrs. T. H. Green—then Charlotte Symonds—an admiration which continued to the end of his life. She was two or three years older than he was, and the elders had no acquaintance, but both families worshipped at the same church. Mr. Barnett has told me how he used to be allowed to stand on the seat so as to look over the high

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pew and see the little girl. Mrs. Green remembers those childish days, for she wrote:

> The services were long, and I—the youngest of my family—used to watch those boys with great interest, and it was a pleasant surprise to me years after, in Mr. Jowett's house at Balliol, to be introduced to Mr. Barnett and to recognise in this honoured person one of the "boys" I remembered seeing in Church.

That the children were "spoilt," as the word is used, there can be no doubt, if to have every desire lovingly gratified is to spoil human character. The extraordinary prominence given by both parents to nice food and fruit could not have been a wholesome influence, but this was of less importance than their yielding to "the boys'" childish dislike of going to school. That he had not been wisely educated was my husband's bitterest regret, and made him give much ungrudged time to consider the best means of education for individual characters. He had not even the advantage of being turned loose in a large library, for his father was mentally indolent, and though he had considerable intellectual capacity he would not exert himself either to read or select books for others to read. Thus until he was sixteen my husband lived at home, and studied intermittently under tutors. He passed the Cambridge Junior Local examination in December 1858, when he was nearly fifteen years old, and took the Senior papers two years later. He was often out of health, and being never free from doctors and the anxious care of his devoted mother, the ground was ploughed for the sowing of those seeds of nervousness which in later life we had to fight so strenuously or he would have become hypochondriacal.

It was always his intention to take Holy Orders, and though he had very definite inclinations towards business, and was not indifferent to the claims of his father's iron-works as they grew in size and wealth, he never seriously re-considered his boyish plans.

At sixteen he went as a weekly boarder to a crammer, and of that experience he had only painful memories. His fellow-students were young men who had either been expelled from school or had failed in one way or another, and from them the sensitive lad learned of evil from which he had hitherto been protected. Gentle as he was, I have heard him speak with disgust of the boys, and indignation at the highly paid tutor for his neglect of them, at the same time

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expressing regret that the methods of his own education had left him so capable of suffering by the talk of brutal and bullying boys. It was perhaps this experience at the crammer's which may have caused his shrinking from any talk, however pure or necessary, on sex questions.

At seventeen he went in preparation for Oxford for a year to the Rev. T. Hulme, in whom he found a strong and guiding mind, and in whose home life he joined and formed friendships which bore the wear of many years. Mr. Hulme's influence on his pupil was intellectually stimulating, and his method the wise one of asking questions on facts and suggesting problems for thought. My husband always gave him the thanks due to one who had shown him how to work his brain, and had taught him that thinking was a pleasure.

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CHAPTER II

"The mother with her gift of love lives longer than the father with his gift of bread, and her picture is the greatest picture in the world."

On June 18th, 1862, Samuel Augustus Barnett's name was entered at Wadham College, and in the following September he went into residence. Of his three years at Oxford he always spoke with appreciation, though he regretted that for want of sympathetic guidance he had not used its opportunities to the full. It was only after much persuasion that Mr. Francis Augustus Barnett allowed his son to go to the University, for he dreaded influences of which he had heard but vaguely, not being on terms of intimacy with the class whose sons unquestioningly go to College. To mitigate the horrors of free-thinking, he selected Wadham, because its Warden, Dr. Simmonds, was an unbending Tory and a rigid evangelical, virtues which were not calculated to appeal to a young man who, mentally awakened, was questioning all things.

For Wadham College my husband felt a great affection, and much appreciated Miss Harrison's gift of a water-colour sketch showing the view from the windows of his attic rooms, which were on the northern side of the quadrangle looking north. The drawing is accurate, and from its minor details the present Warden of Wadham, Mr. Wells, our friend of many years, was able to locate which of the pair of rooms on that staircase had been occupied by my husband.

The rooms themselves were furnished as nine out of every ten college diggings are furnished, with the remnants of the possessions of past occupants, but the pictures and embellishments which generally speak of the taste and individuality of the present tenant were in the case of my husband but few, though those few give illustrations of the dearth of his knowledge of, or interest in art, a side of life which afterwards became deeply important to him. His

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pictures were some family portrait groups, two small prints of Landseer's stags, the College arms represented in appalling bead needlework, a photograph of the outside of Wadham College, and another of himself in uniform with other members of the Volunteer Rifle Corps. Of his work within those rooms I have not much written evidence, for my husband did not keep early papers and the few he did preserve throw but little light on his mind. Of the life within those rooms I have often heard him say:

"I made the mistake of using my time at Oxford to grind at books rather than to know men."

"Culture comes by contact" was a favourite epigram, and probably his labours to bring men together, to found "Students' Unions," and to organise occasions for social intercourse, were the result of the realisation of what he had lost from the lack of companionship of many minds at a time when his own was seeking the intellectual food that is best assimilated by the stimulus of talk.

Just before my husband entered Wadham, there had been a set of distinguished undergraduates, Mr. Frederic Harrison, Dr. Bridges, and Mr. Richard Congreve, but the men who were in residence when he joined the college have made no mark on their time. Those with whom he came into touch were either genuinely religious, holding prayer-meetings in each other's rooms, relating experiences of their inner life, and urging freshmen to accept their tenets and find salvation; or else they had been reared in that school of thought and were eager to throw it off and escape from its trammels on their conduct; while a third set were mediocre persons who neither thought, said, nor did anything of consequence. My husband had a great power of steadfast friendship, and for many years after our marriage we kept up relations with those uncongenial friends, but Whitechapel was not attractive to them. Face to face with our chosen life, they showed understanding neither of his character nor ideals, and one could only conclude that he had given them friendship out of the goodness of his heart, and that they followed him, partly as men do follow those they do not understand and yet wish they did, and partly for the loaves and the fishes of his kindness and his mother's exuberant hospitality.

When my husband's father had agreed to his entering the University, it had been tacitly understood that his allowance of £200 a year should not be exceeded, and that

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THE VIEW FROM THE WINDOWS OF SAMUEL A. BARNETT'S ROOMS IN WADHAM COLLEGE, OXFORD.

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the period of three years should not be extended. To keep these conditions the docile son, whose health was always weakly, cut down his expenditure to the injury of his digestion, and crammed the work for the Honour schools into three years instead of the usual four. He used to laugh in after-years, when we spent so much time at Oxford, drawing word-pictures of himself with his head wrapped in wet towels, cups of strong and long-made tea standing by his side, his oak sported, wholly given up to examination work.

"I was," he said, "what we in those days called a smug!"

He rowed a little, being pleased when he was put in the "Torpids," an event which happened only, as he used to hasten to say, when the boat was in a bad way. His style was certainly both graceful and forcible, and one had with him a feeling of enjoyable safety because of his dexterous handling of the boat. He played fives, as later he played tennis, with a certain "glib astuteness" which made up for strength, but his chief relaxation was walking. Early in the afternoon after a wickedly austere and indigestible lunch, he would start off for a walk, often alone but sometimes with a friend, both wearing, if on a Sunday, their tall chimneypot hats, until the turnpike was reached, where they were left to be called for on the return journey.

Very long and varied were these walks, full of minor adventures, the young undergraduate then utilising a power which he possessed of an innate consciousness of the points of the compass regardless of sun or stars. So unerring was this sixth sense that he unhesitatingly relied on it, and part of the pleasure of those walks was to go far afield by the roads and then return across country to Oxford. In later years Professor Galton was greatly interested in this mental possession of my husband's. He tested it carefully and said he had only met one other man—Herschell—who had a similar well-defined capacity. He pressed my husband to explain if he arrived at his assurance by deduction from data, but Mr. Barnett was unable to satisfy him, only asserting that he always knew by day or night which was north, south, east, or west, and that he guided his ways by that conviction.

For daily purposes this faculty was not of much value, but in walking tours we always depended on it, and once when we were on the Nile, it was of use to the wider world.

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Mr. Herbert Spencer, who was travelling with us, had gone for a solitary walk and had struck out into the desert. We were sitting on deck chatting and sketching, when old Ali our dragoman came with frightened face and pointed out that the sun had become invisible because of a grey mist, and that the elderly gentleman had not come back, and that it would soon be dark. No time was lost in calling some of the men, saddling two asses, and following the direction taken by the truant philosopher. After a long search and much shouting, he was found, thoroughly frightened and greatly annoyed with himself, but tired enough grudgingly to accept the assistance of the ass. How grateful we were when, guided by this rare sense of location, my husband brought them all safely back to the dahabéeh out of the foggy desert and the danger of hyenas.

Of the religious life of Mr. Barnett while he was at the University I have but little information, but I know that he greatly disliked the undergraduates' prayer-meetings, feeling that it was neither healthy nor modest to examine other people's souls nor to expose his own. That his faith was alive and practical there is a proof in what one of the men who lived on his staircase told me of my husband's tenderness to him when he was sore stricken by the suicide of his brother, and of the consolation he gave by the assurance of his belief in the immortality and undying progress of the soul.

Three years were soon over and in 1865 Samuel Augustus Barnett took his B.A. Degree, having obtained Second-class Honours in law and history, a School since abolished. If ever he spoke of his Honours, it was with regretful contempt, saying he could have done so much better, had his tutors understood how to use his powers. He also thought that his attempt to put so much work into so short a time had prevented him from feeling the indirect and vitalising influences of the University, and that for want of wise guidance he had probably missed Oxford's greatest gift. Be that as it may, he was no doubt helped by his place in the Schools to obtain pupils, and for the next year he lived on at Oxford and supported himself, greatly enjoying the time for wider reading. Indeed, the experience of that year made him a persistent advocate of the provision of post-graduate courses, when individuality had had time to assert itself and to recognise what it wanted to study.

The following year was spent in Winchester as a master

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at the College, where he was indelibly impressed with the advantages and disadvantages of the Public-school system, and with the strength of opinion in the boyish world, which strangled some characters and sustained others.

The object of giving two years to teaching was to save enough money to visit America, a hope that was realised in 1867. He roughly mapped out his journey so as to include New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, Richmond, Charleston, Georgia, and New Orleans, and obtained some introductions, mainly to business people. The civil war was but recently over, and he came across many instances of the intense feeling which had been aroused by it. His own sympathies were with the north, but in spite of his inherited principles against slavery, he had always an apologetic appreciation of the dignified generous-hearted free-living ex-slave-owners of the Southern States. He wrote constantly to his mother—who unfortunately did not keep his letters—and spoke in later years with admiration of the silence with which she bore her anxiety when parting from him for so long and distant a journey, understanding, with the quickened sympathy of his manhood, what it must have meant to her who had hitherto kept him under her enshrouding wings. The net result of his American experiences is summarised by Mr. W. Francis Aitken, who in his book on *Canon Barnett* quotes him as saying—

"Born and nurtured in an atmosphere of Toryism, what I saw and heard there knocked all the Toryism out of me."

He returned to Bristol in 1867, and on December 22nd Samuel Augustus Barnett was ordained Deacon and entered on his work as Curate of St. Mary's, Bryanston Square, then under the charge of the Rev. W. H. Fremantle. The following year he took Priest's Orders at a service to which his mother's presence added a quiet joy.

This seems a fitting time to describe my husband's father and mother, though as what is written includes my observation of them, it is not limited to this period of their lives.

From her portraits, Mrs. Barnett could not have altered much, for her early ones show the lady I was introduced to when she was sixty years old, a short somewhat thickly made woman, with small twinkling eyes, a long sallow face, a loosely set jaw, black hair, and a sweet firm mouth. She was undoubtedly plain in feature and form, untidy in

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her dress, and homely in her ways, but all this one instantly forgot when she smiled. She seemed to radiate love and kindliness, generosity and hopefulness. She was shrewd in judgment and conjecture, rather positive in opinion, and persistent in pursuit of her plans, which were generally plans for helpfulness to be silently rendered to some seedy individual. She held with delightful inconsequence all sorts of inconsistent religious and social views, but they all had the same source, the deep well of her charity.

"They may be wrong but they mean right," was her summing-up of many questions touching the family, the social circle, or the political world. She read the newspapers and followed the affairs of the day with keen interest, usually siding with the weak. She talked ineffectively and uninterestingly, but often made short suggestive remarks, and was a patient and sympathetic listener. She had a keen sense of a joke, but her stories were rarely successful because she laughed so much in the telling. She had no ambitions for anyone, least of all for herself, but she enjoyed pouring out lavish hospitality on anyone who appreciated her boys. She was kind to her servants, who never left her except to be married, and who received with other gifts one silver spoon for each year of service. She was a devoted daughter and a patient wife, but her heart's love was showered on her boys, and her first-born was the centre of her existence. For him she thought and planned and feared and prayed, her faith in him never failing.

Of my husband's father it is difficult to write. He was tall, well-made, and more than usually good-looking, with large and beautifully shaped eyes and regular features. He was extremely pleasant to look at, but was not easy to live with. His assumption of his right to the best of everything, be it food, the easiest seat in the carriage, or the only umbrella, and of its being the first, if not the sole duty of his wife, to serve him, was very trying to witness, and I have often seen my young husband turn away with a gesture of impatient self-control.

"Why do you allow him to be so selfish?" I indignantly said to Mrs. Barnett one day when he had kept her and my husband, who was unwell, sitting in the carriage waiting in the noisiest city thoroughfare until he chose to come.

"Ah! my dear," she said, "it does not do to vex him, for it's what comes after," and I slowly learnt that what "came after" were long days of unbroken sulkiness, which

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hung like a pall over the household, stifling the very life out of the finer natures of his wife and sons. On the other hand, he had valuable virtues. He was a pure-minded and clean-living man, punctilious in all financial matters, just to his work-people, but so cautious that he trusted no one and thus obtained the bad service given by the untrusted. He was also too perversely honourable to make improvements. For instance, he had always made the legs of the iron bedsteads solid. When other manufacturers invented hollow legs Mr. Barnett refused to adopt them, thinking that it was not according to the honourable conduct of his business that legs should look solid and be hollow. He was mentally clever enough to create a considerable business, but not morally clever enough to retain it, and during the last two decades of his life it slowly dwindled till it died away. He was supposed to be a staunch Conservative, but his Conservatism consisted of gibes at the Liberals, whom he usually termed "those Radical fellows." He had no conception that his son held his political views with any earnestness, or had left the party faith of his family as a duty and with regret, and generally treated his opinions as a subject for jokes.

My husband always held indolence to be a moral sin of deep significance, and I have heard him both in private and in public speech use strong words on idleness, especially mental sloth: "Indolence is the devil," was an oft-repeated sentence of his.

Probably his father's character helped him to this view, for Mr. F. A. Barnett was a transfigured person when he was interested enough to bestir himself. During journeys this was particularly noticeable, and my husband's tales of what "Father" did and said when he took him as a boy of twelve to Ireland and they jaunted in cars from place to place were always pleasant and surprising. A journey to Paris when he was about seventeen with both parents, his brother, and two of his aunts, also provided occasions for remembrances of his father as an interested and pleasant companion; and I recall long drives to Weston or Cheddar when the interest of the inns, the weather, the staying-power of the horses, or the obtaining of the best possible food, kept his intelligence awake and amiable. It was the same thing with books. If he came across a book which took his fancy he would master it with self-forgetting thoroughness. Indeed, we have often used

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his knowledge of Dickens to try to rouse him from his dour gloom, and never in the tiniest incident was he found in error. He did not care for the pathetic part of the great novelist's works, but every page of *The Pickwick Papers* and each joke of even the most subordinate character was known, enjoyed, and remembered.

One could not wish his wife to have been less unselfish or less eager in her gifts of affectionate service, but had she made more demands on what was best in his nature, or not permitted unkindness to go unrebuked, different results might have been produced. Who can tell? But I think this belief was at the bottom of a quaint remark my husband made to many brides, "It is a wife's first duty to make her husband uncomfortable," leaving it where it was if no inquiry were made, but explaining to those who asked his meaning that the best wife was she who cared for the higher life of the dear one, which would probably result in making him uncomfortable. It would have been much better for old Mr. Barnett if people had had the courage to stand up to him, but no one did, except Canon Rawnsley, then an energetic public-spirited dancing hard-working laughter-loving curate at St. Barnabas', Bristol. He was devoted to Mrs. Barnett, who made him welcome at all hours of the day and night with a latchkey homeliness. One day at dessert Mr. Rawnsley had prepared an orange in an ingenious cuplike shape, and passed it round the table for distribution and admiration.

"Ugh," grunted old Mr. Barnett, when it came to him, but too indolent to reach out his hand to pass it.

"Won't you have some, sir?" asked Mr. Rawnsley.

"Ugh," was the only reply.

"Well, sir! put your bad temper in it and then pass it on," said Mr. Rawnsley, which so surprised his host that he obeyed! I delighted in the audacious guest and his brightly given Christian message, and I have delighted in him ever since.

Of Mr. Barnett's affection for his children I have no doubt, but he was content to allow it to be taken for granted, giving evidence of it only when illness threatened, or when their success aroused paternal pride. When I remember the old man's forbidding ways, and the frequent occasion of annoyance which he caused his family, I am moved by a discovery of his love for my husband. In a copy-book now lying before me, in his clear business hand is written out his son's first sermon, the date, February 9th, 1867,

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and the place, St. Mary's, Bryanston Square, where it was preached. How his father got it, my husband never knew. We found it among his papers after his death, and from various signs concluded it must have been written out from memory. In any case it evinced an affection and a capacity for devotion which, had it been known or shown, would have made the wife, the boys, and the father all happier and stronger to endure and progress.

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CHAPTER III

"At every great crisis of history the most notable circumstance is the rise of the human spirit—the coming of Christ."

WITHOUT a clear recognition of the social conditions of 1866, Mr. Barnett's work or his ideals for those to whose service he then dedicated his life cannot be understood.

In 1851-60 the death-rate in England and Wales was 20·2 per 1,000; forty years later in 1891-1900 it was reduced to 18·2; figures which gain in significance when compared with 13·7 in 1914 and 6·68 in the Hampstead Garden Suburb. Among infants the mortality had reached the enormous proportion of 154 per 1,000,[1] and all observers agreed that the defective housing of the wage-earning class was the main cause. The Archdeacon of Coventry wrote:

1868.—The Sanitary Acts are only permissive and partial in their administration; owners of wretched house-property defy interference and the authorities are supine. . . Englishmen and Christian men tolerate schemes of festering corruption for both body and soul, where everything tends to crush self-respect, engender and facilitate vice, and to make a night's repose hideous and unholy; where decency is outraged, shame unknown, and chastity impossible.[2]

Lord Shaftesbury, giving evidence before the Housing Commission of 1884, speaking of London in the sixties, said in reference to a district in Bermondsey:

'1884.—It was a large swamp where a number of people lived, as they do in Holland, in houses built upon piles. . . So bad was the supply of water there that I have positively seen the women drop their buckets into the water over which they were living, and in which was deposited all the filth of the place, that being the only water they had for every purpose of washing and drinking.[2]

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[1] In 1914 the figure was 108 per 1,000, and in the Hampstead Garden Suburb the corresponding figure was 31 per 1,000.

[2] *Social Work in London*, by Helen Bosanquet, LL.D.

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March 23rd, 1870.—From these mockeries of homes, wrote the "Parochial Critic," tens of thousands of mendicants march forth every morning—not to work or to seek work—but to beg; not to contribute, by their industry, but to prey upon those who do.

Nor were these beggars only the weak and incapable. The practice of transporting criminals had ceased some twenty years before the decade which is under our consideration, and Dr. Hawkesley stated the consequences:

The number of depredators, offenders, and suspected persons at large in the Metropolis, including only those known to the police during the year 1867, amounted to 8,964, while in 1868 they have increased to 10,343. In consequence of the discontinuance of transportation, 2,000 convicts are now annually turned loose on the community from our convict establishments, in addition to 100,000 criminals of all sorts from our gaols. No wonder that the police have found it necessary to circulate printed warnings to householders against the attempts of burglars.[1]

In a pamphlet entitled *The Curse of Beggars* Dr. Guy said:

At every crossing an impudent urchin trails a dirty broom before us, and would fain lay upon us a tax. . . At short intervals we encounter the whining interruptions of the sturdy Irishman who is always starving, or of that odious girl who is for ever taking God's name in vain. . . Before our walk is half finished we have run the gauntlet of every form of pretended distress, and borne, as best we may, the fretting interruptions of every variety of ragged and dirty falsehood.[1]

This is a shocking picture and its reverse side is even more painful, for to quote Mrs. Bosanquet:

It cannot be doubted that behind this mass of chronic pauperism, beggary and crime, there was an appalling amount of genuine misfortune and suffering. Not only the widows and orphans needed help, but men and women broken down by sickness or unemployment found their real needs overlooked in the clamour of mendicancy. . . The very existence of the degraded class was a standing insult and injury to the genuine worker, who shared its reputation for idleness and inefficiency, and was deprived by it of the succour which should have come to him in times of misfortune.

On the effect of this confusion of ideas and acts on the lives of the normal unskilled worker Miss Octavia Hill wrote:

February 17th, 1867.—It is the greediness of the recipient that is the awful result at present; and the helpless indolence of expectant selfishness. . . Let us give better things; sympathy, friendship, intercourse, and then we can give with comparative impunity. For the hearts of people always feel the spiritual gift to be the greater if it be genuine at all.

[1] *Social Work in London*, by Helen Bosanquet, LL.D.

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Where a material gift comes as a witness of real love, it is the love that is the all-absorbing thought, not the gift, be it ever so much needed. . .

I cry out to myself in the courts every day, "What a frightful confusion of chances as to how or whether there is to be food or not!" A man accepts underpaid work; a little is scraped up by one child, a little begged by another; a gigantic machinery of complicated charities relieves a man of half his responsibilities, not once and for all clearly and definitely, but help here and there. There is no certainty, no quiet, no order in his way of subsisting. And he has an innate sense that his most natural wants ought to be supplied if he works; so he takes our gifts thanklessly; and then we blame him or despise him for his alternate servility and ingratitude.

And how, reared amid the smells of insanitary homes, surrounded by the roughs, the beggars, the workless, and the weakly, did the children fare in those days of fifty years ago? Badly, very badly, and it was the suffering of the children which provoked the deepest indignation among reformers and ultimately led to some remedies. "A little child shall lead them" became true. Dr. Stallard said:

1868.—The masters and mistresses of ragged schools declare that the children continually cry with hunger, and frequently fall exhausted from their seats for want of food, and that it is impossible to teach them in such a state.

The out-relief given by the Guardians was cruelly inadequate—as it still is—and though it is not possible at this distance of time to compute what numbers of metropolitan children were "destitute of proper guardianship and exposed for the most part to the training of beggars and thieves," yet the Poor Law statistics show that "on January 1st, 1868, no less than 68,435 children under sixteen were on the books, and in the course of the half-year the number would be nearly treble.[1]

To remedy such evils, a few people were giving thought and time, and many people were giving doles, doles which insulted the receiver as well as condemned the giver, whose charity cost him nothing, not even the self-control of a passing emotion. Indeed so serious had become the action of "the frivolous public . . . which supported the great army of beggars and made laziness and imposture more profitable than work," thereby creating pauperism, that in 1870 a Special Committee of the Social Science Association issued a report which urged the Government to take cog-

[1] At that time the London School Board had not been created, and such education as existed was given by religious denominations, and by the philanthropic organisations which provided the schools so unfortunately called "Ragged."

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nisance of all relief to the poor. Dr. Guy went a step further and wrote:

> What educationalists have to do is to instruct (if they *can* be taught) the large dole-giving community, and to get them punished, as did our ancestors some centuries ago; but, above all, to purge the nation of the hypocrisy which sends the mendicant to prison, while for the great central vice of dole-giving it has only mild reproofs, or even gentle commendation.[1]

Added to the indiscriminate giving of individuals was the injurious and corrupting relief provided by the Poor Law authorities, and charitable societies, offered with little consideration for the effect on the character, or the future of the recipient. "Thieves' suppers" and "Prostitutes' meetings" were then considered as desirable and useful, and Sir Charles Trevelyan's wise words were resented as showing want of sympathy on his part. He wrote:

> We are doing all we can to form the thieves and prostitutes into a class. Without such help they could not consist as a class, but must be brought face to face with the Poor Law and the police, and then there would be an end of them[1]—

an optimistic opinion which has, alas! not yet been justified.

In a spirit of helpfulness many societies and agencies were established, among the most prominent being "The Society for the Relief of Distress," founded in 1860; "The Metropolitan Visiting and Relief Association," 1843; "The Strangers' Friend Society," 1785; "The Society for the Suppression of Mendicity," 1818; "The Parochial Mission Women Fund," 1860; "The Society for Improving the Condition of the Labouring Classes," 1844. Added to these large organisations, there arose many others connected with churches, chapels, and preaching centres, which in their turn distributed coal and bread tickets, and established soup kitchens, boot funds, shelters, and other channels of irregular relief. All these societies pursued their respective labours, sometimes obtained funds by exaggerated statements, and often relieved the same cases in ignorance of each other's action. The whole system, if it could be called a "system," was wasteful and ineffective, but its worst result was its evil influence on the poor, who were taught to beg, to prevaricate and to lie about their circumstances, to avoid work as less profitable than cadging, and to count

[1] *Social Work in London*, by Helen Bosanquet, LL.D.

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the picking of the pockets of richer people or societies as fair game, provided it was done, not by slim fingers, but by words and whines which were not punishable offences.

Incomplete as is this description of the social conditions of the time, it may yet indicate some of the problems which the new Curate had to face in St. Mary's, Bryanston Square, a parish whose residents were mainly the rich and the well-to-do, though there were quarters of it inhabited by casual labourers and the feckless, as well as streets occupied by the self-respecting industrial classes.

Mr. Barnett's life for the next five years is best told in the words of three of his contemporaries who have remained our faithful friends even until now. His Rector, the Rev. the Hon. W. H. Fremantle—later the Dean of Ripon—the Rev. A. S. W. Young, his colleague at St. Mary's—now the Vicar of Kingston—and Mr. W. Polyblank, then the second master of St. Mary's schools—now enjoying his well-deserved repose in Devonshire. Their reminiscences of his work group themselves under four heads: (1) The Church, (2) The Schools, (3) The Relief Committee, (4) The Club.

The Rector wrote:

> Barnett came to me by the advice of a liberally minded clergyman in his native Bristol . . . and asked to have a sort of apprenticeship in my parish in preparation for ordination. I gladly offered to let him come as a lay helper and promised to give him help in his studies. . . He prepared the books which were the subjects for examination for ordination very carefully and with equal reverence and criticism. He was very diligent and dutiful in all ways, but had not at that time developed the special and original gifts which afterwards produced such wide-reaching fruits. He was always liberal in thought and act, his heart was with the poor, and he sought their good, but his larger activities which made him famous were at most in an inchoate condition. . . He used to say in a humorous manner that I had made him a Radical by taking him into the company of some advanced Liberals, but I do not know precisely to what he alluded. We rarely, if at all, spoke of the politics of the day, but I was very early convinced that the Church of England meant the whole nation uniting in all its parts as a Christian body, and that the attempts to narrow it must be combated. If this is Radicalism, then both he and I were Radicals to the core.

Mr. Young wrote:

> My acquaintance with your husband began in October 1868. . . We came together at once. I soon found that he had more to give to me than I to him; but I may say I believe, without presumption, that to find in me, as he did, an interested and sympathetic listener to the ideas which

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were stirring and seething in his brain, was a real help to him. We were differently moulded; his thoughts ran more upon Sociology, mine upon Theology; but we were both alive to the connection and inter-dependence of the two. I do not think either of us had read much at that time. *Robertson's Sermons* was the first book mentioned between us. They had taken great hold on me, and I was glad to find that he thought there were none like them. He was also greatly attracted by Carlyle. . .

One frequently met men in Barnett's rooms. This dropping in upon him, without notice and often for a long talk, was a practice that I have thought since he must often have felt an inconvenient one. But he never gave any sign of it: one seemed always welcome, no matter what he was about. I am afraid I was most unscrupulous in the use I made of the privilege. He knew my knock and almost always opened the door himself.

Another only less frequent visitor was the Vicar of St. Luke's, Nutford Place, the Rev. T. W. Fowle. He was some years older than either of us, but not too old to assort well; a very able thinker and expresser of his thoughts; of sparkling wit and eager temperament; as high-spirited as a boy, but withal, rather easily cast down. He threw himself eagerly upon our friendship, and made us feel that he delighted in it, as we did in his. He was full of the thoughts of the day, Darwin and evolution, Huxley, Herbert Spencer. He proposed to read Philosophy together, and we took up Descartes, and then Locke, meeting in 34, Upper Montague Street, your husband's rooms, and constantly sitting into the small hours a.m. A most happy trio we were, our types of mind very different, but on the broad common basis of liberal thought and earnest inquiry into the truth of things we formed a really good combination. *O noctes cœnaeque Deum.* Those symposia will always be among my most cherished memories. Alas! that they remain now with me alone.

Nor should I forget the Sunday evening suppers with our Rector, and the opportunities they gave for talking over the parochial machinery and the broaching of new ideas; when, whether reviewing what had been or suggesting what would be done, Barnett was sure to have something interesting to say. But neither then nor at any other time did he ever obtrude himself, or say anything but with the modesty that became his position as junior curate. He spoke always as one who would rather have his thoughts drawn from him than volunteered.

Mr. Fremantle liked nothing better than getting people together to talk, and he held a meeting for Bible study at his house once a month for the clergy of all the district of which St. Mary's was the Mother Church—Francis Holland of Quebec Chapel; Fowle of St. Luke's; Geary of St. Thomas', Portman Square, with their curates; and I may say for myself and for my colleague I think, that we owed much of the clearance of our ideas to those meetings.

One morning our Rector asked us to meet the Master of Balliol. To an Oxford man, as your husband was, he would have been already a familiar figure, but I believe this was his first real introduction to him. Of the fruitful intercourse that sprang up afterwards between them, I need say nothing at all to you, but as I am dealing with the beginnings of the great things in his life, it would be an omission not to mention that little breakfast party.

Something of what my husband felt for Mr. Young will

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be gathered from the following words written fifteen years after they had ceased to be fellow-curates:

December 22nd, 1888.—We go down to Kingston to-night, and to-morrow I preach for Young. It will be pleasant to see him. He is one of the best of men and his friendship means rest.

Mr. Polyblank was an assistant master in the church schools, and the glimpses he gives of the personality of the young Curate add touches to the character we are considering. He wrote:

It was the charm and warmth with which he received and introduced me at St. Mary's Boys' School that inspired me . . . and it was out of respect and love for him that my first class of fifty troublesome London boys received me (a very young raw countryman) with submission and obedience. . . . He used to say, "The best thing to give is your heart." He keenly felt the unkindness of anyone who deceived or failed him, and that he met many of these human failures goes without saying, yet his largeness of heart would not allow him to drop or condemn any as utterly bad. One of two such human failures that I knew at St. Mary's, remarked on Mr. Barnett, that he was "humanity personified."

The impressions of these friends who saw my husband's first service in the Church are to me very interesting, for people rarely realise his love for, and faith in, the work of the Church. His efforts for social reform in Whitechapel were brought more prominently before the public than his religious work, but religion held the main place in his heart's core, though his acceptance of Miss Octavia Hill's dictum of "the nearer, the dearer, the severer" made him very conscious, and often impatient, of the faults of organised religion and ever anxious to reform the Church.

Dean Fremantle wrote:

Barnett took much pains in his Church work, though he was not a great preacher. . . I remember in a conversation which we had about preaching, an expression of his that the ordinary religious teaching was too much "a religion of death," and that what was needed was "a religion of life."

Mr. Young's memories were more personal:

I will speak now of your husband as I remember him in the Church. As the curates, the burden of preaching that was laid upon us was a very light one, one sermon a fortnight being our regular portion. Thus we had ample time to prepare, and we both took conscientious pains. He expressed himself in the pulpit vigorously, in emphatic, short sentences, never without real thought of his own. If there were some who found him difficult to follow, it was not from any obscurity in the language he used, for that was most simple, but from the thought not corresponding to what they had

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in their minds, and from, I should say, a little want of the art, on his part, of throwing himself into their thoughts and translating them into his. The sermons were always fully written out. He could not at that time speak fluently. He gained help in this, I think, from the institution by our Rector of a short daily service at 8 a.m. As a formally composed address would have been inappropriate to the occasion, it was understood that we should confine ourselves to simple comments upon one of the Lessons for the day. Thus we got some practice in extemporaneous expression, at the expense only of the faithful few who were minded to attend at that early hour.

My own recollections bear out Mr. Young's words, for I was among those who found his sermons out of touch with life and "difficult to follow," and I remember—long before our engagement—making a vigorous protest to him against wasting his opportunities of speaking to the people whose lives he knew so well, and of whose need for spiritual food he was aware. The patient meekness with which he took my criticism is still in my memory, as well as his explanation that his sermons represented the line of thought *he* was then considering, which brought the obvious retort that it would be more useful to the congregation for their minister to talk about the line of thought which *they* were then considering, and to bring it to the test of Christ's standard. It was strange that, desirous as he was of uniting men through the Church, his sermons should be so often academic and impersonal, for even in his curate days he held that the Church should be the centre of life, that all men should be counted as belonging to it, and that its teaching should permeate every department of action.

In his recollections Dean Fremantle said:

I know that Barnett agreed with me in considering each person in the parish as a member of the Church of England and as a fellow-worker in the carrying out of the high ideal for which the Church exists. Mrs. Barnett's excellent little book *Worship and Work* shows this in every page.

Of Mr. Barnett's work in the schools Mr. Young wrote:

He made a deep impression by his work in the school. The boys were his province; the girls mine. He might well have been content with giving Scripture lessons, but he must needs take up some other subject with the boys as well; and his history class became a noted feature. The teachers were all devoted to him and were always delighted to see him come in. His presence was an inspiration, and thrilled all the school with life and zeal. At his instance we held an amateur inspection of our own once a year, with the hearty goodwill of the teachers, who might have resented it, an examination to test the children's powers of thought and to bring out what was in their minds.

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The preparation of the boys for Confirmation fell to his share; and it was not limited to teaching them. It was a matter of close personal intercourse, and I often found one or two in his rooms. With many of them he was the object of an abiding attachment, and I remember hearing from them that they had looked him up in Whitechapel, and what a pleasure it had been to both.[1]

To this account the Dean added his testimony:

Barnett took a great interest in the schools, and being a History Scholar at Oxford, interested the older boys in that subject. I was present at a class of his on the History of England in the time of James II. and the Revolution, and remarked how much more interesting and more religious it was than a class on Old Testament History at which I had assisted.

This is interesting, for it tells indirectly of the beautiful relation existing between the Rector and the Curate, a relation which grew into a friendship both warm and deep. In Mr. Polyblank's memory, the recollections of Mr. Barnett's opinions on school matters and of his influence on the children are both vivid and detailed:

As an educational progressive Mr. Barnett was very dissatisfied with the Government restrictions and the teaching. The children learnt, but were not educated, their powers of reasoning were cramped. . . The Evening Schools for older boys were uninteresting and the teaching of the three R's failed to attract and hold the lads. The lessons were arranged for grant-earning purposes and the textbooks were patchy and only short cuts to facts. . . But Mr. Barnett was fearless in attacking faults. The want of power to alter or get remedied much of the above was very vexatious to him, and led to many argumentary and almost angry discussions with H.M. Inspectors.

Mr. Young wrote:

Barnett had a Club Room for working men in a squalid slum, and it became a notable centre of his work. It was situated in Walmer Street, which turned out of a narrow thoroughfare and ended in a cul-de-sac.

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[1] Up to the end of his life some of the St. Mary's boys remained my husband's friends, bringing their children to see us, and rarely missing the Abbey services when he preached. Sometimes gifts would arrive with notes such as the following:

December 31, 1884.—From three of your "old boys," who often think of you and pray God bless you.

C. W. Honychurch, George S. Hunt, J. Phillips.

Twenty-seven years after Canon Barnett had left St. Mary's, he wrote:

Whitechapel, *October 14th*, 1899.—I preached last Sunday at Bryanston Square. It was good to be back in the old memories, and to shake hands with some who had not forgotten.

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. . . The houses were badly built and badly kept, the people of the poorest sort. A house was taken there and the two rooms on the lower floor thrown into one. This formed the Club Room. It held about twenty men and there were no conditions of membership. Subject to the limitations of space it was open to anyone every evening. Just a place where they could sit and talk, with a table or two for draughts, dominoes, or chess if they liked to learn it. That was all, no cards, no drink. Here he was to be found on the greater number of evenings every week, the centre of attraction to those who gathered there to hear him talk and to be drawn out by him. . . One was pretty sure to see a group, whatever evening one dropped in, in close intercourse with the master mind. Some characters amongst them I shall never now forget. One, older than the rest, held a kind of authority which all seemed to own, of sober judgment and the power of quiet utterance; another, a keen, irrepressible young Irishman, made no secret of his anti-English sentiments; a third, of the same blood as he, silent and brooding, probably one of the dynamite conspirators. Both these two were certainly Fenians. The talk was never frivolous; it was turned naturally upon the political, social, and industrial topics of the day. We heard much of the Hyde Park riots—how easy it had been to pull the railings down—of Gladstone, Bright, Beales, Odger; of the Gas Stokers' strike, etc., etc. One evening was set apart for a regular discussion—a "bate" [debate] as they were pleased to call it; sometimes he would read or lecture to them; now and then would introduce others to talk to them, or to gain information for their own minds about those of working-men.

To trace the beginnings of great movements is always difficult, but as St. Mary's parish was the home of the first Charity Organisation Committee and as Miss Octavia Hill, Mr. Fremantle, and my husband were closely concerned with its inception, it seems necessary to give a short account of the existing parochial machinery for relief previous to its advent. Mr. Young's account is:

Before the C.O.S. came upon the scene, the administration of Charity consisted of little else than the distribution of doles. In our parish there was an attempt at organisation made by the institution of a paid Almoner, and there were weekly meetings held, but practically the administration came into Barnett's hands, and the meeting did little but endorse his actions and recommendations.

The notable meeting which led to the formation of the first local Committee of the C.O.S. Miss Octavia Hill referred to in these words:

1869.—We are having a large meeting in the parish this week to try to organise the relief given; very opposite creeds will be represented—Archbishop Manning, Mr. Llewellyn Davies, Mr. Fremantle, Mr. Eardley Wilmot, and others. . . Mr. Fremantle, the Rector of our district, and the main mover in the matter, is to call on me to-day. May some power inspire me with intellect and speech! I have hardly a hope that they will

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place me on the Committee. I shall try boldly, but I think no ladies will be admitted.

But this last fear was not justified, for to the Committee was added Miss Octavia—October 1869—who in her turn proposed me, and thus I had the privilege of working almost daily with her and knowing the Charity Organisation Society from its very birth. The desperate need of such an organisation is so admirably summed up by Mrs. Bosanquet that I cannot do better than quote the paragraph intact:

This was the situation in London at the end of the sixties. On the one hand a confused mass of poverty, crime and mendicancy, living side by side with the independent wage-earners under conditions of overcrowding and insanitation, and baffling all the efforts of authority and benevolence. "The magistrates of the metropolis, one after another, expressed despair and hopelessness in presence of the clamorous crowds that beset their offices from day to day." On the other hand, a Poor Law administered so as to aggravate the evil, and a host of philanthropic societies and individuals confused and helpless before the magnitude of the demands made upon them. Those actually engaged in relief work were unable "to see the wood for the trees"; absorbed in the importunate claims upon their own time and resources, they knew and cared little for what others were doing; and while a united effort might have checked the rising tide of pauperism and mendicancy, there was no one to marshal their forces and bring order into their campaign. To those who were studying the question the need was clear, the means of meeting it less obvious. The associations before which they expressed their convictions had not the organisation which would have enabled them to give effect to their ideas; they were not in touch with the thousand and one agencies to be influenced, they had no standing in the poorer quarters where, if at all, the evils must be met and overcome. Some new agency was needed to bring together the thinkers and the workers, to show how principles might be applied in action, to give effect to theories, and to turn schemes into working plans.

That "new agency" was the Charity Organisation Society, usually called the C.O.S. Of it Mr. Young wrote:

From the first Barnett took a most active part in this reform, and it was in connection with it that his friendship with Miss Octavia Hill began. She offered herself as a worker to Mr. Fremantle, who very cordially accepted her ideas. She soon discovered where they would be most appreciated, and in your husband found a thoroughly congenial mind. Upon him the effect of her coming was to cause him partially to throw off the reserve which his modesty had imposed upon him, and together they became the driving wheels of Charity Reform in our parish.

About the same time our Rector established a Parish Council, elected by popular vote, which he entrusted with a large control over the arrangements both of Church and parish. . . The plan of procedure, which took a great deal of time and thought, was entirely the work of the two brains whose authority on the subject of relief we all instinctively recognised. . . But it was not all plain sailing. There was a great deal of prejudice to be overcome, and nothing was more difficult to deal with

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than the soft-heartedness which could see nothing but hard-heartedness in the refusals to give. One old gentleman I remember who sat at the end of the table, and therefore next to the applicants, slipped a sixpence under the corner of it into a poor woman's hand, as Miss Hill was pointing out to her the reasons why we could not give her money, and offering her the soundest advice. The old gentleman was afterwards called to account by your husband and melted into tears for his own delinquency! This will serve to illustrate the relations between him and the old-fashioned people of whom there were a great many in the parish. They did not understand the working of his mind, and showed little sympathy with his ideals. They did not, I think, particularly like his preaching. But there was no one who was not struck by his obvious sincerity and earnestness, and who did not admire his intense devotion to his work. If there were not many who sought his intimate friendship, there were none with whom he was not on perfectly friendly terms.

The profound influence which Miss Octavia Hill had on Mr. Barnett it is impossible to describe. She came to him as a new revelation of womanly potentialities, for which his dear mother and the women he had known at Bristol had given him no indication. The Archdeacon of Durham, himself a friend of my husband in those early days, has written:

I knew Barnett's father, mother, and brother, and doubt whether they contributed much to his work. Truth to say it was the Octavia Hill circle and *you*, to him the chief factor in it, who made the man, touching him with a new and higher life.

And who, knowing Miss Octavia, could wonder that her noble influence awakened minds and hearts? For others who did not know her, it will be helpful to recall the temper of those who flung coppers to beggars and complained that their presence spoiled the pleasure of their walks, and to realise the wooden thought of the official which treated sufferers as "cases" to be relieved at the minimum expenditure of time and money; and then to contrast both with the words and thoughts put forth in a paper read by Miss Octavia before the Social Science Association in 1869. She said:

Alleviation of distress may be systematically arranged by a society; but I am satisfied that, without strong personal influence, no radical cure of those who have fallen low can be effected. Gifts may be pretty fairly distributed by a Committee, though they lose half their graciousness; but, if we are to place our people in permanently self-supporting positions, it will depend on the various courses of action suitable to various people and circumstances, the ground of which can be perceived only by sweet subtle human sympathy, and power of human love. . .

By knowledge of character more is meant than whether a man is a drunkard or a woman is dishonest; it means knowledge of the passions,

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hopes, and history of people; where the temptation will touch them, what is the little scheme they have made of their own lives, or would make, if they had encouragement; what training long-past phases of their lives may have afforded; how to move, touch, teach them. Our memories and our hopes are more truly factors of our lives than we often remember.

It was not only what Miss Octavia said and did which influenced others. It was herself; her deep heart, steadfast mind, and dauntless spirit which fed and stimulated those who lived within the reach of her influence. Not that she was without faults. No, she had quite real ones, but they were her own, not a few taken out of a popular catalogue. When I read obituary notices of her, crediting her with the commonplace virtues of kindness and unselfishness and gentleness, it annoyed me because those were not her virtues, and enumerating them gave the wrong impression of her character. She was strong-willed—some thought self-willed—but the strong will was never used for self. She was impatient in little things, persistent with long-suffering in big ones; often dictatorial in manner but humble to self-effacement before those she loved or admired. She had high standards for everyone, for herself ruthlessly exalted ones, and she dealt out disapprobation and often scorn to those who fell below her standards for them, but she somewhat erred in sympathy by urging them to attain her standards for them, instead of their own for themselves.

"His standard is only getting drunk once a week instead of every day. Let us begin on that," I once said to her of one of the tenants of Barrett's Court, where I was the volunteer and inefficient rent-collector; whereupon she scorned me. On the other hand, I thought that her demands for the surroundings of the tenants were not high enough. She expected the degraded people to live in disreputable conditions, *until* they proved themselves worthy of better ones, whereas it can be argued that, for most folk, decent environment is essential to the promotion of decent life.

She had very little sense of her own humour, and none at all of other people's, and I have seen with amusement my husband's best stories break before her close but irresponsive attention, especially if it occurred to him in the middle that the tale would not be up to her moral standard, for she expected high ethics even in jokes. She loved beauty to quite an unusual degree, and constantly found loveliness in small unobtrusive details, both in nature and art, but she resented being shown a view or having her attention drawn

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to pictures or china, and usually disliked other people's arrangement of flowers or furniture. She took enormous pains with her workers and liked explaining herself and her principles to them, but she would brook no interference with her plans even in details; and they were strong and brave persons who ventured to push their arguments against her views. She evoked more admiration than love, but she loved love; and it was a trait in her character, which we never could understand, that she snubbed and stamped out the loves of some of the noble women who were ready to pour out their best at her feet. She had a remarkable power of obtaining help. Yoking her visions to her actions, she lived to see many of them realised. Her enthusiasm was frank and infectious, and she painted even the skeletons of her organisations until they became interesting. Among her rare and most attractive qualities was a disregard of cold, hunger, or other physical discomforts. Indeed she seemed to delight in bearing with joy what other people complained of. Of her Mrs. Hill wrote:

> Octavia's mumps at present are nothing but a subject of joy to her; for she stays at home and gets through quantities of work with the most gladsome spirit.

It was this habit of mind which enabled her frequently to disregard the normal sufferings of the poor, and to expect them to feel the same indifference that she felt to petty hardships. She wrote to Miss Mayo:

> Somehow personal poverty is a help to me. It keeps me more simple and energetic, and somewhat low and humble and hardy in the midst of a somewhat intoxicating power. It pleases me too, to have considerable difficulty and effort in my life, when what I do seems hard to the people—though they never know it.

She was small in stature with a long body and short legs. She did not dress, she only wore clothes, which were often unnecessarily unbecoming; she had soft and abundant hair and regular features, but the beauty of her face lay in her brown and very luminous eyes, which quite unconsciously she lifted upwards as she spoke on any matter for which she cared. Her mouth was large and mobile, but not improved by laughter. Indeed Miss Octavia was nicest when she was made passionate by her earnestness. She lived with her mother and three sisters, all five supporting themselves by keeping a girls' school at 14, Nottingham Place, Marylebone.

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They were remarkable women, each with well-defined individualities, good and public-spirited, devoting themselves to the service of their pupils, and the poor. Their pupils honoured them and worshipped, as schoolgirls will, either Mrs. Hill, Miranda, Florence, Emily, or Octavia, as their tastes dictated. I was never at their school, but when I joined Miss Octavia's group of workers I was young enough—eighteen—to be admitted to mix with the pupils, and then realised the marvellous powers possessed by Miss Miranda, who still lives in my memory as the most beautiful of human characters.

Into this unique family of five fine women Mr. Barnett was introduced when he was twenty-four, and introduced by the best of channels, common work for a common aim. Miss Octavia was six or seven years older than he was, and having clearly thought out her principles on relief and how they would affect and remedy some of the social economic evils of the time, she took him without effort or fuss as a pupil, and poured out both her ideals and methods for their attainment. As the districts were mapped out for relief, she gave her workers charge of them, and discussed the case of every applicant with Mr. Barnett, whose ecclesiastical position gave him the opportunity of forming a judgment on the workers' powers, as well as the requirements and characters of those who sought assistance. She was very good to him, took trouble to bring him into touch with interesting people, but they met as working comrades mainly and he never introduced her to his family or friends. His feeling for her was deep, strong, and very beautiful, founded on admiration which reached veneration, and in those days it included unquestioning obedience, uncritical agreement, and fervent chivalry. They respectively worked each other hard without pity, while counselling moderation and rest to others.

To old Mrs. Barnett, who had only heard of her, she was a source of continual fear, and I attributed part of her warm welcome to me, after our engagement, as due to relief of mind. Though no names were mentioned, her inability to understand such a friendship was evidenced in her congratulations on my youth, and her strongly expressed opinion that men should marry women younger than themselves, and not older ladies whose views were all settled, and who liked the work they had given themselves to do better than taking care of their husbands and their homes

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This libellous view of Miss Octavia, the old mother, even when they were personally acquainted, never altered, for though the bogey she had conjured up was innocent of the attributed faults, the noble lady had the faults which caused her to take little trouble about those humdrum people whom she did not find interesting or useful for her aims.

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CHAPTER IV

"God is love, and they that love dwell in God, they understand the life of God, and to them the world seems very good and people kind and true."

On December 3rd, 1870, Mr. Barnett and I first met. It was at the birthday party of Miss Octavia Hill. In inviting Miss F. Davenport Hill she wrote:

Saturday evening December 3rd is our party for our old tenants here. Oh! do come if you possibly can.

I remember going early to help Miss Octavia with the arrangements, and doing her beautiful hair in a more becoming way than in the tight twist at the back, which was where she usually carried it on her shapely head. I recall the guests coming in shyly by the back entrance, and the rather exaggerated cordiality of Miss Octavia's greeting in the effort to make them feel welcome; and Miss Miranda's bright tender way of speaking to everyone exactly alike, were they rich or poor; and old Mrs. Hill's curious voice with its rather rasping purr of pride and pleasure and large-heartedness, as she surveyed her motley groups of friends; and the two Miss Harrisons, those beautiful and generous artistic souls, the one so fat and short and the other so tall and thin, and their duet, purposely wrongly rendered to provoke the communion of laughter, ending with the invitation to everyone to say "quack, quack," as loudly as each was able, if only to prove they were all "ducks." Miss F. Davenport Hill was there, and Mr. E. C. Maurice and Miss Emma Cons and Miss Emily Hill and Mr. Barnett.

He and I were never introduced, but sat next to each other at the abundant homely meal to which all the guests, still in their out-door garments, sat down together—not the poor sitting and the rich waiting—and we talked; I, knowing that he was "the Curate" and thinking half contemptuously of him as a member of that fraternity; he, as he told me long afterwards, wondering what this

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"child" with brown curls down her back, handsome furs, and a Tyrolese hat—then the fashion—could be doing among this set of pioneer philanthropists and their low, and often coarse, tenant protégées. I seem to have confided to him that I felt the people to be so painfully ugly, not in their clothes but in their faces and figures, and no doubt he improved the occasion, for in those days he was not wholly free from the sententiousness of the curate mind. To this "child" of nineteen summers had been given a part, a very small part, in one of Miss Octavia's pioneer schemes. These schemes were based on principles which we all three lived to see revolutionise charity and change the tenor of public thought. Counting that the only method of improving social conditions was by raising individuals, she held that it was impertinent to the poor and injurious to their characters to offer them doles. They should be lifted out of pauperism by being expected to be self-dependent, and, in evidence of respect, be offered work instead of doles, even if work had to be created artificially. To this end, and with the support of the Rector, Miss Octavia Hill had recently started a workroom for women, and created an odd-job department for the houses she managed. As St. Mary's parish was mapped out into relief districts, each was placed under the care of a visitor, and all applicants were offered work as a test of their needs and capabilities. It was my privilege to be one of these visitors, and the efforts to assist the heroine of my life brought me into working relations with Mr. Barnett. In 1871 he began to write to me on parochial matters, and, with no care for him and no conception of his feeling for me, I yet had such a conviction of the importance of his character that I kept his letters. They are dull reading, but give evidence of his intimate knowledge of the parishioners, and his steadfast adherence to the principles on which the experiment was based.

34, Upper Montagu Street, *August* 1871.

[1] Dear Miss Rowland,—Mrs. T—— has a letter; she overcame me by her anxiety to see another doctor, though I thought her wish unwise. . . I will watch Mrs. Mac——. Old W—— has as much from us as he can expect, within the last two months 4*s*. a week have been added to his income. I leave the soothing of his bitterness to you with perfect confidence in your success. . . Will you let me know where Mrs. Q—— is to go at Ventnor, and when? in fact, tell me all I have

[1] This type is used only for Canon Barnett's words.

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to do. Rhoda got safely to the Home, but beyond this her parents have as yet heard nothing. . . S—— came on Monday; I sent him to the Organisation Society. We shall, I suppose, grant him the £3.0.0. . . When I saw T—— a week ago he was still living at Paradise Place, but his boy had gone to live at his place in the Edgware Road. . . C—— has not come back, but the son is coming out of hospital. . . Some of the expense of R—— should be borne by us—I have your £1.3.5 towards it. To-morrow I shall not be at the C.O.S. I am going to luncheon with the Governors of the Fever Hospital, following, you see, your advice by making friends. . .

I gave your message that you wanted to see S—— and your messenger was free, I think, from jealousy though not from envy. . . I went to see Mrs. N——. I wanted to make acquaintance with your particular old woman. I did not fall in love with her; an old woman of mine at No. 10 opposite, is, I think, much nicer.

To H. O. R., December 31*st*, 1871.—Will you let me have the letter from Lord —— ? I think I know a woman who would like to go to America. . . . I saw Miss Hill in Clifton, where she is as usual creating life and love. I was very pleased to hear from her that you are going to be one of her party at Ruskin's lecture. King Edward's Refuge, Spitalfields, can take in Emily W——. I will refer her to you. Mrs. S—— will, I think, under your influence send one child with Miss Rye. . .

I know that you are always at home on Thursday and the knowledge does not add to the pleasure I usually find on those nights in Walmer Street Club. . .

During the week I have been most interested by a young compositor who is dying. He says I have done him good; perhaps I have. He talks quite sensibly and without any cant of trust in the love, or he says he likes better to say, the "mercy of God." Do you know it is the first time I have felt my religion or theology to be strong enough to help the dying? I could tell you more about him, but not now. I love the body and the body's life so much that few things really pain me more than to see a young man die.

I hope that I shall see you next Friday; it seems an age since we met, long enough to make one fancy that you really did "take the veil" as you threatened when I left you at that mysterious door. Thank you for your good wishes; I can use no words so fitting as yours. You have your own hopes for your future work, and I have my own hopes about that future which I wish to be realised. Your words though are the best, may you have in the New Year "all God's good gifts and success—the highest." . . How the last hour of the year stirs up one's memories and one's hopes!

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To H. O. R., January 14th, 1872.—I was very disappointed last night that you were not with us. Perhaps though this, as other disappointments, ends in better things, and you will have more strength for other days. My faith however is so weak as to plan particular pleasures and to grieve when hopes are broken. Ruskin was very good and the lecture was characteristic. The bird of calm is the halcyon, the kingfisher, who for love became a bird, and for whom the Gods give days of calm. We are to aim at making for ourselves nests of calm, and he told us how.

On February 4th, 1872, Mr. Barnett wrote to ask me to marry him. The letter surprised me very much, as I had taken his many communications as representing his anxiety for the success of Miss Hill's social experiment, and the consequent frequent supervision of one of her young workers. Moreover, he looked so very much older than his age—twenty-seven—that I had accepted his interest as that of a kindly elderly gentleman, with small sensitive hands, a bald head, and shaggy beard. Indeed, both in appearance and manner, he was far removed from a girlish idea of a lover. Years after our marriage, when we had been to see *The Private Secretary*, he, amid his laughter, declared that in his early curate days he had closely resembled the caricature of the worthy ecclesiastic in the play. We of course contradicted the modest assertion, but it was not wholly without truth.[1] He dressed very badly, generally obtaining his clothes by employing out-of-work tailors in the district. He always wore a tall silk hat which, as he had purchased by post, never fitted, and so was usually tilted over his forehead or rammed on at the back of his head. His umbrella was a byword, and he always bought his black cotton gloves two or three sizes too large. He approved of wearing a flannel shirt and united it to a white collar with a black silk ready-made tie. The beautiful humility of his nature made his manners diffident and uneasy; indeed he was often at the same time both shy and aggres-

[1] Lady Courtney, in response to a request for some remembrances of those days, wrote:

It was in the winter of 1875 when I first met Canon Barnett. I was living and working with Octavia Hill when the Vicar of St. Jude's and his young wife called in Nottingham Place. I was not attracted, and shall I confess what my first impression was of one who in after-years became my dear and honoured friend? Well, the young man—for he was young then, though he never looked it—struck me as plain and insignificant and with no easily read expression. In fact, what in my old hunting days I should have classed as a "poor thing."

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sive, defects which he covered by a frequent nervous laugh. His active sympathy made him almost servile in his anxiety to aid, and yet the absence of the instinct of sex protection produced difficult incidents. For instance, I recall his astonishment at my indignation when, at one of Miss Octavia's tenants' parties, he and Mr. Young carried a drunken man and laid him at the bottom of the van to travel home, under my and the other women's feet. He carried his money in a cheap purse, doled out stamps as if they were priceless, and was punctilious almost to parsimony on petty financial matters, small habits which were entirely contrary to his real generosity of heart. Insignificant as were these externals, they happened to be peculiarly unattractive to a girl who had been reared in a luxurious home, accustomed to lavish living and entertaining, who revelled in hunting and gardening and outdoor life, and whose beau ideal of a man was her vigorous happy chivalrous father, whose loss she was then deeply mourning. He was a man who, with all his sterling virtues, only "considered the poor" by the medium of his purse, being occupied in enjoying every aspect of life with his children and his worldly art-loving friends, taking his pleasures with a careless generosity which may have been reprehensible but which was very endearing.

Mr. Barnett's wish troubled me very much. He was entirely different from any of the men I had known, and in the plans I had formed for spending my life at Bethnal Green I could see no place for marriage with its obedience and its ties. My inclination was to give a decisive "No" to his beautiful letter, but I knew that, if I did so, either he or I would have to give up Miss Octavia's work; and to injure her schemes at that juncture was an impossible conception, worth the demand of any sacrifice on the part of either of us. I therefore wrote to tell him that my feeling for him was only that of respect, and suggested that we should go on with our work for six months and not refer to the matter during that period. The letter was quickly answered in these words:

Thank you; let all things be as you say. I am sure you will do what is right. . . Six months seems a long time, but perhaps the end will come sooner. Anyhow I trust you now as I would trust you always, and I am yours in love and life.—S. A. B.

I said nothing to anybody about his wishes, but the

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knowledge of Mr. Barnett's affection caused him to take a larger place in my thoughts, as I endeavoured to look behind the irritating mannerisms to find his nature, tastes, and faiths, an endeavour that his frequent and illuminating letters made more easy. Every letter contained information or questions about the work we were doing together, but all these passages have been excluded, the extracts selected being chosen to illustrate his personality, and to explain the influence of his love on his life and work.

The decision to give them to the world has been made with a great effort and has involved to me a sense of irretrievable sacrifice. But as I recognise the interest of the thoughts, the lofty idealism of the principles, the noble patience of his unconquerable love, and the humble hopefulness they express; and when I compare them with the trivial personalities of most so-called "love-letters," I feel it is my duty to share with kindred spirits, and especially with the young for whom he cared so sympathetically, a knowledge of the divine in human relations. I do not feel that contact with the world will sully my treasured letters, for with deep understanding he ever taught that faith in what was best in man produced it. Never for a moment did he doubt Lowell's words—

> "Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
> In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
> Will rise in majesty to meet thine own."

So I surrender my letters, certain they will evoke if not sympathy at least the silence of respect.

34, Upper Montagu Street, W., *March 30th*, 1872.

Dear Miss Rowland,—I don't think our words in the least carried our thoughts to one another yesterday. Such failure makes one long for other means of knowing and being known, and does it not also show that not by words but by slow-working acts is it possible to bring souls to God?

I won't say that I was sorry not to see you this morning, I am more glad that you should take care of yourself than give me the chance of meeting you. You see, I want you to live even though you dislike the body and its requirements so much, and though I know that life cannot die with the body. I don't think however my wish is wrong; after all it is only through our bodies that we are able to be ourselves or know others.

I have just answered Miss Hill's letter. I can't think why you and she should consider me so able to do without service. Perhaps people never do see their own work and power. I know

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though what has been done and what might be done. I am sure there is no man who needs more what you can give than I do. Alone, there is some chance of my becoming cold, politic, rational. I need as Caponsacchi did,

> "To have to do with nothing but the true,
> The good, the eternal—and these, not alone
> In the main current of the general life,
> But small experience of every day,
> Concerns of the particular hearth and home:
> To learn not only by a comet's rush
> But a rose's birth—not by the grandeur, God,
> But by the comfort, Christ."

Please don't you mistake me by thinking that I by myself can do God's work. I don't think I could alone.

April 7th, 1872.—To write to you is the next best thing to talking to you. As I have told you I cannot work alone, and preaching is lonely work; to-night, therefore, I seem to crave for sympathy and can find it only in writing to you. I saw you in the churchyard and turned back with the intention of joining you, but when I saw others with you I felt shy and went on. I like showing myself to you, but I am, you know, "reserved" and don't like showing myself to others. Preaching as I did, I felt as if I had been dragged out into the light and shunned meeting those who had seen me. Perhaps my dislike arises from the great need I feel for fellow-workers to fill out my work. Preaching I put myself and only myself forward. . .

Since church, Young and I have been discussing things in general with Mr. Fowle. On one subject we were for once agreed, viz. the very slight reference our Lord ever makes to a state hereafter. The parables read with the thought that they refer to a present state become easy to understand. You can imagine how I back up such views. Christ gives joy not by promising a future good, but by making us able to enjoy the present. I intend to try Mr. Fowle with your argument about spiritualism.[1] He will say, as I gathered to-night, that it is impossible to believe a miracle which has no moral purpose.

I have been thinking about you and Lucy T—— and my conclusion is that you must see her alone. We both agreed last night that to shield one we love from what might be unpleasant if it be right, is neither brave nor kind. You must, however, find out more certainly where she is, and about doing this we may settle when we meet.[2]

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[1] I was deeply interested in spiritualism, and had evidence that I possessed whatever the power is which made tables move, knocks supply the unknown answers to questions, and "Planchette" to write.

[2] Lucy T—— was a girl in my district who had left her home and gone to live with a disreputable companion. It was to seek her in those haunts of vice that he now agreed.

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April 10th, 1872.—Last night I erred in thinking and speaking hard things about myself. I forgot, you see, the passage you showed me in *Aurora Leigh* and anything you said I richly deserved. I don't think that men are only props for women to lean upon. Surely God very very often speaks through women to men. I have reason to know this, and if it is depending to look to Miss Hill for inspiration to enable me to work, then I depend. In fact, as I said the other day, I want, as Caponsacchi did, God near me, and I don't think the want unmanly. Is it not woman's work "to guide, to comfort and command?"

The preaching question is a long one. I want very much to hear everything you can say about it; it never can be "presumptuous" for you to do what you are able to do. I know that God's truths must be given, the question is how, by life or by words? Did you ever think why it was our Lord was not transfigured before many but only before those He specially loved? This is too long a subject for a letter.

I am anxious about Kate D——.[1] I heard wretched things about her yesterday.

April 15th, 1872.—Letters are a long way behind conversation, and are a very poor substitute for a talk with you. I seem hardly to have seen you at all last week, and now Miss Hill wants me to do the books next Saturday. I must get off this in a way to satisfy my conscience and yet have the afternoon with you on the river or somewhere equally pleasant. Can your sister go on Saturday? I am so afraid of giving up any actual duty; as it is I give up for myself so much thought. Here, though, I can satisfy my conscience, if it is so much more important *to be* than *to do*, and the thoughts that are so pleasant help me to be more and feel more. You don't mind this kind of dependence, do you? I am almost sure that it is the right kind; when I read things which stir my mind I long to be able to talk them out with you, and I am sure I should be better for such talk and come to much truer conclusions.

Have you ever noticed how much women's influence has been wanting in history? It is hard to mark the mighty work it doubtless has done because it works secretly; but in many great characters we may see the want. How many have been Lydgates, making women the companions of their holidays,

[1] I smile when I recall the dismay of my conventional aunt, when, on going after Kate D——, I found that she was in bad hands, and that the only way of saving her was by then and there taking her home with me as an "assistant parlourmaid." "What! a girl with no training and a bad character, out of a low court, to handle our cut glass and Spode!" She broke some, it is true, but her strong affection lifted her out of temptation and she strove to do rightly. We ultimately sent her out of the reach of her evil relations to Australia, where she happily married and wrote often of my far-off god-child.

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how many have sought in them a "semi-servile and feebly intelligent solicitude," how many, like Voltaire, have looked to find in them the friendship they might have found in men? The philosopher's meeting with Blumine is but a by-play. Women have been playmates or despots. Spurgeon tried to teach us that the key to effective life is unity of life, and unity of life surely means that all human relations must be part of one whole. Every man in his own little way must thus depend, and I am sure I must.

April 19th, 1872.—It seems that I must again to-day satisfy myself with a letter. Yesterday the people's minds were so full of this murder[1] that visiting them was not cheering. I therefore especially want your company. I mean that the murders made visiting sad because the strength of the sympathy seemed to make the people more selfish. "This is the help we are likely to get, our only friend is in our own pockets." "We may starve for all that you or anyone else care." They did feel for the poor wretch, and when they railed at the absence of all kindness, I saw in their words signs of much kindness. Still, the utter want of faith in God or man, the powerlessness to see a care which goes deeper than the care for bodily comforts, the bitterness which raged against all in power, were very painful. I felt as if I were face to face with the forces which destroy and ruin nations, faithless, ignorant, selfish. God knows I don't wonder at the indignation. Ought we not to be indignant, with a wise indignation, that on God's earth where Englishmen teach and Englishmen rule, a father should choose that his children should die rather than live? Does not the fact mock the bright sunshine of this spring beauty? Well for those whose indignation finds vent in quiet hopeful work among God's children.

I am sure it is neither right nor useful for you to devote yourself so much to the night schools. It is not right because our bodies are members of Christ, part, that is, of the self which has its place in the figure of perfect humanity. It is not useful because your martyrdom will do less for the cause of education than your life. I am not altogether selfish therefore when I complain that the night school hides you from me. . .

It must not be forgotten that the London School Board has been established too late to touch the children who, then aged thirteen to fifteen, gathered into night schools. I had taken the responsibility for three evenings a week, one for boys in an underground cellar, two for girls in a small ground-floor room, in a terrible court, which had recently come into Miss Octavia's hands. The people were very

[1] A father had murdered his children who were starving and neglected.

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rough, and many fights and quarrels took place, for the settlement of which I was not infrequently called upon as umpire. One evening Mrs. Nassau Senior was in our school, when a specially noisy fight resulted in all the girls tearing out to watch or join in it.

"What shall we do?" I asked, as she and I stood alone in the deserted heavy-aired room.

"I will sing to them," she replied, and standing on the raised step at the doorway, the shouting angry fighting crowd just below her, she lifted up her beautiful voice and sang—

"Angels, ever bright and fair,
Take, oh! take me to your care."

The people heard, found something more interesting than the fight, and gathered round her to listen, and as she stood in the dark court with a background of flaring gas light which turned her flaxen hair into a halo, she seemed to some of us to be one of the angels of whom she sang.

April 21st, 1872.—It was good of you to write to me to-day. I was longing to see you or hear from you. There is much in your letter to talk about. God knows I see that the world has wants and that a prophet might satisfy them, but every man who can speak is not a prophet. I believe that the work of "ordinary people," the work of meeting individuals and satisfying them, is very great.[1]

I quite think with you that the "inner feelings" are God's. Might this not be one reason why one should dislike to show them publicly? They are God's, what right have I to use them and draw attention to myself? They are the forces which are to carry me through life and make all life's acts good, they are not to be spent themselves. The steam which is to drive the engine must not be spent in whistling. Perhaps though all my difficulty comes from my own shortcoming, from that incompleteness I so bitterly feel.

Miss Hill is back by this time, is not that a pleasant thought? Do you think there is any external standard of beauty? It seems to me that form can only really be beautiful as it represents life. But lazy generations have fixed the opinions of those who have gone before them into a law. Men therefore now run after forms which fall under this law. Just in the

[1] This letter refers to one of our many talks on preaching, for his sermons were then academic, not to say drear, while at the same time the spiritual needs of individuals was his pervading thought. I urged that congregations were only individuals combined, and should have their needs met from the pulpit by the living words of one whose "inner feelings" told him of God.

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same way they adopt forms of worship which expressed the religious life of their fathers, and think the forms perfect, as they are like the old forms. I am inclined to think there is no such external standard. To each one that form is beautiful which represents life to him. I know that the face which shows me most of God, which tells of truth and faith, is beautiful, to me the most beautiful.

April 24th, 1872.—I am just back from an evening with the Comtists. They have a large comfortable room in Lamb Court. Around are heads and engravings of the great men of the past and some humanity motto. Dr. Congreve and the disciples were standing before the fire when we entered. He is a fine tall man with a head that means benevolence rather than anything else. He received us very kindly and we entered on rather a mild chat. Soon some more came in and at last thirteen men gathered round the fire. Among them were Beesley, Harrison, Morison and Proudhon. Then conversation began. First they talked generally of Comte's writings. Morison said he thought Comte aimed at being obscure—I daresay this is true, great leaders have spoken in parables for wise reasons—then others went on to remark on the perfection of his writings and how there never seemed to be a word too much or too little. Beesley complained of a want of clearness, instancing as an example Comte's way of speaking of "our fundamental law" when really he would challenge anyone to say what that fundamental law is. Congreve answered that this law is the taking of things as they really are.

The conversation on the point made me feel as if I were with a lot of parsons. The contempt for the outside world, the worship of the letter rather than the spirit of the master's books, the attitude of attack were "theological." Then the talk came down to politics, but nothing new or striking was said. They showed a strong feeling for France and held interference to be higher policy than "non-interference." They were in favour of Fawcett's Bill, and seemed to think that Gladstone needed to be "dipped in the cold waters of opposition" to rouse him to action.

I was very disappointed with Beesley; he is younger than I expected and he seemed to let rather crude thoughts run out at once into words. Harrison[1] is one of those mysterious-looking people who may be either fast or enthusiastic. He did not say much but I should be ready for much from him. Morison spoke well and seemed a careful thinker.

Altogether the evening was dull and not at all what I expected. I have pleased myself, though, now by telling you all about the evening. Can't you imagine that I must like writing

[1] Mr. Frederic Harrison in later years became our stalwart friend.

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to you, and can't you imagine, too, that I must like hearing from you? It is good after the day's work to open heart and mind to one whom we may trust, so good that I don't know how I am going to give up the doing it.

In order to understand some of the most beautiful passages in the following letters it is necessary to mention that though I was young I was bearing difficult responsibilities. A relation whom I loved was falling into grievous sin which my presence might remedy. An earnest inquirer into spiritualism who had seen me across the room at a large party, sought an introduction so as to tell me that I possessed occult powers which it was wicked not to use. I feared that one who was very dear to me was wrecking her life by a mistaken judgment; and my perplexities kept alive the grief for the loss of my kind father. I longed to live as well as to work among the East End people, and my sister, who was studying art, often advised me not to neglect such talent as I possessed. It was hard to see what was right amid conflicting duties, and I was not at liberty, even had I wanted to do so, to tell Mr. Barnett all the facts. His care for me had not waned, though I had done my best to alienate his affections, and this added to my unhappiness. I needed to be alone to try to see life's duties in their true relation, and therefore had decided to sacrifice my work and to go to read in Germany.

April 28th, 1872.—I was very disappointed at not seeing you to-day, not because I wanted, as I often do, to talk things over with you; but because I felt so dull and stupid. Thoroughly selfish am I not? I suppose when people are ill they care only to be with those to whom they don't mind showing themselves as they are. It is a great strain to be cheerful and sympathetic when one's head is like a lump of lead; this must be my excuse for wanting to see you to-day. My cold makes me so stupid, and it would have been a great relief to have shown myself in my stupidity after straining to talk to discontented women and apathetic candidates as if I were a superior being.

Our "Retreat" last night produced no results; we were not equal to mastering Descartes. We had therefore a desultory talk. Mr. Fowle made himself merry at the expense of metaphysicians, and we all came nearer to an agreement on the subject of paid and voluntary work. I do hold that spiritual work should be voluntary, but it is a difficult subject. Too hard to talk out last night, too hard to talk out now with a small boy standing behind my chair anxious that I should fence with

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him, and who breaks the monotony of waiting by bursting out into patriotic songs.

Yes, the last three months have made you much dearer to me and I can't conceive how there can be another woman in the world who will so meet my wants and stimulate my powers. To bear the loss of you will strain my faith in God as no other loss has ever strained it. But I won't think of this, the present is good and nothing can ever take that away from either of us. I suppose on Saturday we shall have one more quiet talk and then you will be out of sight for a time. I wonder if you ever guess what a storm of passionate words and acts a man has to hold back as he talks calmly to the one he loves.

May 1st, 1872.—I am driven to write to you, simply to write to you, for I do not know what to say. I can't tell you how wretched you made me. To plead with you is what I won't do; to argue with you is I know of no use. Just see how theories fly at the touch of truth. I tried to teach you that we make our own troubles, and here is a trouble which I dare not face. Let me, however, as I have all along, trust you. If you do think it best, think it in your own heart best, to decide against me before going away, do so. I was weak and stupid when I asked you to let me live in a kind of fool's paradise for the next two months. I can't face the thought of an "everlasting No," it sent a shudder through me to-day, but I can hope that God will give me strength. I am sure I shall not regret the last few months, if I am not to know you all through life, it is good that I have known you so long. The time has been blessed and its effect won't be to make me tired of life and weary of my kind. You say I have helped you. I hope I have; sometimes I think I could help you more. It is hard to understand half confidences, and it is not well to trust to imagination. You may be sure God means us *here* to walk in green pastures and sit beside the waters of comfort. We shall do so when we are not alone, when we are guided, when we conquer temptation. Would to God that we might together rest in a quiet home, helping and strengthening one another; it not, God help me, and preserve you.

May 5th, 1872.—Since Sunday I have learnt to be with you even though I don't see you. I am not therefore going to write a "grumbling" letter. It is very strange, that sense of God between us. I feel you with me as I feel Him. I draw near to you as I draw near to Him. The sense is good and throws light on the Bible, on religion and on life. I begin to see that the words of the most trustful Psalms might be my words. Yes, whatever the future is, the Lord watches over us and the future must be good. I pray that the struggle which I left you fight-

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ing has ended, I did so wish to help you and I do so long not to be selfish. It would not though have been right for me to have said I would give you up, would it?

Tuesday.—I went through the Academy. . . I hope you will teach me about pictures and their meaning. We may hope, though we don't form plans, and I hope you will help me to see pictures. We had the Confirmation this morning, it is a solemn form, but somehow seems to fall grievously short of what it might be. I wonder if I shall ever cease to attack whatever does not seem the very best!

May 8th, 1872.—I think I understand your sorrow and I am sure I cannot blame it. We must grieve when our dear ones are dead and our love and care are no longer needed, but the grief can't last long. Soon we feel that the dear ones are in heaven and know that our love and care glow again through them to brighten other lives. You will be happy, you will feel that the Lord is your Shepherd and the Shepherd of those you love, neither your fears nor your hopes will disturb you, and you will rest by the still waters.

Do not be anxious about P——. Where God has given a true pure heart the power to love, it will not love badly nor in vain. Why fear? Trust God who guides all lives and asks of us only obedience. Why let your hopes disturb you? You will work for the people, you cannot tell how. God must guide, He gives us our work, and some of us have to do that which seems to us not to be work. Don't then think that you can discover a plan of your life and steer for an end which, good and beautiful though it be, may not be your haven of rest. I am talking to you as I talk to myself. I don't want in this letter to bring my own cares forward, but since you know how I see an end before me which is very good and beautiful, but which may not be for me, I try to help you as I help myself to trust in God. Would that I could give you better help! I don't think I say this selfishly. I love you so much that I would help you at any price. In this quiet hour perhaps you are praying, and our spirits meet at God's throne and we strengthen one another. About going away, you know best. I can imagine that it will be good for you to be away. For me it can make no difference. God has given it to me to love now, and love I will in all joy and trust.

May 9th, 1872.—I burnt your letter last night and to-day I feel as one who has had a troubled dream. I think of you in a great passion of sorrow, tried and worn by the forms of hopes and fears. The fancies of the night stand on the same level with the facts in the letter. Imagination is my master and

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surrounds you with sorrow just as it will. I see you so. Some voice says, "Go and find her," but another says, "You are one more cause of sorrow, keep away." I remain alone and the loneliness of unhelpfulness is worse than the loneliness of helpfulness. I do though believe in your future, for God will help you and make you happy and sure.

May 10*th*, 1872.—The unexpected joy of meeting you was too much for my old used-up nerves. I quite forget what you said about Mrs. Q—— and Mrs. T——. To whom and when does Mrs. L—— pay her money?

I can't tell you how glad I was to find you "gooder" and happier. I daresay there is a good-deal of selfishness in the gladness, but some of it is pure. I am selfishly glad because now I feel that I can again take a place in your thoughts. I do trust you not to forget me. I hope and pray you may get all good while you are away and so soon come back. If nothing inclines you to write and if you come back to send me away, God help me to remember that for you and for me He is for ever on His watch-tower. Goodbye, and believe me to be, Yours for ever, S. A. B."

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CHAPTER V

"The Worship of the Highest is the bond of union between man and woman, between the members of a society, between the citizens of a nation, between the nations of the world."

It was with a sad heart and puzzled mind that I started for the Continent. My sister and I had been enthusiastic about the Franco-Prussian War and were much disappointed that our offer to nurse the wounded had been refused on account of our youth. Among the interests of the journey were the visits to the battlefields about which I had written to Mr. Barnett. After a few weeks my aunt and sister returned to London, and I went to a school at Boppart where, helped by the beauty of the stimulating Rhine, I tried to see what was right.

May 21st, 1872.—I envy you on your way to the mountains; to us townsfolk God's voice in nature comes so fresh and strong. I never have the least doubt but that you on earth will hear and follow His voice. He won't at once make you "good" and restful. He never does anything quickly. The mountains are the work of ages and a human soul is a greater work than they. Have patience then and soon you will be able to rejoice that His will is being done.

Do you find an absence of fierceness in St. John? In his Epistle you will find he felt very passionately and could use very stern words. In reading the Gospel I somehow forget St. John, his individuality seems lost in the individuality of Christ. I can imagine how the Gospel has comforted people, it shows how very close man might be to God. Now and then as I read it at night a flash of such comfort comes to myself and I feel that I have a guide on whom I can depend and that the highest work is within my reach. But soon earth's cares grow large again, and as I read, critical questions arise and difficulties suggest themselves—then I feel that I want you to help me and make me more able to hear God's voice. *You* could do this, you have helped me to do so already. This is something to be thankful for, if I have helped you that is more to be thankful for.

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I suppose I shall hear more certainly of your plans by and bye. My half-formed intention is at present to go away for two or three weeks early in June. When I think how you are wanted here and how you must want to be here, I feel almost mad with myself for driving you away. I fancy myself selfishly enjoying the joy of loving while you suffer. It must however be for me right to go on, and the most painful course is not always the most loving, the most unselfish.

June 2nd, 1872.—This is to be an exercise on the pronoun "I." Somehow I never do like talking to other people about myself, perhaps it is because I don't think the subject would interest them. I know I do talk about myself to my mother because I know she is interested in the smallest thing which concerns me. I can't think it is the same with you. Sometimes indeed I feel that your life is part of mine and that the love which binds me to you can never perish, but then your words of refusal come in, and to them feelings have to give place. However here is the exercise.

Verb "to like."

I don't like Paris at all, only its noise and show impressed me. The sight of people on pleasure bent, the noise of their talking, the loudness of their dress, the tawdry churches, the paint and gilt ornamentation, all wearied and disgusted me. Then for art you know I have no real taste. The century expects every man to understand and worship art, so we all talk a little about it. I am conscious of failure really to value it. It is men and women I delight in, their beauties, their follies, their ugliness all interest me. The battlefields I don't think I should care to see. I do not know enough about the plans of the battle to be able to trace it out on the ground; then I do hate war, so I certainly shall not study its details or try to find interest in them. The gambling tables I did like seeing, principally for the reason you give, the people have forgotten themselves, one can see them as they are. A rare sight in rich people, they are generally so wrapped up in the clothes of propriety. The gamblers are therefore not all ugly, it is possible to see some bits of true humanity. What you say about the girl is horrible, though I don't wish "kidnapping" were in fashion. The means are generally more important than the end. Your school life must be very pleasant; you don't say what you read. I shall be afraid of you when you come back; I am almost tempted to go to some quiet spot and read myself. . .

You say you are not religious, neither am I. It is in your nature to be much more so than I am. Self in a thousand forms hides God from me, and it is only very seldom that I feel at one with Him. The words of the Psalms are far, so far out of my reach. . .

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Do you really think it good for you to be away from home? I hope it is. What you say of its loneliness and quiet makes me think it may be, but then I know how you long to be with your sister and the people. . .

Verb "to do."

Saturday I took the Walmer Street boys to Erith. We went by rail and came back by steamer. Mr. M—— met me and helped amuse the boys. I think they enjoyed themselves. I do like boys, they are so open, so ready to the call on their honour. The scene on board the boat was very horrid. A great many drunken men were partly jolly, partly quarrelsome. The boys got mixed up with them, and when I called them off the men were angry and abused Mr. M—— for being religious. If I had been admiring the boys all day, I admired the women now who so bravely, wisely, and tenderly managed their drunken husbands.

Verb "to think."

I have been writing my sermons. One has been on the value of the body. I tried to show how the body individualises the soul and how he who dies with hands unmarked by the print of the nails, wounds won in the conflict with evil, dies without the marks of the greatest glory. . . At our discussions we have been talking about the relation of authority to opinion, and about angels. As to the first, I don't think authority should have any influence on opinion. We must think for ourselves, and the fact that the Church or public opinion thinks differently must not make us alter our views. If I take the opinion of another person, it is because I have first formed an opinion of him. Then as to angels, I have been arguing that they may be the spirits of the dead doing God's work, bearing His messages to men. My friends hold against me that angels are "subjective." Will the beautiful sound of that word win you to their side?

Miss Hill is getting on with the school work, working, I fear, too hard. She does throw me into despair; I do so little and feel so worn out; but I could fill pages in praise of her and then not say all you think about her. Besides I think I had better end this long exercise on "I" or you will never have time or patience to read it. . . I hope you will find time to write to me soon, and in my next letter I will do the verb "go." As for the verb "hope," when shall I dare do it?

June 8th, 1872.—Your letter came in about the moment when I was thinking how soon it would be possible to hear from you. I don't think I need tell you of the joy it gave; it bore to me the brightness of the flowers of which it spoke and sent me down to Walmer Street as if I had seen them on my table. Now let me read it again and answer it bit by bit.

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I should like to know the Germans. I admire and respect their solid strength, but I am wrongly impatient of slowness; it would do me good to know them and make me more thorough... Yes, I understand your reason for wishing to study. . . I am not going to be ill, and as I have so often told you, you have done me nothing but good, oh! so much good that you will never know it. I am going on Tuesday to Clifton to spend a few days with my mother. I don't feel much disposed for the quiet, I am too unsettled, but I must give her some of my holiday. . .

I think Christ chose to fight alone, every son of man must fight alone, for the heart knoweth its own bitterness. It weakens us if we try to carry our friends into the fight, if we learn to use weapons which are not our own, and life becomes unreal. We have our own trials, we must meet them with our own strength and learn that we have weapons which can kill all foes. To those who thus fight, God will send His angels and tell of victory now and victory for ever. While the fight is going on, it is the part of friends to watch and pray. The thought of the struggle in the garden should help us all. Don't call me strong. I let all kinds of sin and meanness get into my citadel; if I keep out the greater sins it is often only by throwing myself into work. . .

About the body I am right. The crown of thorns is man's noblest crown and we wear it because we have bodies. The marks we win in our fight with sin will be our eternal distinction. The body may suck one down, but it is that we may rise again in victorious strength. You do know this and you do bless God for your creation, bless Him for the difficulties which have made you find yourself, bless Him that through you He is giving a message to men which none other has borne or can bear. . .

About the dinner parties. I grant you I am wrong to turn away from the rich, but we must have our own likings and I don't feel a call to go to them as I am called to go to the poor. I agree that to those who could look into their heart, they would be beautiful, but not more beautiful than other human hearts, would they? It is their affectation, their unreality which wearies me. The children, the little girls, arouse in me all kinds of bitter thoughts and wishes. I stand in the potato plot, where there is plenty to do and enjoy. I leave it to others, men or circumstances, to go to the richer plots and bring their beauties to me. Sometimes I think nothing but hard words and cruel cuttings will save the rich, and I am too fond of giving hard words to trust myself to teach them in this way.

In the past week I have done little, my time has gone in doing small acts. I have read nothing but the June *Middlemarch* and a French play—of the former we will talk when you have read it. I have had some discussion about the right of

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lying. I feel lying can never be right, but where is the line to be drawn. Is disguise right? is reserve right? I am driven by such arguments into a corner. I am inclined to say —but tell me what you think.

Do write when you feel inclined. The mere fact of receiving a letter from you won't add to my hopes or fears. It is five weeks to-day since we really parted, and I am sure your absence has not decreased my love. It is a treasure laid up in heaven which moth can't corrupt and sometimes I think that not even words from you could destroy it. If you say "No," still I shall feel that you can't tear yourself from me, and I shall look on to a more distant future. Please write soon, for your letters are so good to me. I grant I read them through hoping to find grounds for a better hope, but if I find none I can and do rejoice in the present. Now goodbye. You know without my saying how dear you are to me, and you told me once I had no right to call you "mine." Believe then that I have not learnt to care the least bit less and am now and always, your SAMUEL BARNETT.

The peace Mr. Barnett hoped for me was given to me at Boppart, but not for long, for on Tuesday, June 18th, my sister wrote to tell me that her engagement to Mr. Ernest Hart was to be very short, and to ask me to return home immediately for her marriage, and to remain with my aunt afterwards. I travelled back at once and reached home on June 24th. On the following day Mr. Barnett and I plighted our troth, for I had realised that his gift of love was too holy to refuse. Together we spent a long sunny Wednesday on the river at Cookham; and the next morning he started with his brother for a holiday on the Continent. It seemed a strange action after he had just obtained what he had so longed and patiently waited for, but Mr. Barnett had both perfect self-control and too great a respect for plans to allow them to be broken. He had arranged with the Rector to take his holiday, he had arranged with his brother to go on the Continent, and they were both expecting him to keep his engagements. An incident in his own life—even so great a one as his betrothal—was not to be allowed to interfere with carefully-made plans, so he punctually departed by the very train that had been arranged weeks before. Whether he was right or wrong I do not know, for during all our glad years together this reverence for punctuality was a frequent small trial to me, and the complete mastery of his thoughts a cause of envious bewilderment. He would break off the most sacred of confidences

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or the most important of committees if the clock commanded him to stop, and so wholly was his mind under his control that on one occasion when I was so ill that death seemed imminent, in spite of his deep love and agony of anxiety, he surprised the nurses and wounded my sister by steadily reading *Ivanhoe*.

During this holiday Mr. Barnett wrote long and descriptive letters, some of which tell of conditions of Continental travelling very different from what now prevails, but those portions are given which show his character when stirred to its depths. Something also can be gathered of what the obedience to his plans cost us both, for my troubles and perplexities were increased by his absence.

ZURICH, *June 28th*, 1872.—I feel like a man who has taken a very deep plunge to avoid breaking his resolution to bathe. I have travelled for thirty hours so as to give myself no chance of turning back, we have pushed on and on and I am now here dog-tired, too tired to do anything but think of you and write to you. As I came through the country and everything seemed to remind me of you and connect itself with you, my thoughts went back to the time when you were travelling through France and everything seemed to remind you of me. My spirit was persecuting you and wearing you down, your spirit followed me to bless and cheer me.

Switzerland is very charming. God's work is so grand and man's work is so modest. The mountains tower up one above another, the houses hide away and seem to blush under the large roofs. This is as it ought to be, is it not? Men must work, and their work must be seen, but it should be like a Swiss chalet, modest and hiding, while God's work, the kingdom of right, must stand out grandly like a Swiss mountain. But we must come here together some day, when you have taught me to see things more, when my fuller, my new life is older. Once I saw all scenery with a kind of despair, now with a kind of hope, because its hidden beauties are linked with you and you are mine.

ZURICH, *June 29th*, 1872.—Three days are gone of the dark three weeks. I hope that while God gives us bodies, we shall not be often so separated. Thought and letter-writing do something to bring you to me, but now they cannot supply the face and the voice. Then the joy of Wednesday was so new, the fruit of a hope so long held hopeless that now it almost seems a dream and I am ready to start back to make sure of it.

I think I am learning here the good of a past, for in the hours of rest I find myself living again Tuesday morning (June 25th),

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and drawing in its strength and comfort. How everything of that day is printed on my soul! If I could live always as earnestly as then, my sight would be keen and my memory strong for the troubles and wants of the world. I have sometimes thought that your earnestness of purpose might make care for little things impossible, now I see that if the mind and heart are roused, they are roused not for one end only but for all. So Christ, eager to convince the Pharisees, could notice the children's trouble, and bent on death could hear the blind beggar's cry. I hope now that my life will be more earnest and more full. I think it will. You say sometimes you don't see how you are going to help me. Is not this one way? There are many many others and I shall take all my life to tell you them. . .

I hope to find a letter at Coire to-morrow just to feel and know that you are well. Do you know I shrink more from losing you through death than from any other cause? I always have felt this, I don't know why, so please take care of yourself, take extra care, foolish care. We will read *Fifine* together, and Browning shall plead the body's cause. . .

COIRE, *June 30th*, 1872.—Here I am writing to you, and I think I want to hear from you much more than you want to hear from me. I have been to the post-office in vain, your letter for me has not arrived, and there is no other comfort but to write to you. . . The memory of last week has not lost all its power to keep me happy. Frank says he knows that I give money away slyly in the greatness of my joy, and that there will be a large deficit in my accounts. Very sad, would it not be? were you to make me forget "the principles." He will tell you himself his experience of a travelling companion in my condition. I try not to bore him, and he only makes merry with my supreme content. . . I am going to read something with you—Philosophy or Poetry, whichever you like. What a happy good time I have before me!

PONTRESINA, *July 3rd*, 1872.—If letters are not at the *poste restante* I don't know what I shall do. It will be a week since I have heard. When I think what a pleasure I found and gave away again, I am inclined to complain.

How wonderful is the power which the spirit has over the body. I am better in health than I have been for many months, and I think the change is more due to you than to the Swiss climate, and now, wearied with heat and work, I can restore myself by writing to you. . .

Frank is stretched out on a sofa opposite me, sending all kinds of messages to you, how that it is his birthday, how that he has been taking care of me, how that he is grateful for your mention of him. I am sure you will like Frank, he has even less of art and imagination than I have, but he is just straight-

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forward and good. He is a little too much inclined to turn to the funny side of life, and make his fellows act for his amusement—a result, I imagine, of Dickens influence. You will have to help him as you will help me, help him to love beauty and work with heart and mind. . .

I wonder if we shall ever come here together. I don't think you will be able to rough it as much as is necessary. I was planning yesterday how diligence travelling would suit you. I thought at first I should not like to put you into such close quarters with such strange companions, but I was wrong. I am not going to spoil you. I once promised you that you should have room for self-sacrifice. You will see life as it is, find out its real beauties through its real uglinesses. ' Oh ! it is horrible how men shut women up in a false, glittering, smiling world, and how women love to have it so. Better far that they should know how ugly, how terrible life is, and yet find, as they alone can find, how good is human nature. There, that is a little burst against society, the first for a long time. I am so contented, you see. . .

SILVAPLANA, *July 4th*, 1872.—What you say has made me restless. The whole matter is so important and I wonder if I could help you if I were with you. Frank has just been proposing a plan by which I should be home on Sunday. I won't agree to it though. I think you would write for me if I could help you. I shall go on therefore. Besides, what could I do ? Your love and truth must be your guide. . . But I won't go into particulars when I am at such a distance; all I can say is—Be true, and don't wish your truth-telling eyes anywhere but above your truth-telling lips. I believe that somehow things will be right, but I am anxious to hear, anxious, yet happy that your troubles are now my troubles. . .

We will indeed always live in a town. I hope in London. Like you I feel that life is but beginning, it is a good life and must bear good fruit. In a little time I shall look on to the future better and see what our work will be; now I can't help simply rejoicing that you are going to work with me. You will be strong to help me. We will depend on one another. There is a true dependence of women on men and men on women. I do know you through and through, and as you love me, I can and will depend on you; by our dependence we will make one another strong. . .

That cotton gown question is not settled. I think two would be enough for a trial of will. I am quite equal to letting the whole lot fall overboard, and sacrificing my stinginess to obstinacy. . . As to what you say about one's past, I have not thought much of mine. The past seems to have contrary effects. On the Greek and Italian, the effect is to make them dreamy and contemplative, feeders on the shadows of past

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glories; on the English the effect is to rouse them to equal their fathers' deeds and keep their good name before the world. What is the cause of these different effects? I think it is their different relation to the present. If men feel in them the strength and joy of life, the past is a spur to them, if not it is a soothing drug. Now hitherto I don't think I have felt all the force of life. I have been afraid of resting under the shadow of work done and have turned away from the past. Now I can feel my life, I can see how God has guided me and the past will be a spur and a help. . . I shrink from seeing a wasted life, but I don't think I should mind dying or, what would be worse, seeing you suffer and die for right and good. . .

Como, *July 6th*, 1872.—I read your letter as we travelled here. It did indeed bring its cloud upon a very fair scene. I am anxious, very anxious to hear more. . . My poor child. I wish I were with you to face this trouble with you. It would not be all pain, for the pleasure of helping you would be so great.

On Thursday at Pontresina we had proposed to start at 4 and go up a mountain, but a mist hung over everything and we remained in bed. Shocking levellers are the mists, they go up from earth and settle upon the hills. Every peak is cut off, and all strange shapes are hid. Something like the spirit of fashionable society, which rises from men's selfish hearts and then settles on their characters, hiding all individuality and dwarfing the lives God has made.

Frank and I started, however, at 8 for a walk, and in about three hours we found ourselves in one of the most lovely places I was ever in. All around were the bleak and snowy mountains, there was no sound save the sound of the water, and once we heard a marmot screech and saw the little creature fly away into the distance. I like sometimes being in lonely places, one feels so entirely oneself, and it is well that we should remember that however much our lives may be bound together, we must still be alone. Was it not Pascal who was in the habit of saying to himself, "I must die alone"? Soon the snow began to fall on us in our valley, and we tried in vain to walk ourselves warm; then it was most wonderful to notice the beauty of the flowers which grew on the hard ground and amid the barren rocks. There were yellow and pink anemones, pinks, crocuses, rhododendrons, and many others whose names I don't know. We have picked a lot but have tried in vain to keep them. It is very good to know how even in this barren desolate corner God makes the earth beautiful. He does His best when there are no men to see and applaud, or does He make those places beautiful that those who have no longer mortal bodies, but who still keep their old tastes, might come and see them and find joy? . .

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After describing the drive from Switzerland into Italy, Mr. Barnett wrote:

The scenery seemed to mock and protest against the system which established by the stream a frowning guard-house and suspicious watchmen. The earth was made for the Parliament of man and the Confederation of the world. The mountains say so. . . Women are at work in most of the Italian fields. I think they seemed to work better than the men, but very often all together were lying under the shade. Why is it one does not like to see women at work in the fields? is it an absurd prejudice, or is it a right instinct? One is of course inclined to say that women should only make beauty, but then we know some women who are eminently fitted for hard work. . .

In Switzerland we had not seen one beggar or been plagued by one porter. Here in Italy they swarmed about our baggage. Big palaces line the lake and beggars appear in crowds. I wonder if wealth must always mean poverty behind. Mr. Fowle argues it is better to have a few very rich than a great many moderately so. He says the inequality is good, and when hard-pressed confesses he thinks that for the sake of this, a few ought to be sacrificed to riches. I confess to a belief that God does not require such sacrifice, He loves each individual too well, and I like the idea of fairly divided wealth. . .

LUGANO, *July 9th*, 1872.—These lakes are very beautiful. Bellagio on Lake Como had a view like a scene in fairy-land. We stopped at an hotel which was on a high wooded hill jutting out into and dividing the lake. As we walked around this hill by paths shaded with olive trees, magnolias, lemon trees, etc., we came on a succession of views taking in all the arms of the lake. We learnt now what it takes to make a summer, how fresh scents, blue skies, soft sounds of birds and insects must all unite. We learnt too something about rest; there was no need of effort for eye or ear. The mountains stood out clear against the deep blue sky and the slightest sound caught us from any distance. It was very tempting just to sit down and gaze. "One day shalt thou rest." Rest, cessation of effort, is good sometimes. . . The law of rest, I hope I have found it now. As I have told you, my life has been restless, I have worried and wearied myself till I feel tired. Now I think hand in hand with you, I shall be able to stand still and see all things plainly, see the present standing on the past and made sharp and clear by the deep future. I shall hear God's voice coming softly and gently as it came from the Garden of Eden. So to rest, as we rested at Bellagio, before going out to work. . .

We went into the cathedral, a large cruciform building in the Italian style. It is of course disfigured by a lot of tawdry altars and some ugly warm painting, but the place was impressive.

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Many men and women were kneeling there, and we felt that this cool quiet spot next to the busy market did answer a deep true want in men's hearts. But as we saw the dozens of fat, coarse priests bustling about, we felt that they were wrong and would have to go. Will the true for a time sink with them, or will mankind shake themselves free of the creatures and worship God as they want to? Imagine men building a system out of our love of nature, forcing us to look at God's beauty through their miserable little spy-glasses, and making themselves fat on our substance; such and worse are these priests. There, I have made myself angry by looking at the one blot on the scene. You would have gone, have worshipped and returned thanking God because our fathers built these churches. Just as the unreality of the rich makes me angry, while you see much to be thankful for in them. Poor women! here their subjection brings them into hard work, but perhaps this is not so bad as bringing them into the position of dolls and ornaments.

Miss Florence Hill told me she had been reading a book of Mazzini's on *The Duties of Man* which deals with this subject. If it is translated, we will read it when I get home. You see I look forward to your reading whatever I read. We will talk the books over together, and in *Queen's Gardens* revel among *King's Treasuries*. . .

LUCERNE, *July 11th*, 1872.—As I read the account of your day of difficulty, I feel angry with myself that I was not by you to help you. There was so much for you to decide, and for you to bear. God helped you through and the trial will make you stronger, but it does seem selfish for me to sit here and write this. A difficult question, this of helping. I was sitting on a wall the other day waiting for the diligence to go on. A woman was trying to undo the door of the machine, and the door had a peculiar fastening. My first impulse was to go and help her, my second thought was that if I left her alone she would discover the secret of the lock and be wiser for ever, my third was that had I gone, she would have learnt to believe in a bit of human kindness, and perhaps this would have been a better knowledge than that of the lock. This, however, is a difficult question, and I don't feel happy at letting you grow strong on your troubles all by yourself. I shall wait for to-morrow's letter and then decide about coming home. . .

I am very glad you called on Mrs. Piggott[1]; she has been very good to me, one of the best as one of the oldest of my London friends. She has her faults, but is true as steel at bottom, and her temper as often blazes out rightly as wrongly. I like people with temper. I am glad you saw her, for you know it is not

[1] The landlady of Mr. Barnett's lodgings, who remained our friend, and later our pensioner, until her death in 1911.

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only young stockbrokers' hearts that you win. I shall have a museum wherein to put the hearts my wife captures. I hope the museum may be my heart and that all those who love her will love me. . .

LUCERNE, *July 12th*, 1872.—The great treat of yesterday was an hour of the organ in the cathedral. The organ is very splendid, and it is played for visitors who pay a franc a head. There is no instrument I like so well as the organ. The church is unsuitable, a wretched white-washed place with tawdry gilt altars, so we shut our eyes and listened. My poor imagination went halting after the sounds and into all the fancies you came. Once he commenced by playing a kind of humdrum tune, a kind of slow plodding beating; gradually music gathered around these prosaic sounds, they never ceased, but more and more blended with poetry; so I thought my prosaic earthly life would now gather round it music and joy. Then again I heard two voices, both low and gently sad, one was a man's and one a woman's, each seemed to be working and praying alone; then came a sound of merry-making; the organ laughed for glee, but soon in the midst of the merry shouts a cry of pain seemed to rise, the cry grew louder and deeper. I longed for the first voices to answer. At last they did, and a sudden crash ended all. The crash was strange, but may not the joy of union and the power of answering the world's cry be ours, my darling? Yes, I enjoyed the music; till I knew you, I don't think I found so much pleasure in the world.

I am glad, oh so glad that your troubles have ended as they have, but I am bitterly sorry that my absence has added to your trials. . . I feel inclined to start at once and have already told Frank that if the weather does not clear we will start home to-morrow. . . I have thought it well that I should have taken this trip, something says "It was good for Alice and good for Frank," but then again something says "It was selfish, very selfish to leave Y—— alone in her trials, and unfair to yourself." I don't know, but it shall not be so again.

This resolution was kept, and for the rest of his life we together met our difficulties and shared our sorrows; until thirty-eight years later the condition of his health compelled me to keep the greatest of coming changes from his knowledge.

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CHAPTER VI

"We can hope to see this man and this woman growing daily by one another's strength. We can by hope see them in their home, drawing all men to the ways of love, and by their work making the world gladder and holier."

OUR betrothal gave unqualified pleasure to Mr. Barnett's parents and family, and Miss Octavia's letter written on the day after our engagement expresses her beautiful mind, and her deep friendship for us both:

14, NOTTINGHAM PLACE, *June 25th*, 1872.

DEAR MR. BARNETT,—How can we ever any of us thank God enough? He gathers us all in the hollow of His hand and takes care of us. How one seems to see in this an earnest of the mighty blessings He will pour upon you both in the long glad years to come, which one seems to see before one in a vision. Not their exact form, of course—for how little that matters?—but something of their spirit, something of their power, something of their growth.

You will imagine how I have been praying for you both, all day long, first that what was really right might be, that all that was unreal might be subdued, and the strong great truth alone prevail. At first I dare not pray or hope for anything that might seem to me best, but after a time I seemed to know that I was not mistaken about what was best, and that it was all safe and sure of fulfilment, and I hardly seemed to need to open your letter, it all seemed so sure. What it did most for me, therefore, was to make me feel your kindness in letting me in to share a little of your joy; it is very good of you both. Henceforward one may feel that what you do she does, and what she does you do. And this letter in the same way is for you both.

I should like to have been "kind and helpful" to you both, but I have felt on the contrary, as everyone must at such times, so utterly helpless; in fact, one is terrified to say or not to say, to do or not to do anything; no human power, no human love seems great enough to meddle, it can even at its best only stand aside in reverent sympathy and prayer, trusting that God's mighty truth will prevail in its own good time. But the days may come when a friend may be able to be more, and then you may both know that while I live I never could fail you.

What your help has been to me no one will ever know. I believe it will be even more in the years to come, for whatever makes you both better——as your love must—will make me richer. So, you see, my joy in the evening's news becomes real selfish joy after all.

And now I can but say once more, God bless you both,—I am sure He will and does abundantly. I am, yours ever faithfully,

OCTAVIA HILL.

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After my sister's marriage and Mr. Barnett's return from his holiday, Miss Octavia went away, leaving us responsible for much of her organisation. It was the season when everyone was out of town, and, therefore, without interruptions, we carried on the work, and in quietness saw much of each other. We visited all sorts of places together, spent long days on the river, and hung about museums; but what is still vividly in my memory is his interest in seeing the works of the old masters, hitherto to him an unknown source of joy. His family neither knew nor cared about art, and he, imagining that his colour-blindness would put pictures outside his powers of appreciation, had paid but scant attention to them. To me, therefore, fell the privilege of introducing him to the masterpieces in our national collections, and of hearing his fresh thoughts on them. Stripped of the subtle and distracting influences of colour, he went direct into the spirit of the artist, and was startling in his discernment and interpretation. During the forty years of our married life we saw together the greatest pictures of all nations, both ancient and modern, and though, with the humility of his nature which no success ever tarnished, he continued to assert that I was his teacher in art, he yet never failed, by his words, his questions, or his silences, to throw illumination on to the subject or to discern ideas below the surface of the form.

We did not announce our engagement in *The Times*, or talk much about it. I think we both felt that it had been reached through too much pain to bear the stereotyped hopes and congratulations of acquaintances, but the omission gave rise to a delicious incident. We were guests at one of Mr. and Mrs. George Macdonald's large parties; one of those unique parties given by that unique family, where they acted for their guests in the garden, and by their play unaffectedly taught the people to pray and praise. It was a gay, glad party; and the Scotch poet, looking old even then, welcomed us all with the courtesy of a large heart. Suddenly he caught sight of me, and, believing in matrimony for weal or woe, he conceived one of those ideas which all of us, who are proud to have been marriage-makers, hold to be inspirations. He would make a match! he knew the very man! So, laboriously he sought for Mr. Barnett in the crowd, convoyed him across the lawns, and with graceful words presented us to each other. Mr. Barnett was a shockingly bad actor, but he

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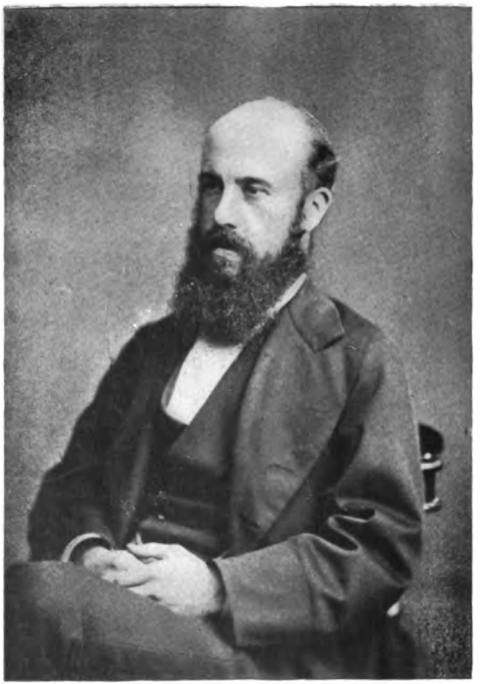

REV. S. A. AND MRS. BARNETT AT THE TIME OF THEIR MARRIAGE, 1873.

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caught the cue, and we ceremoniously bowed and let the dear old man enjoy the thought, when later he heard of our marriage, that he had played an important part in our life's drama.

To us both, Miss Octavia was an exhaustless fount of interest and inspiration. Mr. Barnett felt it an honour to serve her, though his inability to recognise his own power made him blind as to its value to her. The following letter will explain what is meant:

August 1872.—I have just left Miss Hill, and write to you because I feel so utterly helpless. She told me of all the troubles of the moment, making no attempt to hide or check her tears, and I had to listen, unable to help, unable even to comfort. . . Save that I listened while she talked herself out, I gave no help. . . I wonder if when more of you is in me, whether I shall be better able to say what will strengthen Miss Hill. At present I feel that she is so much higher than I, that it would be absurd for me to do any more than let her feel that there is nothing I would not do for her. I could not say firmly which course I thought right—I could only cheer her by telling her that God would care for her either way. No, it is a time when one can just pray and wait. . .

Her reliance on his character is shown by the following extracts from letters which she wrote to friends—the first just after our marriage.

1873.—Mr. Young and I are like the people in the parable, he said the parish and he would go to the dogs together, when Mr. Barnett left, and yet he is doing his best manfully. I was so brave to begin with, and now I have a hard fight for hope enough to get through a day. Mr. and Mrs. Barnett return on Tuesday, but I would not for the world that they saw it, for it would darken their bright entrance into their new life.

July 8th, 1873.—Mr. Barnett was kind enough to come last night to do the Walmer Street books. It was the first time I had really had any talk to him since I came back; it did me a great deal of good, as it always does.

1883.—I am trying to build twenty-two more cottages opening from little open square, and the Metropolitan Board call it a new street! Mr. Barnett piloted me so splendidly through my last dilemma. I look on him rather like a wizard, and would like to ask him about a new spell!

As those ever do, who are born to lead, this wonderful lady took infinite pains with her workers and spurred them by generous recognition to still fresh efforts. On receipt of a report of some work for which Miss Octavia had left me responsible, she wrote to me as follows in September:

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September, 1872.—DEAREST YETTA,—What a charming letter! and, in spite of the notes of interrogation, it does not seem to me to want much answering. That is something like working to have found out the needs of the work, planned it all, written down the plan!

But you have gone a step beyond it and told me of the people, of their thoughts and characters. Oh! when I see you doing work like this, it fills me with hope and thankfulness. The details of the plan seem to me admirable; this settlement of them is just what the work wanted. I wonder if there is the smallest hope of anyone taking the work up as entirely as you have done when I return, instead of my doing it.

All you say about the many ladies you have working with you is full of interest to me. What a winter I look forward to among them all! . . . I have written to ask Miss Cons about your health. I think she is more sure to speak clearly about it. I do trust that you are indeed better now.

In October I went on a visit at Nottingham to my valued friends, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Bradley. Mr. Barnett's daily letters to me during that happy period were chiefly on work, but through some of them glimpses can be seen of his deep and tender nature.

October 4th, 1872.—I am having another such a busy day, hardly time to think of anything. There is now ten minutes for refreshment, and I take it with you. . . I don't dare to expect a letter every morning, but my heart gives a little jump if Sarah brings one in. . . Don't let writing interfere with your pleasures. I won't look onwards for to-morrow's letter, but just be content with to-day's. Enjoy yourself. . .

Later.—I am home again and it is 5.20. I am tired, dog tired, and very envious of the sleepy little animal who is one day to sit on our hearthrug and be petted by you. I just now wish you were here, and then I would lie on the rug and listen to you. There is a selfish hope, a hope for a time when I am to sit still and bask in love. I have been thinking that the bachelor's life makes one very selfish, very little considerate for the little wants of others.

October 8th, 1872.—Your problem is a difficult one. If your dislike of the man depends only on knowledge of what was wrong in his past, it must, I think, be wrong. . . Yes, it certainly would have an effect if women made themselves judges, but who is without sin to cast the first stone? We can't set ourselves up as judges, we can't make ourselves gods, we can't refuse to have mercy when we expect mercy. No, it is the present we must hate; but when the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness, we dare not refuse to forgive. Here again I shall learn more when my life is filled up by your life, when for us both God is our home. . .

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There is no fear of our wanting questions to discuss, only please don't expect me to be Mr. Casaubon and know all about the rights of war, etc. I will only be a constitutional king and represent your opinions and my own. . . Your description of the four days' tour in the Peak district makes one's mouth water. I must get away now and then for such a time, or my work won't be valuable. Life in nature and life in humanity must be our stimulus. This dull round of work is depressing, and I miss you—miss the talks and miss the thoughts.

October 10*th*, 1872.—Your letter came so sweetly this morning. I was feeling desperately cross and bad-tempered, when I opened it and met the love of which it was full. I was self-convinced of ingratitude and am penitent. I have cut school, and am writing to you before the bother of the day begins. I envy you your Sunday; mine did not much help me. The noise of the children at service, the repose of the afternoon congregation, the deadness of the evening, simply wearied me. . .

I have been thinking of what you said of life in country towns. Truly that is the best form of life; in such close intercourse with nature we ought to live, yet against such form there is a strong feeling. Young men fly to London, so that they may be alone, freed from the criticism and scandal of neighbours; they come here and forget that the family is, and must be, the unit of society.

I don't like pet dogs. First, they take up love which belongs to higher creatures; second, they take up food which would feed a child; third, they carry fleas; fourth, they smell; fifth, they bite visitors' legs; sixth, they are in the wrong place as pets. A dog to do work I admire; a dog to be petted I hate. I don't wonder at the deep curses of the poor when they see them; they are signs of careless cruelty. Do you think love, tender feeling should ever take expression very quickly? I am inclined to think that feeling and thought should be restrained till it gains power or dies. This is *à propos* of pets. Women feel their hearts soften towards some little animal, at once they take it; so doing, don't you think they weaken the power of love, make it less strong to do great work?

October 14*th*, 1872.—Christ, you say, never gave a command about the marriage state. Christ did not come to give commands, but to infuse a spirit. From Him comes the life which alone makes marriage possible. He is the source of loving service. We know marriage, to Him, was a good and holy thing, for did He not speak of Himself as a bridegroom and His people as the bride?

Thank you for the flowers which came yesterday. How often signs say more than words. Flowers picked and sent by

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you had their own tale of care and love. Words won't carry the spirit's thoughts. That is why angels have not forms and voices.

October 18*th*, 1872.—It is no good for you to remain ill. Get well at once and be content with the old ugly face, and crooked legs. What do you mean by saying it is a good thing I am thrown back on the old lot? as if I had not deliberately and joyously chosen the new lot with the little woman.

Now in revenge I am going to make you jealous. Someone has sent me something, something beautiful and sweet, which whispers of loving care. I think I know who it is: it is a woman, young, pretty, and clever. There, what do you think of that, "sly boots"? Well, I will tell you something more. I am very fond of that young woman, and I wish I could tell her so, but I can't—a million pounds of sweets, chocolates, and brandy balls would not express it. Flowers would not tell it, only one thing can and will tell, tell of love, and that is a life. This told the world of God's love. Oh, child, I do hope my life will tell of my love. I will try that it may—now I often think I am old, dull and morose, and I feel I pain you. Let it not be, but believe through languid looks and stupid words that I am yours, all yours.

Now good night. I have had another bachelor's dinner. Good-bye to them; they have been quiet and pleasant. Good-bye, though, my eyes are fixed on other dinners, quieter and pleasanter, when my wife and I shall eat together.

In the autumn of that year Mr. Barnett had the offer of a living near Oxford. He was tempted, for he dearly loved Oxford, and his frequent attacks of unaccountable fatigue made him turn with longing to the quiet regularity of a country life. In one of his earlier letters to me he had writte :

August 9*th*, 1871.—How delightful it must be near the sea in this weather! One feels the temptation to country life very strong. The same sun which makes the country so bright, makes London more unlovely; the people are bad-tempered, and very often drunk—living as they do, who can wonder? The temptation to run away must be resisted.

Under the strain of sorrows and anxieties I had become stubbornly weak, and my family, strongly opposing the idea we had each cherished so long of going to East London, were unanimous in advocating the acceptance of this opportunity of our living in the country. But we agreed to refuse the offer, and Miss Octavia wrote:

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14, NOTTINGHAM PLACE, W., *September 25th*, 1872.

DEAR MR. BARNETT,—Yetta has just written to tell me of the offer of the living near Oxford, and your refusal of it. She asks me to write to you about it, and she must know best; but I cannot think that any words of mine could be of the least value to you who see so clearly and judge so rightly. . .

But indeed I should have been strongly tempted to rush into warm congratulations on your refusal. I feel so proudly thankful of and for you both for your decision. It seems to me so wholly right. And it is so very difficult to decide against a definite proposal of this kind. Many would be quite right to take the easier course; but for one to whom the greater work had become once distinctly visible the choice of the lesser would be, to my mind, simply fatal. And yet I know how the mere fact of its possibility seems to make it look as if it were permitted and intended. I am so very thankful you both stood firm. Of course I knew it would be so with both of you; still, it seems to have given your purpose such a groundwork to stand on. You have now done something more than picture it; you have paved the way on which you will tread. . .

As to dear Yetta's health and strength. I believe its future will be very much in her own hands and yours. I do not think that the East End is at all necessarily unhealthy. I do not think there is any parish so small, or any life so narrow, but that, with her nature and heart, she might easily spend, yes, even readily exhaust, all the strength she has. Her safeguard will be by no means in seeking remote places—passion and pain enough are found everywhere; it will lie in noble self-control. She must gain this by infinite trust that God doth not need man's works, though He lets us help Him to the extent of the power He gives; and, secondly, in the added sense of preciousness which her own life and vigour will gain, the more she is surrounded by love. She will feel that all external work, whether material or spiritual, must be done, and done well; but that what human beings can *be* is often all the best thing they can *do*. So your love, and all your practical wisdom too, and deliberate choice of what is worth while, will be her great protection, and though you will, I know, never selfishly spare her when the need is greatest, you will never let her waste herself in hopelessly gigantic labours.

I am, faithfully yours,
OCTAVIA HILL.

Is an apology owed for inserting this letter? I think not, for it not only illustrates the wealth of that great woman's friendship, but it describes with prophetic insight the nature of my husband's protection over me. All my life I have had uncertain health, so good, so bad; like a child, rapidly very ill, and, as he used to say, like "Mother Hubbard's dog," so unexpectedly recovering; and these quick disorders alternated, as I grew into middle life, with severe and prolonged periods of nerve failure, and many attacks of pneumonia.

In his younger days Mr. Barnett both disliked and disapproved of illness. He held the view of the author of

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Erewhon, that it was something of which to be ashamed, arising chiefly from some form of ignorance or neglect of law. So, during our early married life, I was made to feel I was naughty if I had a cold, and had annoyed him if feminine fatigue prevented plans being carried out. But as years went on and his own illnesses taught him that will could not always triumph, his penetrating sympathy enabled him to see deeper than the symptoms, and to tend and advise with the judgment that commands and the hope that heals. One adage he liked quoting:

"When ill, tuck up; when better, buck up."

It was not Miss Octavia's method only to advise, and so, as Mr. Barnett had refused the Oxford living, and we were determined to go to East London, she set to work to get us there. She wrote to Mr. Edmund Hollond who had followed the steps of Mr. Edward Denison, who in 1869 had gone to live as a layman in Stepney. Dr. Jackson was then Bishop of London, and when the living of St. Jude's, Whitechapel, fell vacant, Mr. Edmund Hollond asked that it should be offered to Mr. Barnett, who would then marry a lady who had long wished to take up work in East London.

The Bishop's letter to Mr. Barnett was kind and fatherly, the letter of a general sending a young captain to a difficult outpost.

> Do not hurry in your decision—he wrote,—it is the worst parish in my diocese, inhabited mainly by a criminal population, and one which has, I fear, been much corrupted by doles.

We did not hurry, but made careful inquiries before deciding. The census returns of 1871 showed that the population of the parish was 6,270 (of whom the majority were males) inhabiting 675 houses, many of which were common lodging-houses. Through the parish ran one large street; and behind it, both east and west, lay crowded and insanitary courts and alleys. The church was a brick building with stone copings. The bricks were common and begrimed with dirt; the stone copings were crumbling and some had fallen.

Inside, huge galleries blocked the windows and extended half across the church, which was not only dark and dirty, but unwarmed. It was a cheap structure, built by cheap thought and in cheap material, and was insured for only £5,300.

The Vicarage stood close to the road. It was small

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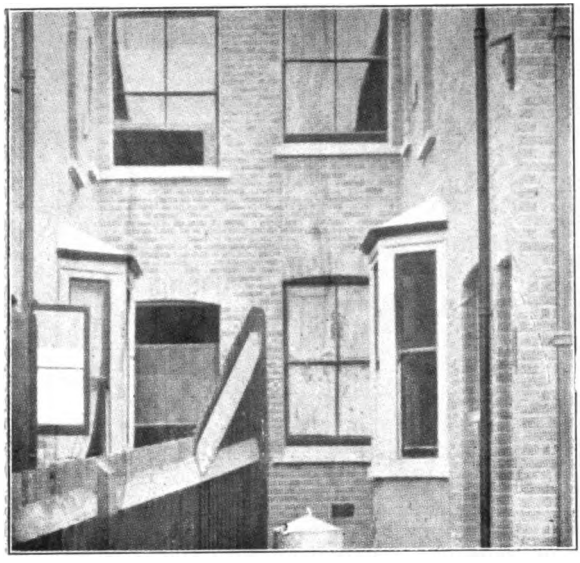

THE WINDOWS OF THE HOMES OF FIVE FAMILIES.

A COURT IN WHITECHAPEL AND SOME OF ITS CHILDREN INHABITANTS.

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and dark, with an underground kitchen, but no area steps, and had neither pantry nor bath-room. Frank Barnett wrote:

> I often think of you going to that Vicarage, which, according to the Governor's account, must be very unattractive. . . I am afraid you will miss your friends, and there will be no neighbours to take their place.

The parish organisation was non-existent, having been allowed to drop into ruin during the long illness of the vicar, and the accounts, such as they were, showed more deficits than balances.

When Mr. Barnett and I went to see our proposed home, it was one of those warm winter days when drizzle seems to magnify the noise and make sunshine a distant memory. It was market day, and the main street was filled with hay-carts, entangled among which were droves of frightened cattle being driven to the slaughter-houses—then and now sights to shock the sensitive and encourage vegetarianism. The people were dirty and bedraggled, the children neglected, the streets littered and ill-kept, the beer-shops full, the schools shut up. I can recall the realisation of the immensity of our task, the fear of failure to reach or help those crowds of people, with vice and woe and lawlessness written across their faces, and how, when we got outside the vicarage and were alone in the street, standing opposite the church, came his touch on my hand and his question,

"Well, which way shall we decide?" adding his special pet name, and my reply, as I linked my arm into his,

"Let us try it; but we may fail."

At Christmas we went to stay at Mr. Barnett's home at Clifton. His uncle George was there, one of the sons of the old grandfather whose ships he had commanded for many voyages to and from Australia. He was an amusing companion and an excellent actor, and the Christmastide was a gay glad one, with its family gatherings, long country rides and drives, charades and dances, feasting and frolic; my weary fiancé taking physical rest in his mother's home as he did nowhere else.

On our return to town, we both had much to do to conclude our work in St. Mary's, to pay farewells to the many people we had worked with or for, and to receive good wishes of all sorts. Above them all stands out a letter from Miss Octavia, which is here given so that other young folk beginning life with love can take her words unto themselves.

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14, Nottingham Place, W., *January 3rd*, 1873.

Dearest Yetta,—I seem somehow never to have told you, though the thought never leaves me hardly, how earnestly and hopefully I long for all blessings for you in this wonderful opening year. . .

But, oh! dear, how poor all words seem to convey even any fraction of the love and hope that gather round the thought of you. One feels as if some words of blessing and of prophecy, such as the old utter sometimes for the young, would be the fittest words that go beyond the individual sight to what must be—by the eternal laws of God—in store for you in the time to come. . . Life seems as if it were opening out for you, with such capacities for mighty good, for so much suffering for others to be borne, such a foundation of love and strength to support and guide you through it. It all looks so mysterious in its infinity of joy and pain, but all lighted into clearest certainty by the consciousness that, as it was in the beginning, is now, and so it ever shall be in the years to come. . .

Oh! Yetta dear, what vistas of joy seem to be opening before you in that new home which, without associations, seems already home-like, so has it grown out of all which makes a home—and the might of such a love as unites you two would make home anywhere. Work seems very beautiful; but, after all, its real end would be best achieved if it could make such homes, such families as yours will be, holy and happy in themselves, but satisfied with no holiness of joy for itself, but subordinating all to the service of Christ's children.

It is one more of those marvellous sacrifices which have to be made continually, but which have to be made only in will, for God's best service demands that, though we are ready to resign the good thing, it should after all be retained for Him and His children to rejoice in. Thus it is for all of us with joy, with power, with many a precious thing. We give it up, and when years, perhaps, are gone, we find itself or some more precious gift our own for ever. Hold, Yetta dear, all joy thus ever as a solemn trust to be your crown for others to glory in, to bless them all with. . .

Joy is indeed His great gift. Held from Him it is quite eternal and never changes or grows dim. . . It may indeed run side by side with sorrow; yours will have even now to do this in that terrible East End; but darling, I trust that all you have of human blessing and of heavenly hope may so help you to pass through the shows of things as to grasp the peace, if not the joy, which passeth all understanding.

I am, ever your faithful friend,

Octavia Hill.

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CHAPTER VII

"When a man and a woman made one, bound together by perfect love strong in the strength which each supplies, devote their common life to the service of all men, then doubt will grow weaker, joy come nearer the earth, and evil lose some of its power."

TUESDAY, January 28th, 1873, was our wedding day. The weather was cold, but the sun shone. Mr. Barnett's two close friends, the Rector and Mr. Young, and my brother conducted the service in St. Mary's Church. In spite of my family's remonstrances, I neither had bridesmaids, jewels, nor the conventional bouquet, but as we left the church a tiny child toddled out of a group of little scholars from a school in Walmer Street which my husband had carried on, and gave me a beautiful bunch of flowers bought by their pennies, a tender tribute to his work. Of our marriage Miss Miranda Hill wrote:

Did I tell you that Mr. Barnett, the curate who has worked with Octavia so admirably in St. Mary's, has just married Miss Henrietta Rowland, one of Octavia's best workers? And now they are going to live and work in the East End! Octavia thinks it is such a splendid thing to have such a man at work down there—she thinks it quite a nucleus of fresh life; and Mrs. Barnett, of whom Octavia is very fond, is admirably fitted for the work too. The wedding was very touching—the Church was crowded with poor people; even the galleries were filled with them.

The wedding was from the house of my sister and Mr. Ernest Hart, who with their usual generosity welcomed Mr. Barnett's friends as well as his and my families. Of it Mrs. Hill wrote to her daughter Mrs. Maurice:

The Barnetts' wedding was a very beautiful one. The Church was *full*. All Walmer Street,[1] Circus Street, and Barrett's Court were there. The presents were shown in the drawing-room, all beautiful and touching. Mr. Fremantle made a most delightful speech at the breakfast. The

[1] Walmer Street was where Mr. Barnett held his club and the little school. Circus Street was my district, and it was in Barrett's Court that I had spent three nights a week in night schools.

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breakfast was, Octavia says, "magnificent, regardless of expense, but beautiful." They drank from the loving-cup—which was an immense gilt bowl. Whoever drinks, drinks standing and those on each side stand also while he drinks; the custom arose, they say, to guard from assassination.

The bride looked lovely in magnificent white silk or satin, Ocky does not know which, rich but simple, and a long white lace veil. She was pale, with a flush added, kept up throughout in the best spirits, and was very sweet. Mr. Barnett kept introducing people to Ocky, and on leaving, he and Mrs. Barnett gave her a present, I don't know what.[1] Ocky looked her handsomest and best self. She wore her black silk and a half-mourning bonnet, remarkably becoming. She was bright, and on her return amused us much at dinner by anecdotes. She sat at breakfast next to Mr. Fremantle. The bridal two left town at half-past four and were to stop at Winchester *en route* for the Isle of Wight. Mr. Young has given a desk exactly like that in his own room as "a reminder of old days," and the presents are all of that sort showing genuine feeling.

Miss Octavia's gift was a picture of primroses in a bare spring wood, painted by Mrs. Harrison of the old Water-Colour Society. In sending it she wrote:

14, Nottingham Place, W., *January 24th*, 1873.

Dearest Yetta,—I send a small gift for the new house for you both. I thought it would bring thoughts of life and spring-time to the East End. But all that makes spring blessed, life and loveliness, sense of growth, and of sunlight from above, and all the mystery of the future life hidden in the folded buds of the present—all this you take with you in yourselves to that dear and wonderful new home. May spring in this sense be with you both, not only now in the opening life, but on and on eternally, lighting you through the long years and beyond them.

I am, ever faithfully yours, Octavia Hill.

We had five weeks away and spent most of it visiting carefully the cathedrals of Winchester, Salisbury, and Exeter. We rode a good deal, but the weather was bitterly cold, and I recall many days indoors at the hotels when my husband read aloud to me Maurice's lectures on the Epistles, Lecky's *History of Rationalism*, and—note-book in hand—stiff treatises on Political Economy, for his mind was so constituted that he was not happy unless he gave it daily gymnastic effort. After a week spent at Clifton with his parents, and carrying away a hundred reminders of his mother's love, we returned to London and entered into work at St. Jude's, Whitechapel, on March 6th, 1873.

Entered into work, but not into the Vicarage, for, owing to a long illness, the previous Vicar had not vacated the

[1] It interests me very much that Miss Octavia did not tell her family of our wedding gift to her. It was a diamond ring, one of those I had inherited, and rich with associations. She never wore it, and I fear disapproved of it, as she did not mention it to her family.

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house. Until it was ready we lived in small and frugal lodgings in Eldon Street, Finsbury, then dominated by the unceasing noise of the Goods station of the Great Eastern Railway. Day after day, evening after evening, we traversed the terrible courts lying between the parish and our rooms, returning exhausted by the work, but even more by fresh knowledge of the degradation of the people. Those dingy lodgings were, however, the background of a small incident which illustrates my husband's nature. His bad digestion had made him particular, not to say faddy, over his diet, but rice pudding he both liked and felt to be wholesome, and so rice pudding was specially ordered for his sole supper dish after a long Sunday's work.

"I am sorry, sir," said the grim landlady, "but a mouse has drowned itself in your rice pudding. We have such a lot of 'em."

"Poor little mouse," was all the hungry young Vicar said, while I felt angry with the incompetent woman who had neglected to set traps or put a cover on her lodger's pudding. But the annoyance had to be choked down, for he would say:

"I would rather bear any discomfort than have you vexed."

Still, one knew that righteousness often demanded something stronger than the meek acquiescence with which he bore every delinquency when it affected himself.

It has required a great effort of memory, besides talks with those who knew St. Jude's parish in 1873, to enable me to describe it as it then was. Its area was but a few acres, bounded on the west by the city and on the south by Whitechapel High Street, where some forty keepers of small shops lived with their families. They were his parishioners, as were also the lessees of the large warehouses which stood on both sides of Commercial Street. There were two or three narrow streets lined with fairly decent cottages occupied entirely by Jews, but, with these exceptions, the whole parish was covered with a network of courts and alleys. None of these courts had roads. In some the houses were three storeys high and hardly six feet apart, the sanitary accommodation being pits in the cellars; in other courts the houses were lower, wooden and dilapidated, a standpipe at the end providing the only water. Each chamber was the home of a family who sometimes owned their indescribable furniture, but

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in most cases the rooms were let out furnished for eightpence a night, a bad system which lent itself to every form of evil. In many instances broken windows had been repaired with paper and rags, the banisters had been used for firewood, and the paper hung from the walls which were the residence of countless vermin. In these homes people lived in whom it was hard to see the likeness of the Divine. If the men worked at all it was as casual dock labourers, enjoying the sense of gambling which the uncertainty of obtaining work gave. But usually they did not work; they stole or received stolen goods, they hawked, begged, cadged, lived on each other with generous indiscrimination, drank, gambled, fought, and when they became too well known to the police, moved on to another neighbourhood. In the report of an estate agent, who was employed the following year by Miss Octavia to visit some of the property with a view to purchase, occur these words:

> Angel Alley is in a very dilapidated condition, quite wrecks of houses. It had been sometime a den of wild Irish, but a part of it now is used as stables, and the rest the deputy landlord farms out in what he terms "furnished rooms." He complains of a neighbouring court as being the very dens of the worst of characters which injures him in letting to a better class of people, those who are either a little above the common lodging-house class or who don't like the lodging-house restrictions. He told me of another alley where the people had lived many years without paying rent, for the landlord had deserted them through fear and never being able to get any money. Such was the danger and difficulty of collecting that his wife was then suffering from an Irish attack of poker and broomstick. I saw some of the people, and a more hideous collection of heads and more horrible-looking rooms it would be impossible to conceive.

In the centre of this population stood St. Jude's Church and schools, both empty and unused. To create the machinery through which the knowledge of God and the ordering of human life could reach those for whose "cure of souls" my husband was responsible, was the first duty, and we lost no time. Now, after years of experience, I think it would have been better to have had the Church warmed, lit, and cleaned before recalling the people to worship, but then we thought differently, and well do I remember the first Sunday. Six or seven old women, all expecting doles for attending, made the congregation. The newly-engaged organist played on the damp-damaged organ, and I, who never could sing a note in tune, had to lead the singing!

The work was difficult and hard and the progress was

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THE MOSAIC AND FOUNTAIN ON THE WEST WALL OF ST. JUDE'S CHURCH, COMMERCIAL STREET, E.

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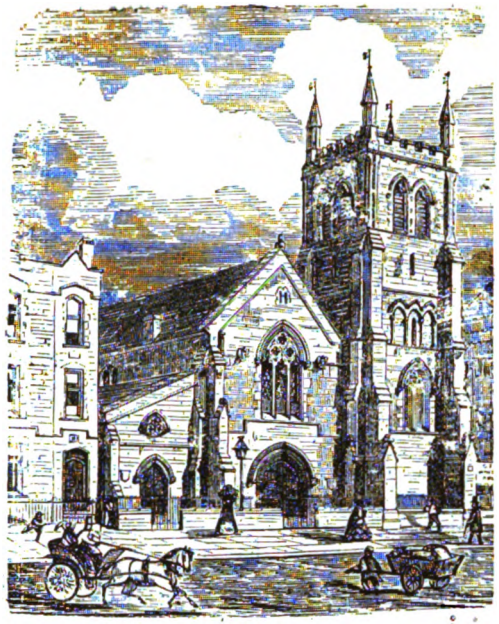

ST. JUDE'S CHURCH AND VICARAGE, COMMERCIAL STREET, WHITECHAPEL, 1873.

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slow, but at the end of the first year—March 1874—it was possible to report that:

The congregation has risen to about thirty in the mornings, and fifty to one hundred in the evenings; that a children's service has been started, and that a mixed choir is under training; that the schools have been opened for boys and girls together, of whom 142 are on the register; that adult classes have been started in French, German, Latin, arithmetic, composition, and drawing which have attracted fifty students; that a mothers' meeting has been begun, a nurse and a mission-woman engaged, a girls' night school carried on, a maternity society initiated, a penny bank opened, a lending library organised, a pension scheme inaugurated, a flower show held, concerts and entertainments given, oratorios rendered in Church, lady visitors set to work, and last but not least, a system of relief for the poor thought out and established.

It sounds a dull catalogue of dull deeds, but behind each cog of the machinery was a living principle, regulated by the flywheel of passionate desire that men should know they are "brothers and loved children of God." Frequently the parish machinery will be spoken of, and so it is well to set down in my husband's words the ideas which were the "very pulse of the machine." In the first parish report he said:

1874.—The end we have in view is that everyone may know God as a Father. . . Every new scheme we propose, every plan we carry out, does its work if it throws one gleam of light on this truth. . .

By those who, knowing something of the life of Christ, know what human life ought to be, the state of the people is hardly to be borne. Why must their sympathies remain torpid, while questions affecting thousands of their fellows are burning for solution? Why must existence be so dull when in every soul a fight is raging over which God and the angels watch? Why must pleasures be the gross ones of eating and drinking, or the degrading ones which involve in ruin the life of a fellow-creature? All around us are such lives being led by men and women whose homes are places for sleep and not for recreation, who go out wearily to work or as wearily to watch till some street entertainment stirs their worn-out senses.

A few years' experience did not lower my husband's ideals, for in 1877 he wrote:

If one sentence could explain the principle of our work, it is that we aim at decreasing, not suffering, but sin. Too often has the East End been described as if its inhabitants were

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pressed down by poverty, and every spiritual effort for its reformation has been supported by means which aim only at reducing suffering. In my eyes the pain which belongs to the winter cold is not so terrible as the drunkenness with which the summer heat seems to fill our streets, and the want of clothes does not so loudly call for remedy as the want of interest and culture. It is sin, therefore, in its widest sense against which we are here to fight. Sin in the sense of missing the best. . .

Sin must be recognised as manifold, and anything which mars the grandeur of human life must be brought under a converting influence. Such influences are the culture which opens to men's minds the enjoyment of art and literature; the knowledge which makes the whole world alive and binds together the human family by ties of common interest; the religion which raises men to "the Immanuel's land," whence they see the lives of those who on earth have done the will of their Father in heaven." That all such power may be brought to bear on our people, the organisation of the parish has been started.

It has been difficult to select the extracts which best convey Mr. Barnett's dominating thought. In the minds of many people he lives as a social reformer, as an active Poor Law administrator, as an ardent educationalist, but he was all these things and many more, *because* his one never-sleeping desire was to help people to live their lives in relation with God. Had we not made the, to us, momentous decision, standing opposite St. Jude's Church that day in the rain, and had his work lain in a parish where conditions were normal, I doubt if his mind would have turned in the directions it did. He would then have followed the inclination of his spirit, and taught the people religious truths. It was because they were living under circumstances which precluded them from receiving such truths, that he poured his whole life's force into improving conditions. The walls of degrading and crippling environment hid from many the light of truth. "Throw down the walls," he cried. And there were some who, annoyed by the dust and noise of the falling masonry, accused him with hard words of being indifferent to the light, and eager only to destroy boundaries. This confusion of his aims for the people with his methods to obtain them grieved him much, and though he never replied to attacks in the Press, he took pains to explain his position to those who entrusted him with money or who joined in the work.

1876—Men must live on the words which proceed from the mouth of God; the words are many, and come through many

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channels. We have devoted our lives to the making known of those words which He seems to have taught us. The means chosen may be unusual; we claim that they are the best fitted to the end in view. . .

1879.—The Concerts and Entertainments which have given so many an hour's amusement have at the same time lifted the cloud of care from our neighbours' lives and shown them the face of One who is glad because they are glad. The Schools and Classes have given to others a glimpse of the knowledge of One who is perfect as they may be perfect. The Oratorio, as it lifted our thoughts above the petty things of life, taught us our high calling as children of a Father in heaven. Every meeting which has brought two or three together and taught them to know one another has done something to break the barrier which prevents all men from being brothers.

Mr. Barnett had many things to say about going to Church, and about staying away from public worship. He never asked people to come to St. Jude's, indeed his conversation often tended to discourage them from so doing, for it was so taken for granted that "the parson chap wanted a feller to have a look in at his shop" that it seemed advisable to state clearly that such was not his view. If the Vicar called on a family, the call was returned by an attendance at a service, and any action to relieve distress was similarly acknowledged. To teach the people that to worship was a privilege, and that prayers and praises were personal actions for which men were only responsible to their Maker was the first step towards reality in religious life. But when the parishioners understood that they were not expected to go to Church to please the parson, they followed their inclinations and stayed away.

1879.—Many around us suffer from the want of knowing God. The difficulty of attracting such to Church haunts me. I wish the law would allow me more freedom in the use of prayers, and also in the use of the pulpit. . .

No way seems to exist by which the spiritual side of people can be reached. We meet as friends, but that within us which reaches out to find the good, of which all other good is but the shadow, is ashamed to make itself known, and so, being forgotten, often sleeps. How can people be helped to love God and to trust Him; to realise the good which is not far from anyone of them, and to rest in such knowledge?

In the belief that in the crowded homes and noisy streets our neighbours had no opportunity of communing with

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God or possessing their souls, Mr. Barnett arranged to open the church every day for some hours, including the dinner hour, so that "those who wish to read or think or pray in quietness" might come in and find peace. Over all his work there ever brooded a patience that was almost a passion. "He that believeth shall not make haste" was the text that he most often repeated to himself and to others. To our workers he wrote:

A Gospel which makes present and future depend on goodness must by its very nature advance slowly. It is only by sad experience that men can find that rest and joy have no other foundations than right and love; it is only gradually that they are able to fight down the temptations which beset them, and hunt every trace of selfishness from their lives; it is only by degrees that they can gain the sense that One is near them, waiting to help them, who is their Father.

Within the first two or three years of his cure at St. Jude's its ugly galleries were removed, a warming apparatus fixed, and the Chancel re-painted, the latter by the artistic fingers of the two Miss Harrisons, who designed great panels of growing corn and vines emblematic of the Holy Communion. A Church Committee had been established, the music greatly improved, the west front thoroughly repaired, but the Vicar wrote:

1877.—And yet, now that all is done to the Church that I hoped to do, at the Sunday services it is comparatively empty. . . . Why do the people not come? Many reasons are suggested: the refusal of relief, the absence of any terrorism in our theology, the large number of Churches in comparison with the Gentile population are, some would say, sufficient causes for the emptiness of this Church. None of these causes, however, satisfy me. Few of the East End places of worship have a congregation, and we may as well face the fact that our forms of service have ceased to express the religious wants of the people. There is no fashion in the East as in the West to induce the inhabitants to appear Sunday after Sunday in the parish Church; there is no want of occupation to make them want to turn for interest to the details of Church decoration; they are therefore careless about the whole matter. I don't think the neglect of Church attendance implies an absence of religious feelings; the feelings exist, but they find neither support nor expression in the means of worship which have been provided.

This is a sad report to read, but it was sadder to live through those years of disappointment. Sometimes on

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Sunday mornings we went together to visit places of worship in the hope of finding what both attracted and fed sick souls, and in this way we came into touch with the first efforts of the Salvation Army, and the many street preachers and exponents of strange faiths or anti-faiths in Victoria Park. We listened to Canon Liddon and the forcible voices of the Established Church, to Mr. Stopford Brooke from his lonely pulpit, to the great preachers of the Free Churches, and heard much that was uplifting, but nothing that seemed capable of transplanting into Whitechapel for the awakening and satisfaction of the spiritual natures of our neighbours.

1878.—We must wait and watch with open eyes and open ears for the coming of the Spirit which will guide us to new ways.

And while we waited and watched, we endured the grief of impotency:

1879.—It would be hard to exaggerate the pain which we suffer by reason of our failure to use the Church; whether we look at the building with its capacities, or at the people with their wants. The building might be so useful, a place of rest by the wayside of life, a school wherein forgotten lessons might be learnt again, a gate of Heaven in the midst of the earth. The people want so much rest in their anxiety, a voice for their hopes, the knowledge of themselves. It is inexpressively painful to the man, placed as I am, that he cannot use such a building for the help of such wants. Yet it is so.

And what about the sermons preached at St. Jude's, preached often to empty brown benches, and rarely to more than 100 to 150 people? Always thoughtful, unhackneyed, and pious, the sermons were yet hardly such as would appeal to uncultivated minds. Mr. Barnett usually settled on his subject on Mondays, and jotted down notes on it all the week. Together we discussed the sermon, and I was called to hear and to criticise it in all the stages of its making.

"On Mondays," I used to say, "it is simple, fit for a coster; on Saturday only a philosopher could understand it."

Again and again, with his awe-inspiring humility his week's work would go into the fire, and he would begin all over again. In these early days he invariably wrote his sermons, but after a few years' experience and some evidence of appreciation, he got more courage and spoke from his notes. Sermons, however, did not seem to him to be of paramount importance.

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"We go to church to worship God and sit with our Christed selves," was his teaching, and when he was present, no one could fail to feel the influence of his fervent faith. A friend wrote:

March 1915.—I like best to recall the Vicar in Church. Arms sometimes folded, eyes fixed and steadfast; himself in the very presence of his God, such a sure rock to him. One felt anew the inspiration of the old prayers; the something in his sermons to be applied to "the daily round and the common tasks" of our lives; the beautifully spoken blessing—the whole of it—not half, plus two fingers—and then the quiet minutes for silent prayer. Refreshing moments near to God.

Perhaps some of my readers will sympathise with, and others forgive, the following outburst written by one who, herself one of his workers since her pupil-teacher days, feels passionately the loss of Mr. Barnett's wisdom, especially now when our nation is in tribulation.

Well! it is gone! Instead of piety we get religious observances and Church millinery. We ask for bread and get only stones. "Ye are idle, ye are idle; work, fight, die, and be patriotic," that is all the workers get. A Church apathetic to modern needs, that has never lifted up its corporate voice in protest against oppression and injustice by the stronger to the weaker, that has never dared to point out their duties to the rich. Is it any wonder that the average congregation is a conglomeration of self-satisfied ignorance and bigotry? When the poor are goaded to make a reconstruction of values, as please God they will some day, then the Church may find out it has overslept itself.

How often Canon Barnett's soul must have felt sorely wounded!

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CHAPTER VIII

"I want for the poor a love which will arouse love, and burn out the suspicion which gifts often create. I want for them a respect which will go softly before the tender flame of their faith, and cherish that sense of righteousness which pity often destroys."

Our move into St. Jude's Vicarage was made in time to celebrate my birthday, May 4th, in the tiny house that was to be our home for twenty years, and there we were joined by my sister and my nurse and foster-mother, Mrs. Moore. She had always lived in my home, devoting herself to the care of my sister for whom a pre-natal accident had rendered devotion necessary. When Mr. Barnett had agreed that we should take care of them, and I had thanked him out of the fullness of my heart—for though they were both very dear to me, they were a great responsibility—he had written:

I am sure I deserve no praise. Little Fanny will be no trouble, and we shall have the happiness of pleasing her. Nurse, as I told you, will be required to take care of you. . . Both will make the firelight of our home.

All through that summer—1873—amid noise, smells, and degradation we worked, and then came holiday time, and we went off to Switzerland. Can any pen do justice to the first visit paid together to Switzerland of two young people who, hitherto accustomed to the surroundings of beauty and refinement, had lived for five months in the Whitechapel of that day? We went to Lucerne, walked up the Rigi, and by Göschenen, over the Furka, to the Grimsel, across to Meiringen, on to Lauterbrunnen, and by the Wengern Alp towards home. What a good three weeks we had! We usually started at six o'clock and walked till ten, then ate, rested, and walked again from four to six—doing about fifteen miles a day. Oh! the glory of those morning hours, and the revelation of the light in the valleys and the shadows on the snows. My delight was that which is only to be obtained at the introduction to the

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everlasting hills, my husband's pleasure being, with his sympathetic nature, the even greater one of showing to his beloved the beauties in which he had so often revelled. Then our talks! Every single thing we had not agreed on during all the past busy weeks we had saved up to discuss on our holidays, and discuss we did, he the Pegasus, ever taking wings, and I, harness in hand, trying to yoke him to earthly coaches to carry travellers onward. It was a lovely time, but it had to be cut short to give old Mrs. Barnett her annual change at Ilfracombe, after which work again claimed us and we returned to face the problems of our first winter, and among them the great one of the relief of the poor.

Social conditions and thought on them have changed so much since 1873-9 that the subjects of the next few pages may seem to be too far-off for biography and too near-by for history, but as relief and its direct and indirect influences occupied so much of Mr. Barnett's mind and heart, his early thoughts on it should not be omitted.

During our first year in Whitechapel we both visited the parishioners a great deal and many were the adventures we enjoyed relating to each other, interesting, amusing, pathetic, or tragic. Mr. Barnett, anxious to know and be known without the cloak of his position, unearthed some ancient mufti clothes, obtained lay headgear and, though I burnt the blue tie, went forth as unlike a parson as he could well appear. Delightful were some of the tales of his reception, and touching was the readiness of even the poorest to share what they had with their unknown visitor, whom they often took for an insurance agent, though sometimes he was received otherwise if they thought he was sent by the landlord, that universal terror of the weekly tenant. Usually the people talked to him with the utmost freedom of their affairs, responding to my husband's virile though often unspoken sympathy. They rarely asked him who he was, though once when his name came out, after he had been pressed to join in the much appreciated pleasure of the black bottle, the face of his host fell.

"Crikey," he said, "there's bust my old gel's chance of getting grub out of the Church," a sentence that acted as a warning if ever we were tempted to forsake our principles and unite relief and religion.

There were three principles underlying my husband's plans for the relief of the poor.

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The equal capacity of all to enjoy the best, the superiority of quiet ways over those of striving and crying, character as the one thing needful, are the truths on which we take our stand.[1]

In explanation of how these principles were carried out, he wrote:

1874.—The relief of the poor is a matter which I hold to be of the greatest importance. Indiscriminate charity is among the curses of London. To put the result of our observation in the strongest form, I would say that "the poor starve because of the alms they receive." The people of this parish live in rooms the state of which is a disgrace to us as a nation. Living such a life, they are constantly brought into contact with soft-hearted people. Alms are given them—a shilling by one, a sixpence by another, a dinner here and some clothing there; the gift is not sufficient if they are really struggling, the care is not sufficient if they are thriftless or wicked. The effect of this charity is that a state of things to make one's heart bleed is perpetuated. The people never learn to work or to save, out-relief from the House, or the dole of the charitable, has stood in the way of providence, which God their Father would have taught them.

Our experience has this year been terrible. Young men and women who have spent their lives in these courts have come begging; they have never been taught to read and write, or encouraged to believe that it is their duty to support themselves. When sickness overtook them it has found them unprepared; and this is still going on, for kind-hearted people by gifts of food and clothing are now educating another generation to lead this terrible life.

I will tell you our plan. When someone comes begging, I myself see him, talk to him and send him to the Charity Organisation Society, who investigate the case, not so much with a view of finding out the applicant's deserts as to show us, from his past life, the best means of helping him in the present. A committee, composed of Mr. Hicks, Mrs. Barnett, Mr. Rowland, Mr. Polyblank, and myself, meet on Friday evenings, before which the man is summoned to appear. Perhaps it proves to be the best plan to give him efficient assistance in the shape of a substantial gift, or a loan; perhaps the most hopeful way of helping him will be by a stern refusal. In neither case does our watchful care cease. When there has been no interference we have seen success attend our efforts—the family has commenced to save; the children sent to school; the girls to service; but when visitors, no less kind, but less wise, have come in with their doles of sixpences, or their promise of help, we have seen the chains of idleness, carelessness, and despair fall again around

[1] Introduction to the second edition of *Practicable Socialism* (Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.).

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the family. . . Money pauperises the people; time, given as a child of God to those who, if degraded, are still our brothers, will ennoble and strengthen them.

It seems superfluous to describe such a simple scheme as this for readers to whom "case-papers," "investigations," "personal service," "societies," are the recognised A.B.C. of philanthropic effort, but in those days, forty-five years ago, it was new and aroused a great deal of anger. The people considered that alms were their right and came at all hours to the Vicarage to demand money or tickets, supporting their appeals with lies, noise, and threatened violence. Sometimes after they had been refused, they would tell their grievances to the passers-by, who, collecting into an indignant crowd, would thunder at the door and throw things at the windows, occasionally breaking even the thick glass provided in the Ecclesiastical Commissioners' buildings. At first there was no choice but to stand the siege until the crowd dispersed, but later a door was cut from our house into the Church through which the Vicar could slip out to fetch the police. What horrible ten minutes those were to me, in case he should be caught and roughly handled by the poor low creatures who, many of them being only nightly tenants of the "furnished rooms," knew nothing of him except that he refused to give what he had and they wanted. For each and all he had confident hope of their ultimate righteousness, and wrote:

1875.—By actions as by words we tell men that the Kingdom of Heaven is within them, that all they can want will be found when they have become good and pure and loving; and we tell them, too, that God who loves them is working to make them all they ought to be. Lest we should interfere with that working, we give nothing to those who should have provided for themselves; lest we should seem to put the body's wants above those of the soul, we let no suffering tempt us so to act as to make the sufferer forget that sin is terrible.

It sounds a clear principle, but living up to it was a source of much pain; the pain of seeing suffering and knowing the sufferers were angry and had hearts full of hatred for us; the pain of being thought hard and callous by others who, also caring for our neighbours, were working for their good; the pain of uncertainty as to the value of the virtues we were trying to inculcate at the expense of kindliness and gratitude; and the pain of doubt which comes to all humble-minded reformers, as to whether they, the few, can be

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right, and those, the many who differ from them, all wrong. Two years after Mr. Barnett had described the plan he wrote:

1876.—We have abided by our tried plans, and our mode of working is having a slight effect on others who work in our neighbourhood, but it is still very trying to see the terrible spiritual and temporal harm which follows on unwise gifts. A very few pence tempt the poor to make a pretence of religion, and to linger on in their wretched rooms till death overtakes their half-starved bodies. There are children who seem to have been starved, because their parents have been led to trust in casual help which proved to be inadequate to their needs. . . . Careless gifts have been a source both of suffering and of sin.

Abhorrent as was the sin of injustice to Mr. Barnett, it was specially so when it affected class relations, and was brought into existence by the action of wealth on poverty.

1878.—I wish charitable people could become more sensible of the injustice done by unwise relief. It is often said, it is best to err on the side of giving; seeing what I see I am disposed to say it is best to err on the side of refusing. The damage to the body of the applicant is less real and more distant than the damage to his spirit. We cannot, however, expect to welcome a charity fitting the knowledge of the present day, till money gifts cease to be an insurance against the discontent of the poor, a propitiation for the enjoyment of luxuries, or a relief to the giver. Gifts must be the expression of real and intelligent interest. Far then from wishing to stand in the way of relief, I appeal for more relief. . . If this East End is to be helped, it must be by those Christ-like enough to give their best to those that ask.

And from the applicants also he demanded their best. If a man who was able-bodied begged, it made him indignant, and if lying was added to the begging, anger was added to the indignation. I recall my surprise when one evening, a conversation with an applicant being unusually prolonged, I came out of the drawing-room just in time to see my small lithe husband seize a much bigger man by the collar, and with a firmly placed knee in his back violently eject him from the house. I was shocked, perhaps as much at the deadly pallor which the exertion had caused as at the loss of temper, but Mr. Barnett only said,

"He lied as well as begged and deserved what he got."

Slowly, sternly, and with much sacrifice, the principles were worked out, and by degrees the people began to

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understand something of the friendship which had prompted the refusals that to them had seemed so cruel. In the report of 1876 Mr. Barnett wrote to our workers:

> We would urge you very strongly never to give unless you are certain that your gift will *thoroughly* meet the needs of the applicants.

It was those words translated into action and affecting the lives of the few families who were ready to make efforts which acted as object-lessons, and both explained the Vicar's views and stimulated by example the efforts of others towards worthier attainments.

Before my memory's eye I can see James Stuart, a tall gaunt man, "earning his starving," as he called it, by hawking broken quartz on a barrow. He came before the little Committee.

"I'm stony broke, sir, as stony and as broke as my stock. People is too poor to buy mantel ornaments."

"Will you lime-whiten the cellars?" asked my husband.

"Lime-whiten the Heavens or t'other place, if I had a brush and a pail and was paid for it."

The materials were supplied and the job executed. The wife, miserably frail from semi-starvation, was about to be confined. For her suitable arrangements were made and later she was sent with the sweet little baby for a change in the country. Clothes for the two children on whom attendance at school was enforced were provided, and a loan enabled the family to move out of their "furnished rooms." Thus "thoroughly" aided, the family by its industry, resourcefulness, and solidity of character was kept independent and something more. To us they became real friends and trusted fellow-workers, though to some Stuart's satisfaction at his independence was an offence. One lady, writing of her memories of those days, said:

> To create a sturdy self-helpful independence was to the Vicar a supreme essential. I remember that at the death of a Mr. Stuart, a carpenter, Mr. Barnett in the pulpit the following Sunday paid a definite tribute "to the man's sturdy independence." Why! he was positively rude, but the Canon could forgive that.

After Stuart's death the family left Whitechapel, the daughters grew up and married, and the mother went to share their homes, keeping in friendly touch with us, and we visited her whenever we were near her. After her death her daughter continued the correspondence, and in her last

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letter, after telling me in detail of her three sons who are serving in the navy and army, and thanking me for the gift of *Worship and Work*, said:

1914.—What a true photo of our dear Canon, but I think he looks rather sad. . . I can remember him so well when he first came to Whitechapel. How bright and hopeful he was, and what a great work he has done for the East End of London! Do you remember now those early days? God bless you, dear, and give you strength to continue the great Fight here below, and fit us all for that glorious Inheritance that is the right of the Children of God.

To the old it was possible to give thoroughly so as to meet their needs, and among the masterpieces in the portrait gallery of my memory's heroes stand out some of those old Whitechapel people, verily the moral aristocracy of the poor.

No one could be much uglier than old Mrs. Marshall, short, fat, shapeless, with small sunken eyes, coarse features, and scanty hair, and yet old Marshall loved her with his youth's and his manhood's love.

"The rats they're getting that cheeky. There's no scaring of 'em," he said one day as I was standing in the filthy court just outside his one-roomed home. "Last night they comed on our bed. My missus, she'd been sadly-like all day, and had just dropped off, when up comes one and runs about quite frisky."

"What did you do?" I asked.

"Do? Why, just nothink. What could I do? If I'd moved I should have woke 'er up—but I watched a bit."

I seemed to see the halo round his dirty head, and smell the holy aroma of sacrifice amid the odour of his unwashed clothes. He hawked groundsel, and, though living amid such dreadful conditions, had thought it his duty to adopt no less than four orphans, one after another, and "bring them up respectable though humble," he said with pride. To the question "Were they your relations?" he replied quite simply:

"No, we knew nothing of their belongings. They were just deserted, poor things! by that low lot round at the 'Dosshouses,' and we couldn't let them go to the ''Ouse.'"

To meet the Marshalls' simple wants and aid them "thoroughly" were not beyond the powers of charity, and they were delighted in being accepted as tenants in the first block of new dwellings.

Mrs. Johnson was shrewd, hard-featured, shrill-voiced,

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thin, clean, frugal, rich in prolific descendants and proud of their respectability. She had no halo, but it was a cruelty that she could only obtain the help she needed by begging for doles or tickets, and so she was "thoroughly" aided by a regular gift or pension. Indeed it was our friendship with a few of these admirable men and women which resulted in the formation of the first Pension Committee, the forerunner of the national scheme which prevails to-day. My husband, writing about the money expended on pensions in 1873, said:

> The old people are thus enabled to live without begging and without anxiety. . . By this means we may give rest to the anxious longings of some old men and women to finish their days amid the surroundings of home, and we may spread among the young that reverent tenderness called out by an old age spent in their midst and found in the way of righteousness. The world loses more than it knows when such lives are left in our workhouses to wear away in sorrowful uselessness.

And they loved us so truly, those East London friends. Harriet Smith was a folder at a wholesale stationer's, but her money troubles brought out so sensitive a nature and so high a sense of duty that we advised our friend, Miss Teape, to employ her as a mission woman. For years she generously spent herself as she rendered, alike to good and bad, clean and dirty, self-forgetful service. Once I gave her a handsome ancestral jet brooch, and of course forgot all about it. A few weeks after I was left alone—June 1913—she came to see me at the Cloisters and brought the brooch reverently treasured in wool.

"I want you to take it," she said, "in memory of our Canon; it's the best thing I've got," and she added, "you can wear it now."

After she was too old to continue her work Miss Teape pensioned her, and though I wooed her to live in idyllic surroundings in the Garden Suburb she would not leave her "mothers." Last night she died in her sleep—July 19th, 1916. She had no illness, "only troubled by incommoding breathlessness," as she had written me. As the district visitor who tended her left her, she said:

"I should like Mrs. Barnett to know that I am not very well to-night, but not to trouble her, please, with my best respects."

Could last words be more faithful and humble?

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The following is from a Whitechapel friend:

June 16th, 1915.

DEAR MRS. BARNETT,—I want you to get this letter on Thursday in memory of Canon Barnett's passing. I am sure I shall never forget his kindness. May God rest his dear soul in peace. Amen.

But the comparatively few who were "thoroughly helped" did not compensate the hundreds who were refused the doles they sought. Before we went to St. Jude's £500 a year had been supplied by a West-end parish and had been distributed without system. Of that period the Rev. Brooke Lambert, who in the winter of 1879 took charge of our parish to allow us to go to Egypt, wrote:

1880.—I thank God I have lived to see the parish of St. Jude's in a different condition from that in which I once knew it, when every winter day a crowd of from 60 to 100 might be seen outside the Church door waiting for those fatal tickets, which are like a rotten rope thrown to a drowning man, because they create a hope, which no ticket system can ever realise, and make the person who gives them think he is satisfying the needs of the poor, whilst he is only increasing their shiftless dependence. Let any one follow a few cases out, instead of giving broadcast, and he will soon see what it means. Let it not be thought that it is easy work to conduct charity on this reformed system. It is heart-breaking work. Once this winter I thought I must give it up, but, thanks to the Charity Organisation without and the band of hearty workers within, we pulled through. And it is satisfactory to know that in a winter unusually severe, and at a time when depression in trade had left the poor in a very bad condition to meet it (the pawnshops were all, I fear, full), there has been no case of starvation in St. Jude's, Whitechapel. It is more satisfactory to know that in the opinion of those best capable of judging, holiday times are much better spent, and that Christmas and Easter have passed over our heads with fewer of the orgies which generally attend these celebrations.

It was the sense of impotency, caused by living in the midst of people whose needs, spiritual, mental, and physical, ever cried for remedy, it was the knowledge that we could neither woo them to worship God nor break down their suspicion of man, that made us ready to take any step that would bring us nearer to them. Among the possible steps we considered that of leaving the Vicarage and living in a few rooms in Crown Court, where Mr. and Mrs. Marshall lived, one of the worst of the courts where the inhabitants used their own furniture, but not so bad an alley as those which were occupied only by nightly tenants. We argued to each other that perhaps we should learn more of our neighbours if we shared their sufferings, and that, servantless, we should realise the disadvantages of no copper, no oven, no sink, no water-tap, no lavatory, no cupboards, no

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coal-cellar, no bath; drunken neighbours, noisy children, a common staircase, a boltless front entrance, windows which could not open, doors which would not shut, and partitions which admitted every sound. I was very keen to do it, but with what I now recognise to have been deeper wisdom, Mr. Barnett felt that, however steadfastly we kept to our self-imposed limited income, the conditions would not bear with the same force on us as they did on those who could not escape them, for we, conscious of possessions, would be conscious also that we could step out of the crippling environment at any time. Moreover, we should not have the fear of old-age poverty ever before our eyes. But the vivid planning for our own lives under the same circumstances as prevailed over the lives of our neighbours brought those circumstances into daily thought and made for housing reform.

Whether we should ever have taken the step I cannot say, for just before the attempt might have been made, Mr. Barnett became ill with phlebitis and complications which puzzled the doctors. On this illness Mrs. Hill wrote to her daughter, Mrs. Maurice:

> We are anxious about Mr. Barnett. Mrs. Barnett wrote last night to Ockey saying he had nearly fainted again, and he "did not see the good of lying there"—they "wanted Miss Octavia to write them one of her own letters." In short the doubt he has always had about himself seems beginning to depress her in spite of that well of joy and love which Mrs. Barnett has in herself. Ockey saw him on Saturday. He has to lie with his arm supported by pillows at right angles with his body and *never* to move it. Ockey says he looks grand—almost supernatural. One can fancy what a young, strong, ardent man like him must be going through mentally. The pain he says is not much, only discomfort.
>
> Dr. Ernest Hart is extremely hopeful; the other doctors are silent, they say they never saw a case *quite* like it, and do not hazard an opinion. His mother is with them, and the wife and mother work most affectionately and harmoniously together. Mr. Barnett is of course anxious that all should go on as much as possible as if he were about, and as he is well except for this local matter, the parish business is directed by him through Mrs. Barnett. Ockey went off this morning before breakfast to ask Mr. Young to go down to them to-day. They had a long talk about Mr. Barnett. Mr. Young is very grave about it. They attribute the mischief to a blow from a ball while playing at rackets. I think the general impression is that he will recover, but I fear it will be a tedious affair.

Many are the incidents during that illness—the ridiculous frolics indulged in with my husband's mother to amuse our patient; the wearying search for "guinea-pigs" to take the services on Sunday, who when found were a curious

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set of perfunctory Christians; the endless dirty applicants for charity, who, knowing the Vicar was ill, were for ever knocking at the door to claim the promises which they invented he had made. But he recovered, which was just all that mattered to both mother and wife, though the long illness had made a curate necessary.

When the Rev. Miles Atkinson and his sister Mary joined us, his advent was announced in words which not an action in his all too short life belied:

He is devoting himself to work which is not attractive. He believes in God and duty, and looks to find in you helpers and fellow-workers.

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CHAPTER IX

"In the richest country of the world the great mass of our countrymen live without the knowledge, the character, and the fullness of life which together make the best gift of this age."

HOLIDAYS always played a large part in our lives. The strenuous conditions in which we lived made it necessary frequently to leave Whitechapel, and as we both liked travelling, we arranged holidays which fed us with beauty and enriching memories. The year after my husband's long illness we again went to Switzerland, but he had a recurrence of the same trouble just before we left England, and so the holiday was clouded with anxiety about his health. He was also consumed with nervous restlessness, so that no sooner had we arrived at one place than he began to plan to leave it, while the magnitude of the walks he arranged kept us both unrested. One from Chamonix to Courmayeur over the Col du Géant was never forgotten, for we accomplished it in three days in spite of heat and wind. After that I was ill with fatigue, and so we had to drive down the beautiful Aosta Valley and pause amidst the witching charm of the Italian lakes. But not for long, and the beauties of Monte Generoso and Monte Motterone Lugano and Orta are blurred and entwined with recollections of painful exhaustion, for "walk for walking's sake" had become a fetish. But as my husband got better he rested more, and on our return we were both able to do the winter's work of 1874-5.

One of its pleasant duties was laying down the lines by which for many years we obtained good music for our neighbours. In the first Parish Report Mr. Barnett wrote:

1874.—The oratorio of the "Messiah" was performed during Advent in the Church by a large choir; the effect was very grand, and in the solemn silence which followed each burst of glorious sound, we felt that the people were indeed worshipping God.

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In the following years more Oratorio Services are recorded:

1875.—The four musical services during the spring were got up by friends in the West End, and gave immense delight to the large congregations which assembled each week. The experience confirms my belief as to their spiritual value. Grand music, heard in a Church with which many associations of a higher life are connected, seems to have the power of expressing the aspirations and holding the attention of those whose lives are for the most part low and uncontrolled. . . The music would, I think, help many, whom sermons fail to touch, to possess their souls. It might be possible to have such musical services at fortnightly intervals, and in the intervening weeks to have lectures. The oratorios will reach the emotions, the lectures the reason of the people, and both may, perhaps, be brought into religion instead of being let run to waste in impure excitement and godless speculations.

The generosity of musical people, whether professional or amateur, was wonderful. Never was a request made to them in vain. The value of their talents to the poor had but to be assured, and they were offered unstintingly, regardless of bad weather outside, or hot air laden with smoke or smells inside. How they arise—those singers and players—and file before my memory as I write, including among them the eager imperfect service of unknown Mr. Smiths and Miss Joneses up to talent which has earned fame for names such as Miss Fanny Davies, Miss Anna Williams, Lady Colin Campbell, Madame Clara Butt, Mr. Heathcote Statham, Miss Susie Lushington. Widely different, both in capacity and reputation, as were these musicians, they all sang the same note of desire to "hurry to be helpers and prove the kinship of mankind."

And it was not only the leaders who were thus generous. Every winter for many years the large choirs of musical societies, West-end churches, and schools of music came "to make a joyful noise" for our people, and in those days the gift was larger, because the means of transit were fewer. The Underground only extended as far as Moorgate Street; the omnibuses were slow and rattled noisily down Oxford Street, then paved with ill-fitting stones. But they journeyed Eastwards, those helpful men and women, and after their music had swept our weary and often degraded neighbours "away from the wearing pettiness of life," they came for refreshment into the little Vicarage, and there many friendships were born and fresh fellow-workers yoked together.

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"It is years ago, and you will have forgotten me," is said often to me still, "but I came to your house after we had sung in the Church," and then is sometimes added, "I can never forget that service or that congregation."

Neither can I. As long as memory lasts, I shall see those long brown pews crowded with people; I shall smell the sickening odour of their clothes and persons; I shall recall the yearning expressions of their uplifted faces as they were caught up by the music beyond their carking cares; I shall hear their sobs, as, moved out of their normal dumbness, they bowed their heads with "no language but a cry"; I shall hear the mighty wave of sound as all rose and sang together "O God, our help in ages past," and after the thunder, thank God, I can still recall "the still small voice" as, in absolute silence, my husband blessed us, and his blessing made men pray.

After what has been said of the generosity of musical people, the simple entry in the 1877 report will not be unexpected:

Musical services and lectures have been given at fortnightly intervals during the winter months. The following is a list:

Nov.	1. Harvest Festival.	Jan.	25. Oratorio, "Messiah."
„	8. Lecture, "Eastern Politics."	„	31. Lecture, "Egypt."
„	15. Oratorio, "St. Paul."	Feb.	7. Oratorio, "Hymn of Praise."
„	22. Lecture, "Socrates."	„	14. Lecture, "Mazzini."
„	29. Oratorio, "Elijah."	„	21. Oratorio, "Elijah."
Dec.	6. Lecture, "Fair Play."	„	28. Lecture, "Buddha."
„	13. Oratorio, "Crusaders."	Mar.	7. Oratorio, "Creation."
„	20. Christmas Carols.	„	14. Lecture, "Democracy."
Jan.	11. Carol Service.	„	21. Oratorio, "Messiah."
„	18. Selections from Oratorios.		

The quality of active imagination for the hunger and thirst of starving spirits is not a common one, and still rarer is it to select for their food a form of sustenance which does not appeal to a personal taste, but this is what took place when my husband started oratorio services in Church. Of how music might express, and, by expressing, create the deeper yearnings of dumb humanity, he wrote:

A moving picture might be drawn of those who wanting much can express nothing. Here are men and women, bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh; who have that within them which raises them above all created things, powers by which they are allied to all whom the world honours, faculties by which they might find unfailing joy. But they have no form of

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expression, and so they live a lower life, walking by sight, not by faith, giving rein to powers which find their satisfaction near at hand, and developing faculties in the use of which there is more pain than joy. . .

Music would seem fitted to be in this age the expression of that which men in their inmost hearts most reverence. Creeds have ceased to express this and have become symbols of division rather than of unity. Music is a parable, telling in sounds which will not change of that which is worthy of worship, telling it to each hearer just in so far as he by nature and circumstances is able to understand it, but giving to all that feeling of common life and assurance of sympathy which has in old times been the strength of the Church.

By music, men may be helped to find God who is not far from any one of us, and be brought again within reach of that tangible sympathy, the sympathy of their fellow-creatures.[1]

Of the effect of music on himself he spoke in one of his letters to me from Clifton in 1883 :

Here I am in Frank's drawing-room. My ears full of the music Loulou has been making. Great is the power of music, but I don't think it would find me if I had not a certain intellectual power of living with the sounds in a life which they create. I wonder if our people less educated rejoice simply in the sensation, or feel that music opens the view of a life in which they themselves live or might live.

It was strange that Mr. Barnett should feel as he did the influence of music, for he had neither taste for nor training in it. He could not sing, and had no ear either for time or tune. Indeed, neither he nor I were ever quite sure of "God save the Queen" until the other people stood up. This, during our visit to India, led to some embarrassing moments, when one's native friends, anxious to show their loyalty to our Queen, started in unexpected keys and on unknown instruments the honoured tune, and were met with no corresponding change of posture in us.

In those days it was not the practice to have any but the ordinary Church services usually dully rendered, and the oratorios in St. Jude's raised much opposition among those who scented "Rome" in every innovation. Indignant righteous men sent by indignant righteous organisations stood outside the Church and rebuked those who went in, offering in violent words their opinion of the future climate to be endured by the Vicar and all who

[1] *Practicable Socialism* (new series). Published by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., 1914.

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aided him. So angry were they, and so angry did they make the large and rough congregations, that the aid of the police had to be obtained to prevent breaches of the peace. People holding other opinions saw in the services signs of budding ecclesiasticism in Mr. Barnett, only to be disappointed when his reforms included a choir of men and women, evening Communion, and the offer of the Sacrament to all who "truly and earnestly repent."

But there were some people who would not enter a church, and to them the saving grace of fine music had to be offered. Of the winter of 1877-8 Mr. Barnett wrote:

1878.—On two Sunday evenings in December Herr Franke gave classical concerts in our schoolroom. I tried to find a room better suited to the purpose, but theological or legal obstacles stood in the way. There was a large demand for tickets which were freely given, and it need hardly be said that the music was perfect of its kind, very unlike any commonly heard in these parts. It seemed, though, entirely to capture the minds of the audience, and during some of the difficult pieces there was not a movement in the room. I explained that I was introducing the music in no irreligious spirit, but simply because I believed such music would in the truest sense help the people to be religious. We shall, I hope, have some more of such concerts.

Somehow Sunday must be rescued from its present degradation, saved from being a day of sleep, feasting, and working, to become a day of learning, enjoyment, and rest. Somehow the people must be brought within the refining influence such as that which comes from knowledge of the best things within men's reach. . . Holding as I do the perfect life to be the result of all good influences, I try to blend with the other good influences of Sunday, the good influence of music, so that all may work together to give to the people fullness of life."

The next winter there were six concerts, and then it is reported:

1879.—Very much as the result of the concerts held in our schoolroom, the People's Concert Society has been formed, its object being to spread the taste for high-class music; that such music would find a response in the minds of those for whom it is not often performed has been justified by our experience . . .

—an experience which the splendid work of the People's Concert Society has now made an article of commonly accepted social faith.

During the first year at St. Jude's my husband had invited well-known clergymen to give lectures in Church

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on subjects of daily life such as marriage, education, and politics. The following year he wrote:

1874.—It seems useless in a neighbourhood in which Churches are so numerous, that the same service should be provided in each for a very few attendants. If in our Church we could have a lecture on a subject of common interest, we might possibly afford a means of worship and education to those who make no use of existing means. . . It is by knowing grand lives, by feeling their hearts bow before the men who have been heroes in daily life, that men now living will themselves live higher lives and find out God. . . If by our lectures we are able to show them how true human greatness depends on reasonable religion, though we ourselves are unable to provide those means of worship which will give strength to their longings for life and fuller life, and satisfaction to their wants to know the unknown God, we may yet feel that we are doing something in our day to prepare the way for such worship of the future.

After six years' experience the Vicar chronicled the failure of his hopes:

1879.—During the last winter we have had lectures on Carlyle, Milton, Spinoza, Chaucer, John Brown, Howard, Sir T. Moore, Savonarola, Wesley, Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus, Sir Harry Vane, and Jerome. . . I hoped that interest in great lives would have drawn those to Church who, not being great, are yet brothers of the great. The result has not justified my hope. The lectures have been good, but there have been at most 100, and sometimes as few as twenty listeners. . . My one object is to make the Church serve the needs of the soul, the need which all have for the wider, fuller life, which is called "eternal" life. . . What will be the worship of the future none can say. We only know that it will grow out of the effort of those who, in the present, strive to approach the highest. Such effort must take various forms.

At that time, forty-five years ago, it was usual for the children of Church schools to attend the ordinary services. They were allotted a place apart where they fidgeted, coughed, played surreptitiously, and hated the services with the lively intensity of youthful hatred. With my husband's sympathy with children, and his desire that everyone should think rationally, he arranged with Mr. Leonard to start a children's service. He wrote—1874:

It is better for children to attend a service which they understand than to go through forms intended to express the wants

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and hopes of those who know and feel the sin and sorrow of the world.

The children came in goodly numbers to the schools, where they were tenderly taught interesting religion. Three years after the services began the Vicar reported:

During Mr. Leonard's absence, through illness, I had the opportunity of taking his service. I have never been more delighted than by the evident interest and devotion shown by the children.

When people are alive, it is not usual to write about them, but as Mr. Edward Leonard held a unique position in our lives, I am going to tell how at twenty-four he gave up a promising career to go to Whitechapel, where he lived on his small private means in order, hand in hand with us, to face the wrongs and woes of the poor. When his weakly health compelled him to leave East London, my husband wrote:

The poor to whom he so freely gave himself, the children to whom he was a brother as well as a teacher, the fellow-workers to whom his unfailing patience often encouraged, have all sadly missed him. Though his name is little known among East-end workers, there is not one of those whose names are emblazoned in books or pamphlets who did better work than he did. A life such as his is rich in good, and those who enjoy the good, failing to discover the doer, thank only the God he served.

It was great comfort to have a man who, from the very beginning of our work, had not only love for us but faith in our methods, so often blamed or despised; indeed he was the first of our settlers, and when we had to name the first Settlement—1884—we felt that it would have been more appropriate to call it "Leonard" Hall, instead of after Arnold Toynbee, who had been a loved and welcome visitor, but in no sense an East London settler.

My husband's gift to me on one of the first of the many birthdays we spent together should be recorded. As I disliked luxuries, and had inherited most things which brought legitimate comfort, he found it difficult to select presents, and so some weeks before this particular May 4th, he had asked me what I would like to have.

"A policeman," said I promptly, "to stand at the corner of the Wentworth Street group of courts and alleys and stop the fights."

"I never heard of such a present," was his surprised

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reply, "but I will try." And when the day came, on my plate amid the flowers lay the letter from the police authorities saying that an officer should be put upon the district indicated. With the police Mr. Barnett was always on excellent terms, and he frequently testified to the splendid qualities which their disagreeable and difficult duties called forth.

"I stood aside and watched the police handle the matter, and marvelled at their patience under really almost unendurable provocation," I recall him saying when a certain Mrs. Odell, herself only half sober, was fighting with her tipsy husband, and who, having been parted by the constable, again united to turn their angry fists and ugly tongues on him. The attitude of the little crowd is on such occasions a subtle influence, and one never to be reckoned on. It appears only to judge from the surface, but often the judgment is not superficial, for when all live so closely together, the character of everyone is known intimately, and not infrequently the intervention of the police in a street row seems to be an interference with justice, meted out at last. My husband put high value on the influence of the police; and instead of complaining to headquarters when things were not quite all they ought to be, he invited the district officers to come and talk over the difficulty. Those who came to these informal talks have borne testimony to the encouragement they obtained in their work—so often unrecognised and unappreciated; of the suggestions which seemed to lift dull routine into a possible mission; and of the courtesy, which while stimulating greater effort for virtue and keener scent for wrong, yet never forgot that the speaker was an outsider talking to an official, whose life's work was under discussion, and who had to bear "the burden and heat of the day."

Years spent in East London brought us into friendly contact with large numbers of the Force, and this relationship stood us in good stead when we went to the opening of the Imperial Institute by the Queen in May 1893. My brother-in-law had lent us his victoria, and after Whitechapel bareness, it was pleasant driving through the Park in its spring dress, and seeing the crowds of expectant people eager to catch sight of their Queen. We were late, and found ourselves being turned back in spite of the fullest credentials. Suddenly Mr. Barnett was recognised by some friend among the police, and all was changed, for we

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were not only allowed to go on, but received many salutes and evidences of welcome. "Who are they?" we heard people standing in the crowd ask, but no one could reply. We were just two genuine East-enders "known to the police," but later my husband was amused at being told, "It took us some time to spot you, sir, in such a smart turn-out."

This is a digression from parish machinery, a drear subject, were it not for the spirit of the man who founded temporary helpfulnesses on deathless principles. Through all the organisations ran the same thought. Each individual, being a child of God, must be honoured, and no action taken which allowed him to forget his high calling, or tempted him to accept himself to be "like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast with lower pains!"

In the days when the parson was expected to reward his parishioners for attending the church or parish organisations, our Mothers' Meeting was exceptional:

1874.—No money advantage is gained by the members; they simply meet, save pence for clothing, enjoy a chat, and hear some reading; the meeting is generally closed by a short talk on the deeper sides of life, either by myself or Mrs. Barnett. If a gift of clothing or money were added, I should despair of seeing the growth of friendship or any spiritual good; the members would learn to think only of gain, and grudge if they were not satisfied.

That the meetings created friendship, there is no doubt, for in front of me—December 1914—lie fourteen letters of old "mothers" who have written to wish me blessings for this sad Christmas time; and yet it is forty years after the meeting was established, and twenty-one years after Mr. Barnett had ceased to be Vicar of St. Jude's.

For the reading of the usual goody-goody books we substituted talks on matters which were or ought to be of interest to these important women, and in 1881 the Vicar reported action which was but an anticipation of the schools for mothers now subsidised by the Government.

Mrs. Ernest Hart gave the mothers a series of lectures on "Bodies and Babies." Some intelligent interest was aroused, and the lectures were evidently popular. The teaching though is not yet reduced to practice. The belief in the danger of water and the need of physic is too deeply rooted.

While the mothers were but few, I used to take the

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illustrated papers and explain public events, an early beginning of the now popular newspaper class. Slowly the numbers grew, and when we left the parish in 1893 there were three flourishing Mothers' Meetings, the register of the evening one showing 120 on the books and 90 in regular attendance.

The advantage of Mothers' Meetings, I believe, consists not so much in the actual teaching which is given, nor in the habit of saving which is encouraged, as in the sense of fellowship which is fostered. Women especially need some whole, bigger than the family, of which they can think, and whose needs they serve. To be a member of a meeting may be very far from being a member of a Church, of a Kingdom, but such membership may be a preparation for the highest of all memberships in the body of Christ.

Very devoted were the ladies who gave themselves to this work, and happy are the memories which gather round the gracious personalities of Mrs. Thurston Holland, Mrs. Godwin—sister-in-law of George Macdonald—and Miss Murray Smith—sister of the great publisher—while the strenuous work of Miss Gardiner can never be forgotten.

To F. G. B., October 13th, 1889.—On Monday after the usual seeing people all day long, Lyulph Stanley and Gell came to dinner and then there was a great meeting of mothers gathered to make a presentation to Miss Gardiner. One hundred and fifty of them had kept the secret since last June. My wife made a pretty speech and the whole lot cheered as if they had never in their lives been so glad.

With some of the mothers I held conferences on matters of public morals or family ethics. The remark of one of them was instructive, though not conclusive. We were discussing the wisdom of permitting the girls in their teens to mingle freely with the boys of the same age, and regret was expressed at the loss of maidenly reserve resulting from the street "larking" and horse-play.

"What we've got to remember," said one mother, herself a woman of native refinement, "is that there are worse girls always waiting for the boys. I'll agree to my girl losing something I'd rather she keep, if other mothers will let their girls keep my boys straight. There will be some 'larking,' say what you may, but why bad girls is allowed at all beats me. The police are sharp enough over

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pickpockets, but these sort of girls steal what's worth more than a boy's money."

One of our fellow-workers has sent her remembrances:

I remember a Conference Meeting of the mothers at the Vicarage. I was asked to go to read aloud, and I went promptly, for I did love being with them both. It was the time of the Whitechapel murders, and the discussion turned on the drunkenness among men—the Vicaress declaring her conviction that men were what women made them; that every married woman could stop the drink, if she would have nothing further to do with a drunken husband. My word! the indignation that ensued and we *all* talked, and then a little mother with a big family asked what about the example to the children if she refused to speak to her husband, when all the home-life had to be lived in one room? Nobody could offer a satisfactory solution. And so I read a little gem of Oscar Wilde's, I think it was "The House of Pomegranates," and notwithstanding there was no final conclusion to our little debate, we all enjoyed ourselves.

From the Mothers' Meetings grew the Maternity Society, based on the demand for self-respect without which virtue cannot grow.

Maternity Societies are only too common in London; most of them offer premiums, more or less large, on improvidence. We have tried to make an improvement by requiring a subscription of three shillings before the usual gifts are made.

The nurse collected the three shillings in twelve weekly visits, which gave opportunity for talks on the duty of cleanliness, sobriety, and industry, because they were influences on the unborn child, an anticipation of the health-visiting now undertaken by municipal authorities.

In writing the St. Jude's Reports it had always to be remembered that some for whom the parish machinery existed might read them, so to avoid hurting them, much was omitted which would have been enlightening to the West-end people who mainly supported the organisations. The reports of the night schools said:

Some very wild girls have, at any rate, learned order, and many have been introduced to places where they are doing well. I look back on this as good work. It would be well if many of those who work in the East End would be content with getting one or two girls thoroughly settled in places rather than trying to influence many. The desire for large and visible spiritual results is the curse of much missionary effort.

But no mention is made of the extraordinary scenes that some of us went through with those dear dirty girls. I

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recall one evening when the gas was suddenly turned off, the heads of teachers wrapped in tablecloths, and the whole class, with wild whoops, tore down the stairs into the street. Fights between the girls were frequent, and enjoyed by both combatants and on-lookers. The language they used is best forgotten; their unconquerable and communicable dirt led the way to the Verminous Persons Bill; their way of looking at things was a continual surprise; their deficiency in self-control made teaching almost hopeless; but their hearts were good, full of tenderness, quick to respond to what was kind, and they were ready—until they forgot—to be responsible for any and every thing they were trusted with. What friendships grew out of that rough stony soil, and how we laughed at and with them! One of their delights was to see me mimic their manners, and years after the trivial incidents were forgotten, it was not infrequent during a pleasant afternoon in the country for married women to call on me to show how "Lizzie" or "Polly" had "carried on," "in the night school, you know, mum, top of the old schools."

It was the knowledge of the pure gold in those untaught wayward natures that provided the impetus for Mr. Barnett's incessant demand for better education, or to quote his words:

> Looking on, I see, in imagination, some, of whom we now almost despair, joyful in the pursuit of goodness, growing daily in purity and gentleness, daily discovering the life of man to consist in love and self-devotion . . . as those taught of God, each seeking good and doing good according to his gift.

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CHAPTER X

"The true love of our neighbour depends on the love of God. Moses discovered God first, then helped his brethren. Isaiah met Him in the Temple, then told his neighbours to 'be just and relieve the oppressed.'"

THE hard and exhausting work, amid neighbours of whose lives it was often a pain and a shame to know, was lightened by the co-operation in service of many noble men and women who gave generously of their best to the people, and of their heart's affection to us. As our plans evolved, the Rev. H. R. Haweis made it his duty to tell his congregation that they could offer their work to Mr. Barnett, who would find something for everyone to do, and it was through his intervention that many willing helpers found their way to St. Jude's. The exact occasion of the advent of most of them I forget, but the coming of two ladies, Miss Marion Paterson and Miss Pauline Douglas Townsend, still holds a place in my memory.

It was after the evening service, when one was longing for supper and peace, that I got a message to say a new worker, Miss Paterson, was in the vestry with my husband who wanted me to see her. "Oh, bother!" was, I fear, my thought, but I went back, up the north aisle to the vestry —then enclosed only by curtains—and standing between them was a girl of nineteen, whose childish face and violet eyes spoke of innocency.

"How foolish of Mr. Haweis to send such a baby as this to Whitechapel," was my thought; "I can't let those eyes see evil"; and then, "Well, she can anyhow keep the clothes-cupboard tidy," was my practical decision, as I arranged with her to come down on a week-day and begin. Begin what? A life of service that has lasted from 1876 even to this day; a contribution to moral forces that has uplifted ideals; an offering of sympathy to the hidden depths of all and sundry; a self-surrender that was so complete in its unconsciousness as often to be unrecognised;

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and a gift of devotion to us both that "passeth understanding."[1]

Miss Townsend came to us a year later. Of the work that she joined me to do my husband wrote:

1874.—The girls who live in these courts are of the roughest description; with no home-training and only the very inadequate education of a Ragged School, they have lived and learned in the streets. Their parents are for the most part beggars, or something worse, and unless they be removed from these terrible surroundings, there would seem to be little chance of saving them from ruin.

And then four years later occurred the passage:

1878.—The work of seeking and placing out in service the little girls has this year increased to such an extent as to be beyond the power of Mrs. Barnett and her friends in this neighbourhood. . . We have therefore been happy in securing the services of Miss Douglas Townsend as Secretary, and with her aid a branch of the Metropolitan Association for Befriending Young Servants has been opened. . . A well-selected place, the sense of friendship, the consciousness of care, make all the difference to the little servant in the strange house among new surroundings; a difference which in the end will make her either a "curse" or a "blessing" to all generations.

It is not often one engages a responsible worker and lays the foundation of a life's friendship in half an hour, and yet that was all the time it took for Miss Townsend and me to arrange to unite our forces. With his almost unerring penetration Mr. Barnett had felt sure that she, the highly cultivated lady and accomplished musician, was the woman needed to give affectionate and efficient help to the many young lives ever "knocking at the door," and so it proved.

[1] To a girl-friend Miss Paterson wrote:

June 2nd, 1876.—It was so nice at Mr. Haweis's this morning. He brought in a clergyman from the East End who talked to us about all the poor sinners in the wretched courts and alleys of his parish, for he says they are more sinners than sufferers and want our friendship more than our money. I want to go and be their friend: I know they are drunkards and a worse class of people than I have ever seen, but I would try so hard to help them if only Papa and Mamma will let me. Mr. Barnett does not want us to be district visitors or preach to them or anything like that, but be really a friend to them, and so perhaps lead them to God without their knowing. The lessons he wants us to teach them are, "Love one another" and "Obedience to God." I feel I must go to them. I know it will be hard work and most likely seem a failure and their lives will seem so dreadful to mix with, still I feel I can and ought to do it.

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For twenty-two years she spent four days of every week in Whitechapel, and when events had hindered so much active service she still watched, guided, and inspired her successors with the unique power she possesses.

In 1875 Miss Kate Potter was sent to us by Miss Octavia, who wrote of her:

> She is very bright and happy, extremely capable, and has been through a good deal in her life though she is young.

Of her work as rent-collector Mr. Barnett reported:

> 1878.—I have often had occasion to mention the common lodgings and nightly lodging-houses which abound in this parish. They are filled with people of the lowest description, who, herding together, are beyond the reach of any influence, and treat the words cast to them by the street preachers as the swine would treat the pearls. Fourteen of these houses have this year come into the possession of a friend of Miss Octavia Hill's. It was delightful to enter the places of which one has such sad memories, to order the removal of dirt, the renovation of the broken doors and plaster, the admission of light through new windows. It is more delightful to know that in these houses respectable people are now living, visited weekly by a lady who is not only the rent-collector, but a friend to help by wise counsel before the time of need, and with sympathy for them as creatures capable of the fullest life.

For eight years Miss Potter worked with us, bringing in her wake her hosts of friends, as well as two sisters—Miss Theresa,[1] so beautiful in her stately body, and still more beautiful in her inquiring soul, daring in her quest for Truth to assault Heaven and face Hell; Miss Beatrice,[2] so strong in mind, graceful in limb, and noble in feature, yet fearlessly, in her search for facts, working in sweating-shops and living as a lone girl in block dwellings.

Miss Potter's friends were not of the "goody" sort, but were people holding the world's plums, of wealth, high social position, and posts of national responsibility, but she brought them all to tender their meed of service to the poor, and compelled them to face conditions usually hidden from the comfortable.

In 1882 Mr. Leonard Courtney, M.P., won her for his wife, and of her departure Mr. Barnett wrote:

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[1] Later Mrs. Alfred Cripps, and now, alas! no longer in this world.

[2] Later Mrs. Sidney Webb, and still thinking and working to promote national well-being.

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1883.—This year we lose Miss Potter. She has been a rent-collector since 1876, and has found here so many friends that, desiring on her wedding day to be among her "own people," she could only be among her friends at St. Jude's. March 15th, 1883, will be long remembered by the many who, on that day, followed their friend with kindly thoughts into her new life, and shared the first meal which she took with her husband. We shall not forget her, and she, I know, will not forget us.

No! indeed, that wedding is not forgotten—the dignified happiness of the bridegroom, the beauty of the bride's gown, the palms and the flowers in the Church, the Vicar's address, the height of the Buszard's cake, how Mr. Herbert Spencer behaved during the service, why Mr. John Morley looked so grave, the ladies' dresses, the number of carriages, the dainty breakfast served in the big schoolroom, all so carefully arranged, that without fuss or patronage the coster sat side by side with the Member of Parliament, and the overworked mother enjoyed food she had not cooked, while she talked and listened to the "quality" who had handed her to her seat. Was it bizarre, forced and fanciful? No! for all the guests, however far apart in mental and social degree, were united by their love and respect for the bride, whose thoughts and acts for everyone spelt FRIENDSHIP in imperishable letters.

"The Canon's ladies" was a family joke, for he had more women friends than any man I know. His mantelshelf was dedicated to their photographs, and among them for nearly forty years stood those of Marion Paterson, Pauline Townsend, and Kate Courtney—a trinity of faithful friends.

It seems almost ungracious to tell only of three of the many friends who joined us to serve the poor and who made the background of my husband's life and work, and it is very tempting to write of the early associations with those for whom I care so much, but space is limited.

Perhaps it will be permitted to mention Mr. A. G. Crowder, who, while living in Portland Place, gave to East London most of his time and thoughts. I do not recall who introduced him, but I find his name recorded as a Sunday-school teacher in 1874, as a trustee of the playground in 1878, as a Guardian in 1876, and it was his wealth which enabled the first block of model dwellings—now Balliol House—to be built on land from which a group of "festering courts" was cleared. How my husband loved that man! Tall, erect, well-dressed,

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cultivated, devout, his every action based on principle, Mr. Crowder was to him a rock on which to rest, while of my husband his friend wrote:

I owe him a never-to-be-forgotten debt for all he taught me when I first turned my steps to East London.

In 1877 our circle was enriched by the advent of the Rev. S. A. Thompson Yates. He was then about thirty-two, and, having left an easy parish, felt it his duty to do hard work. This we were able to offer him. He took a house in Commercial Road and brought his footman, his maid, his china, his Chippendale furniture, his pictures, and his cellar, to share with us all.

"I refuse to be too busy in improving other people's lives to live my own properly," he would say when demands on his time were too encroaching, and thus at Mr. Yates's house one always had the refreshment of the newest books, the freshest theories, and the last political and literary gossip. His work, done in regulated hours, was admirable. Strong, kind, clear-sighted, and generous, he carried healing in his hands, and when after twelve years' residence in East London he moved westwards, he left a great gap in the lives of many dull clergymen, duller curates, and over-worked municipal and C.O.S. officials.

One by one they gathered round us, those kindred spirits, and to introduce them to each other and to those among our neighbours who were fellow-worshippers, invitation meetings were held, at which ethical problems were discussed and ideals unashamedly set forth.

It was the response that noble thoughts aroused in unexpected quarters that made my husband start the Communicants' Society, a small effort on which he set a large value.

1878.—As a means of developing the soul's life, which is to the mind what the mind is to the body, we have instituted a Society of Communicants. . .

Its object is to enable its members to rise nearer to God, within sight of those high and holy visions which haunt our lives. Talking about the Holy Communion will enable us to break down some of the superstitions which have hitherto surrounded it, and prevented people from using a means, which, by its simplicity, its social character, and its universality of love, seem fitting an age which thinks that "he prayeth best who loveth best." . . .

Life is more depressing than it need be because the people

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we meet interest us so little. All seem so much alike, moved by the same selfish fears and by the same narrow hopes. It is as we became conscious that we have deeper feeling and wider hopes, have not only bodies and minds but also spirits, that interest grows and communion deepens.

The meetings were always held in the Vicarage, for it was not possible to obtain the necessary quiet in the crowded schools, but the ordeal of facing the parlour-maid, so trying to some simple folk, was avoided, for every last comer opened the door for the next arrival, and when the big drawing-room was built in 1884 it was planned so as to admit the parish friends without the ceremony of ringing.

1881.—The Communicants' Meetings tend more to rest than to activity; the quiet of the Vicarage drawing-room, the sober talk, the solemn thoughts, make those present feel as if it were enough "to be," and as most people are anxious "to do," the numbers present every month are not large. . . We have learned to know one another as those who are not ashamed of having souls, and we have learned to recognise more of the real power of the Holy Communion. The superstition which at present keeps some away, and draws others, robs life of the possibility of a unity after which men dimly strive. . .

As each sacred season set apart by the Church came round, Mr. Barnett specially prepared subjects for meditation and prayer. These were written out and given to each member of the society. One is here appended:

HOLY WEEK, 1888

The Holy Communion is sometimes not real because our Lord is not to us a real Person. We are unable to feel His presence as we feel the presence of a dear absent friend, whose thoughts, whose opinions, whose life we know. I would therefore suggest that during Holy Week you should dwell on some special features in our Lord's character.

Monday.

His patience. He endured opposition—Luke ix. 55, 56. He bore His sorrow alone—Mark xiv. 37.

"When He was reviled, He reviled not again; when He suffered, He threatened not."

Tuesday.

His courage. He faced a host—Mark xiv. 42–8. He despised cowardice—Mark viii. 38. He dared to touch the leper.—Luke v. 13.

"Be strong, and of good courage."

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Wednesday.

His generosity. Party spirit could not make Him unfair—Mark ix. 39. He saw good in the Roman Conqueror—Luke vii. 10.

"The liberal man deviseth liberal things."

Thursday.

His indignation. He felt in Himself the wounds man gave to God—Mark vii. 8. He resented wrong as wrong and not as injury to Himself—Mark viii. 33.

"Be ye angry and sin not."

Friday.

His self-sacrifice. He loved to serve—Mark x. 45. His enemies saw His purpose to be others' good—Mark xv. 31.

"I am among you as one that serveth."

Saturday.

His hopefulness. He saw life beyond death—Mark x. 34. Rest beyond work—Matt. xi. 29. Glory beyond shame—Mark xiv. 62.

"Abound in hope."

SAMUEL A. BARNETT.

Mr. Barnett's constant effort was to show how, to the man in the street of to-day, religion was a vital matter. He had little sympathy with those who felt that the Church needed no new clothes, but he had too strong an historic sense not to wish to use the ancient forms, and to read into them the modern spirit. The following passage illustrates what is meant:

1887.—In the study of the Communion Service we have been anew struck by its fitness to modern needs. The soul of the worshipper, after being presented to the terrible God whose will is made known in law and Gospel, rises to declare its belief in this God. Then entering, as it were, into that great Society which in all times and places has fought for right, the soul confesses its shortcomings, hears that the God of power is also a God of love, and catches an echo of the song "which angels sing." In the strength of this knowledge the soul can humbly ask even a crumb from God's table, and it hears once more of the gift of Christ which proclaims God's infinite Love. All creation seems now to exist for the individual; it seems as if for the one eating and drinking, God's will had been proclaimed and God's gift made; for the moment, the man is alone, and his perfection is the absorbing project of Omnipotence. But if it be a great matter to be an individual, it is a greater matter to be part of a whole, so at once in common prayer the soul which has been face to face with God is called to remember its place in the Christian body and its work as a member of that body. The service ends with the hymn of praise fitting to those who by humility have conquered sin, and who being alone have found their place in God's company. . .

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THE DRAWING-ROOM OF ST. JUDE'S VICARAGE.

The door behind the curtain was the entrance used by the parishioners for the communicants' meetings.

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In 1885 Mr. Barnett wrote:

1885.—The Communicants' Society has not developed according to our hopes. Its work may be deeper than is seen, and some may by its means be living a closer life with God, but evidence of such life would be welcome. As one gets older, one learns that there is no other satisfaction for human nature than communion with the Divine nature. One turns, therefore, from evidence of greater comfort and greater knowledge to see if one's neighbours live with a greater sense of an indwelling God. The search is vain, and the Communicants' Society seems to exist to no purpose.

Very deep was my husband's disappointment over the failure of his efforts to make the people care for the Holy Communion. To some few, the preparation meetings represented the high-water mark of spiritual experience, but for the majority of those who came only occasionally the teaching was too elusive, too impersonal, too ethereal, to grip their thought. One who was present on these evenings told me that many years afterwards in speaking to a brother-clergyman of what he owed to St. Jude's and to Mr. Barnett, his friend broke in with:

"Yes, and his addresses to the communicants! Can you ever forget them? They were the highest and most spiritual I ever heard. They really seemed 'to lift up our hearts unto the Lord.'"

For fourteen years, once a month, Mr. Barnett gathered the little group together and spoke to them of humanity's deepest needs and highest hopes, and because, in the greatness of his ideals for all men, he used fathom-lines where yard-measures would suffice, or pointed out the stars to those who only wished to see fire-balloons, at least he followed His Master's example Who gave the law-ridden world the spiritual precepts of the Sermon on the Mount. I quite understood those who said "they were not good enough" to assume even by their presence that they could reach so lofty a standard of aspiration, but I also felt that there were many among our fellow-workers who would be greatly helped if they could be made aware of the spiritual basis of the Vicar's work. I therefore persuaded him to allow them to join the Communicants' Society annual meeting on Advent Sunday. At first the West-end friends were invited by personal letters, but, as the number grew, the invitations had to be printed. One is printed here:

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St. Jude's Vicarage,
Commercial Street,
Whitechapel. E.

Nov. 1887.

Dear London Friend.

An opportunity for the exchange of thought & for the expression of common hope is valuable to fellow workers. You by word, by deed or by good will are a fellow worker with the men & women who around St Judes are striving to increase joy & peace. The means used are various, the end sought is differently expressed. Perhaps it is only my wife & myself who know how the various means are parts of common work & how the different expressions cover one hope.

The Advent meetings have - I think - helped many during the last few years to share the strength given by such knowledge.

Will you come here on Sunday Nov. 27th? Your presence will encourage others & for yourself will be reminded that some who have seemed to be divided by class or creed are united in work

& Hope. It may be too that if you join in our worships the old words will get new life & you will recognise that your hope for the world is the establishment thereon of God's Kingdom & that your hope for yourselves is that you may know God & enjoy Him for ever. I am Truly Yours

Saml. A. Barnett.

Tea will be ready in the School House at 5 o'clock
Common Prayer in the Church at 6.30.
Holy Communion at 7.30

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An hour before the service the great body of earnest men and women, every one of whom was personally known to us as a fellow-worker, assembled in the schools ostensibly to take tea, really to meet those they knew and be introduced to others, a sort of social communion before the Holy Communion, which was offered after the evening service to all who cared to join. Of these services one friend has chronicled her memories:

> There were the wonderful gatherings in Church on Advent Sundays, when the Aristocracy, Plutocracy, Democracy all met in that little East-end Church to pray to *Our* Father. On these occasions the Canon never failed to take the wind out of the sails of the *whole* congregation by pointing to duties left undone and waiting. They were wonderful services.

It was not easy to preach at the same time to the rich and poor, the cultivated and ignorant, to members of the Established, Free, and Roman Catholic Churches, to "Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Heretics," but the preacher reached the hearts of us all by his faith in our intention to be good.

We shall do well to avoid congratulations over the signs of progress, and ask ourselves what we can do to increase the reverence which looks up to God for strength and the charity which is empty of self, what in a word we can do to induce a belief in the existence of good. He who believes in God will never doubt of a goodness to be found in the lowest and worst. Our work should be to develop everywhere the belief in goodness.

What, then, is to be done? My answer to you is, "Show yourself as one serving God for nought." A Life and not a System convicted the world of righteousness and of sin. Your life, even if you never preach and get no converts and have no one calling himself of your Church or your Party, may be effective in making others believe in goodness. To you this year, therefore, my word is, Let your light shine as that of one who does right for right's sake only.

Practically this means that in our private life we should be pure, and that in our public life we should resist the temptation to make proselytes. If in our private life we choose suffering rather than tell a lie, if in matters which concern ourselves we are meek, if in the hour of loss we are patient, if we protect the weak against the strong, we are following in Christ's steps and preaching as He preached the supremacy of right. If in public life our aim is that of making others true, whether they be true Catholics or true Protestants, true Tories or true Radicals, and of so helping them that they may thank God and not ourselves, we shall preach Christ better than if we made a thousand followers, because we shall have shown charity which seeketh not its own.

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The method which I commend is slow. They who follow it will be passed in the race by others who use party names and foster in their followers the enthusiasm which belongs to those who think they "are not as others are." They will be passed by Churchmen, by Chapelmen, by Secularists, by Undenominationalists, they will be passed also by those who get for the people what they ask. In the history of the world though, the race has not been to the swift. In the long run the race remains to those who, hiding themselves, have shown God. Be it then ours to let the world see that God is served for nought and that goodness is a fact.

The labours in which this concourse of people were engaged were various, ranging from teaching the three R's to the higher mathematics; from street patrolling to orchestral music; from a club for dung-sweeping lads to the study of the Bible; from seed planting to municipal government, the organisations represented numbering not less than 204. And what were the influences which kept this large body of workers together, helping them to ignore differences and unite to pursue progress and promote righteousness?

"Hospitality," was my husband's reply when he was asked the question. "St. Jude's and Toynbee Hall and the Exhibition are all built on my wife's tea-table."

Inappropriate as seemed the reply it contained deep truth, for the friendships which were made, first in the tiny, and later in the big, Vicarage drawing-rooms, were alike the source and the goal of the organisations they created. But the word friendship meant something more to my husband than it does to most people.

It is well to ask ourselves—Do all our organisations represent the friendship of individual and individual? Does the friendship mean soul-relationship? These are questions by which to test the value of institutions and of intercourse.

Institutions which are not full of friends are whited sepulchres, and friendships which do not absorb the whole being do not end in making God known. . . It is for us in closer private communion with God to learn the secrets of human nature, so that we may offer to our friends not the stone for which they often ask, but the bread which they need to feed their true life.

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CHAPTER XI

"The only test of real progress is to be found in the development of the character."

CLARA is a dear child, and I hope the kindness of this *unknown* friend will not be thrown away. Emily writes very cheerfully and is doing, I trust, better than we at first feared.—DOVER, 1869.

So wrote Miss Haddon forty-seven years ago, and I kept the letter because these were the first two girls I ever tried to help—Clara, by paying for her in the little Training Home; Emily, by sending her out of the court in Mr. Fremantle's parish where she was getting into bad mischief. It was but for four short terms that, at sixteen, I had the privilege of being a pupil in Miss Haddon's school. She and Miss Carrie were great women, and taught much to their girls. Through their eyes I saw the degradation of the workhouse children, and the possibilities of helping girls.

In Whitechapel the maidens were lawless and rough, but "service" seemed the only channel by which to get them away from the evil environment. So by advertisements mistresses were captured, and by many talks girls induced to make new starts. The preliminary duty was to cleanse each one, a duty which Miss Paterson and I personally undertook. But vermin cannot be a negligible incident, and so every girl had to be helped with clothes, which were lent to her until her wages had bought them. Very delicate financial honour can be found among these Ishmaels. Want of self-control, their chief failing, sometimes took dangerous expression.

Kate Withers was one of the most neglected girls, but she was so anxious to do better that a good woman who wanted a "help" was persuaded to take her into her service. Is it possible to forget that mistress's visit and her description of Kate's seizing the baby by its long clothes and swinging it round her head to throw at its mother?

"Why did you do it?" said I to the dismissed Kate.

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"She jest riled me, and the biby was 'andy," was to her an adequate reason.

Julia Bolton had similar faults, but she only threw a knife at her mistress, which was less important than using the baby as a missile. Clara Madge also appropriated the text "Vengeance is mine," for, her mistress having angered her, she pulled up a loose board in her attic bedroom, laid a fire between the joists, lit the match and left the house. But she forgot that air was necessary, and so her naughty deed became innocuous. Lizzie Webb preferred meals at unstated hours, direct from the larder and shared with stray cats, "poor hungry dears!" who are multitudinous in the cheap neighbourhoods where needy mistresses live. Rebecca West also transferred to her employer's wardrobe the generous Whitechapel custom of borrowing clothes "when wanted," an annoying misdemeanour not on the Statute book. To no individual can bad language be specially attributed, for in that there was a community of possession.

"I never heard such words. It was shocking from the lips of anyone, but from a young girl!" complained an outraged mistress.

"Oh! Louisa," I said to the sullen culprit, "you did promise to leave those bad words behind and forget them. What did you say?"

"I didn't say nothing special, ma'am, 'deed I didn't—only cheeked her a bit." Thus did standards differ!

As girl after girl was befriended her name was entered in a large book, the vellum cover of which Miss Emily Harrison had painted.

The book is done, dear Mrs. Barnett, though very roughly. The sweetbriar and thyme were chosen for that lovely quality of theirs of giving out sweetness when they are crushed or bruised. The bee in the centre is for Barnett, and the grain is corn, which must fall into the earth before its beautiful new growth in the spring—your girls' stages. Yours heartily, E. H.

Cheered by such thoughts and the loving help of many friends, page after page of the big book was filled. Here are some extracts from the columns appropriated to "previous history."

Elizabeth Smart is an orphan with no relations. She was taken in as a baby by Mrs. Thompson, who, though kindly, bore a bad character, and had scorned the marriage ceremony. Of the girl the neighbours spoke as steady and decent but very rough.

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Then follow thirty-two entries of action taken for Elizabeth, for whom eleven places were found, and then the birth of the poor little unwanted baby is chronicled. After that more entries speaking of "drink, indifference, and idleness," and still more places and further disappointments, and at last, after she had come down to begging in the streets with a lying card on her breast, the page bears testimony to a "nice mistress" in the country agreeing to take Elizabeth, "who seems now to care more for the baby."

Mary Smith lives with her mother in one of the worst courts[1] in all East London. Mrs. Smith sells in the streets and has odd jobs. Most tidy in her appearance.

Forty-nine entries follow extending over five years. Mistresses speak well of their young servant, and she "likes service," comes to see me, joins in the country excursions, is confirmed, enjoys Exhibition parties, begins to save, and yet fails.

"It is not any use, ma'am. I've tried hard, but mother always comes, upsets Missus, speaks something cruel, and I am out again. I shall take to the matches or the rope walk." So the weary round went on. Girl after girl lifted, hopeful, progressing, only to be dragged back by worthless relations.

It would be libellous on East London to give the impression that all mothers dragged their daughters down. Many and many an excellent parent brought her girl to get a place "right out of the neighbourhood, please, ladies," and the frugality, the diligence, the self-respect, and unwavering love exhibited in such homes, often consisting only of two rooms, left one humble and amazed. It was these young servants who, as years went on, banded themselves together to aid "by adoption and grace" other and younger girls who in the courts and alleys wanted the guiding hand of their elder peers. The same system has just been adopted by Sir Robert Baden Powell for his scouts, to help the boys who have become naughtier by war conditions.

Sometimes the circumstances made it necessary to kidnap a girl, and immediately. Louisa Foster was such a case. Living with her mother in a disorderly house, she was frightened into revolt when she understood what was expected of her, and came hurriedly to "the lady round by the

[1] The court where lived some of the victims of the notorious murders.

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Church." We gave her shelter, and at 6.30 the next day my husband took her into the country to a place of safety. It was a cold misty November morning, and I can still see his spare figure walking by the side of the ragged tawdry girl, courteously guiding her across the dirty street, and talking briskly to cheer her. Poor Louisa! Her ups and downs would fill a chapter, but the good conquered, and kidnapping succeeded. What Mr. Barnett thought of the work he told in St. Jude's Report:

1892.—There can hardly be better work than that done by the ladies who see the friendless girls, by sympathy win their confidence, and then by wise advice or strong action get them sometimes the training they need, sometimes the place. . . In any case the child has henceforth a woman friend, one who is sought in times of trouble and joy, and will not only do things for her, but be to her a type of womanhood. Those who know how many young girls are living in narrow homes, with no outlet but the streets, with no pleasure but in their sights, will recognise the importance of these ladies' work. It is want of thought which makes the care of a friendless girl seem a duller duty than the rescue of a fallen one. . . There may not be excitement about such work, but there is the persistent service, which perhaps counts far more than the sudden sacrifice. It is not, however, possible for one human being to have an unlimited number of friends. Our Lord Himself took only twelve.

When the 156 pages of my painted book were filled and yet another added to it, Miss Townsend joined me. Of her advent she has written:

It was in 1877 that I first saw Mr. Barnett, who had been Vicar of St. Jude's for four years. I was applying for the post of Secretary to the newly formed Metropolitan Association for Befriending Young Servants, and I had been summoned before the Committee, a dread ordeal to a very shy and reserved young woman. I remember none of the Committee except the Chairman, a clergyman with a pale face framed in those days in soft brown hair and beard, who had the kindest eyes I ever saw, and whose gentle voice and courteous manner soon put me at my ease. I did not get the post, but after the interview the clergyman made himself known as Mr. Barnett and asked me if I would go and see his wife in Whitechapel, which I gladly promised to do. Of her I had heard from my brother, who had met the Vicar and his wife at a party and told me he thought I should like Mrs. Barnett. "She reads Aristotle, and has a dog she calls 'One.'" I did not feel particularly drawn to so learned a lady, although curious to see her, but I may say without offence that she completely disappointed my expectations as a student of either Aristotle or Pythagoras, and that "One" turned out to be a mischievous little dog whose other name was as mischievously called Barnett.

I duly called on Mrs. Barnett and was captured at once by the bright,

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piquante, fascinating personality, which was to inspire and refresh my life for many a long year to come. I never forget the picture she made in her somewhat unusual dress—what we called "æsthetic" in those days—her pretty girl-secretary, still her closest friend, bending over the back of her chair. We arranged then and there that I should join Mrs. Barnett in her work for girls in Whitechapel. She told me long afterwards that when she left me for a moment to speak to Mr. Barnett in his study, she said to him, "I think she will do the work very well, but I am not sure if I shall like her!" The doubt, I hope and believe, proved groundless. Indeed my wonder grew to be why they both liked me so much!

Of the strength of my affection for them I cannot trust myself to speak. Never were there truer, wiser, more understanding friends. . . I profited by the extraordinary faculty they both had for bringing people together and welding them into groups bound by common aims and aspirations, and very soon a group of ladies, young and ardent, gathered round us, each as the years went on caring for a number of poor girls to whom she was guide, example, and support. Ah! what good times they are to look back upon, when day by day in our little room at 28, Commercial Street, our own girls came to us confident in the hope that we would and could help them on their steep and often erring way. Those of us who have lived to grow old together have a bond of union nothing could ever break.

Besides the life of the "office," as we called it, I was privileged to share in the life of the Vicarage and learned to love and revere the Vicar above all men. I can remember no occasion in all the years of our intercourse when he fell short of my conception of him as the best and wisest of men.

Quickly ladies offered service, and indeed the need was great. In the first year 192 girls were placed out, and when we became the Whitechapel branch of the Metropolitan Association for Befriending Young Servants, we also took responsibility for some of the children reared in the workhouse schools. So the organisation grew, and, fearful lest friendship should be lost in officialism, we decided to hand each year's girls—200—to two ladies who would be responsible for befriending them. The plan worked well. The ladies kept in personal touch with their girls, and Miss Townsend was always there to pour out wisdom, make suggestions, and to help the girls to realise that they were part of a whole combined to strive for righteousness. To this end there were schoolroom meetings, days in the country, Exhibition parties, gatherings which included the girls' mothers, and annually a united service in the Church, to which the mistresses, as well as their young servants, were invited. Very simple were Mr. Barnett's sermons, delivered with great earnestness, for the sight of the host of young girls, so readily influenced and so influential, many of whom had been raised from terrible conditions, moved him deeply. To the employers he gave public recognition, for as the years went on there arose a splendid

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body of mistresses who in effect said, "We are too hard-worked and too hard-up to give to the poor, but we will do our best for the girl you send to us." It only needs to be the head of a household to realise the value and magnitude of such charity. Of these meetings my husband wrote:

1883.—It is a gladdening sight when in our schoolroom Miss Douglas Townsend and Mrs. Barnett are surrounded by their girl servant-friends. It is a sight to assure one of the power of friendship, its power to hold wayward natures to dull duties, and to lift the weary into gladness.

1884.—With much experience of many societies, I am disposed to say that there is none whose work is so admirable. Its object, being to provide not money, but a friend, is high; and its method, being the personal service of its members, is effective. The tale of its work can never be written, because it is written in the experience of those who through "affection have found the wider basis for life."

We also tried to reach our girls, the number of whom in 1889 was 2,350, for whom 512 places had been found in that year, by the printed as well as the spoken word, and before me lie some admirable circular letters. One on confirmation, another on purity, a third on saving, the beginning and the ending of each left blank for the girl's name and her friend's signature. Wonderful were the experiences with the girls, ranging from attempted suicide to pilfering, from mania to late rising, from elopement to dish-breaking, and interwoven with many, very many, of the offences was the ever-puzzling sex relationship.

Most of the ladies who offered indefinite helpfulness were sent to work at the "office" to enable Miss Townsend to test their tastes and capacities and suggest to me the best sphere for their work. In the twenty years their number became considerable, all united with mistresses and girls by one tie, admiration and affection for her. Its expressions were often amusing and characteristic. Indeed I have seen her when she has come to say "good-bye" after a long day's work, embarrassed by her gifts. A haddock, a kettle-holder, a bundle of rhubarb, a wool mat, watercress, and "a present from Southend" cup—all so hopelessly inappropriate but tendered "please, Miss, with my best love."

Side by side with the organisation to get girls out of the neighbourhood there existed the parish machinery to

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influence them aright. A leaflet, issued when our friends Mr. and Mrs. Francis Buxton turned their house for three days into a salesroom, said:

Many women would like to help girls of East London, if they could hope by such help to sweeten and raise character.

Connected with St. Jude's Parish helpful efforts are being made, every effort being purposely kept within small limits, so that each girl, her needs and aspirations, may be known, helped, and strengthened.

A GIRLS' CLUB, where working girls meet every evening under the care of different ladies, who give their time to amuse, teach, and guide the members.

AN EVENING HOME, where girls find a welcome after the close of their long day's work, in match or jam factories, rope walks, or at sack making.

A BAND OF WHITE AND GOLD and A GUILD OF HOPE AND PITY for children who need to be lovingly taught the virtues of purity and honesty, temperance and mercy.

THE ST. JUDE'S GUILD for uniting and keeping together the elder girls after they leave school.

THE DAISY GUILD for working girls and servants, who each do something to purify life, and help the weak or fallen.

A GYMNASIUM,[1] to which girls go and get physical exercise. All day rough, strong girls work in factories, their occupation often employing their hands only. Their homes are small and crowded, and their work-hours being over, they have only the streets for exercise and amusement. The rough games there played tempt them to drink in the public-houses, and thence often to ruin. There are also two GIRLS' HOMES, where sixteen girls are received, and scolded and loved into training.

In reference to these undertakings the Vicar wrote:

1888.—They all represent means by which girls are helped over the bridge which divides the period of obedience from the period of responsibility. They are worked by individuals who are unfailing in effort and suggestion. To sing, to play, to listen to lectures, to practise in a gymnasium, the girls and children are every week gathered. Of results it is not possible to judge. It is enough that minds are healthily occupied and that they learn how neglect means loss. . . Athletics are as important for giving occupation for thought as exercise for the limbs, and games are as good as school for developing self-respect.

Of one of the clubs he spoke in his letter to Mr. Frank Barnett:

1884.—The event of this week was an opening of a Girls' Club on the democratic principle in an æsthetic room under

[1] Supplied by Mr. James Brown, who lent a large floor of his warehouse in Bucks Row and himself met the girls twice a week and fathered them and their Club.

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scientific guidance. The "Missus" opened it on Monday, and all has gone well.

The genesis of another club for factory girls Miss Townsend has described:

The Canon and I were looking out of the Lodge drawing-room window one drizzling day and noticed the groups of girls leaning against the door of the tobacconist's opposite, chaffing or being chaffed by the passing men, and the Canon said:

"How good it would be to give those girls a place to eat their dinners in and rest afterwards!" We talked it over and I called on all the masters to see how far they would help. They were favourable though not enthusiastic, and one or two of them gave a little money to start it. It was housed in Classroom A in Toynbee. Mrs. Clark came to cook any food they brought and sell cups of tea, and I got ladies to play the piano for the girls to dance, which they enjoyed hugely. After Miss Bourdillon took charge, the girls had the use of the Hall, and she got friends to give them useful talks, or music as they rested after their dinners. They paid 1*d.* a week, and the club still runs successfully.

One of the two homes mentioned in the leaflet was for the feeble-minded:

1887.—The Home for Day Servants has been opened at Highbury. It is intended as a means by which girls deficient in the qualities necessary for the battle of life may earn a living under kindly care. The opening of the house realises a hope nourished by Mrs. Barnett and Miss Townsend during the last ten years.

It was heart-breaking to hear the uncontrolled laughter of the mentally deficient as they wandered aimlessly in the streets or stood idly in the courts. It was worse still to hear the cruel merriment of those who tormented them, to see their vacant faces in the Lock ward beds, to realise their inane capacity for joy or sorrow. And yet one was impotent. If some were induced to enter the workhouse, they had the right to take their discharge, and often did so with women fiends who offered to "take care" of them. Then the pathos of their affection and dependence broke one down. How could one leave one's crippled sisters in the midst of the battlefield to the tender mercy of the devils? A sanctuary for protection—a covert where, free from fear, character could awaken—cried out for birth, but who was to conduct it? At last Miss Jennings offered to live with twelve girls, and teach a matron. It would require the pen of a Mrs. Ewing to tell her ways of developing conscience, self-respect, and love in those poor maimed

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creatures; but of the sole punishment which she permitted I must speak. It was to have no milk in the tea. This she would see when she came in to bless the food. "Was it effective?" will be asked. Girls have scalded themselves in their haste to swallow the hot transparent liquid before she saw it. But hers was the force of the holy spirit of gentleness.

Mr. Ernest Hart, whom I told about these half-witted girls during our long rides, and whose sympathy was ever alert for the pitiable, used the organisation of the British Medical Association to obtain statistics and facts, and then his position in the Press to arouse public interest in a neglected class, which is now abundantly aided by the municipalities and the charitable.

In 1874 Mr. Barnett had, in virtue of his position as a Guardian, taken a seat on the Board of Management of the large residential schools for pauper children. A year or two later we became convinced that the work needed a woman more than a man, and I was accordingly appointed by the Local Government Board as a nominated Manager of the District Schools at Forest Gate.

1882.—Mrs. Barnett still sits as Manager of the District Schools and has tried to improve the condition of the girls. . . . Two years ago she opened a Cottage Home in which they spend three months before going into service. It is furnished as an ordinary dwelling-house, three or four girls only being taken at a time. As they work under the matron, her old nurse, they not only get familiar with the use of furniture and utensils, with the ways and habits of the world, but they also get the sense of individual care and love. It has been very delightful to see the cold manner thawing, the sullen temper brightening under the genial and interesting life of the cottage. It is good, too, to know how they write freely from their places, telling of their difficulties and asking help. Their love seems to have been stored during the school years to be laid at the feet of the first who care for their individual selves. Having been loved in the lump, the one who loves them individually discovers them, as it were, to themselves.

The little Home was founded on friendship, for when in 1879 Leonard Montefiore left us mourning his loss, it was but another glimpse into his surprising character to find he had wished by his will that we should each be £50 the richer. He so loved making joy for children, that it seemed fitting to use his money to start a gladder life for pauper

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HARROW COTTAGE, HAMPSTEAD.

The group at the gate are Mrs. Moore, Miss Fanny, Lizzie Clarke, Mrs. Barnett, and Miss Paterson.

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girls, so with it we furnished Harrow Cottage,[1] facing the White Stone Pond, Hampstead Heath. There we placed old Nurse and little Fanny who hated noisy, dirty Whitechapel. Between them they trained the girls, and we went up every week to spend restful Fridays—"Sabbaths." Our neighbour Miss Lister housed the pony, who introduced us to the beautiful Hertfordshire country, and the girls to unimagined delights.

Before state-supported children could be received into any Home, however small, it had to be certified. In writing about this matter Dr. Bridges, the Poor Law inspector, said:

Dec. 21*st*, 1880.—I am more and more convinced of the unfitness of these big schools, even when managed as well as Anerley or Forest Gate for girls. But the only remedy seems to be in the immense multiplication of such small homes as you are proposing.

The ignorance of the girls reared in the barrack schools had to be experienced to be believed. Having walked out but seldom, and then only with hundreds of others, they had never shopped, and so they visited the greengrocer for a reel of cotton, went to the public-house to buy a copy of *Punch*, dropped the stamps loose in the letter-box, and expressed astonishment at seeing a bridge. Having lived only in an institution warmed by hot-water pipes and lit by gas, they did not know the uses of a fire, left the candle burning because "the tap to turn it off" could not be found, and melted the silver teapot by leaving it in an over-hot oven. Old Nurse, Mrs. Moore, took each into her large heart, and kissed and scolded and taught and reproved them all continuously. Most of them loved her with the whole of their naughty selves, but when their delinquencies were beyond her influence, I had to take action. Anxious to promote self-government, I asked the girls to choose their own punishments, and quaint they often were, and included going without sugar, getting up earlier, not taking the dog for walks, and the "dear Vicar" being told of their wrong-doings. But none surprised me so much as "an hour's gardening" being selected, for that I had hitherto awarded as a treat! The repentance of the children was real, and sometimes very touching. For the first time their faults had given pain to someone who cared because they had done wrong, not because they had

[1] Later bought by Mr. Thomas Barrett, and pulled down when he built his house.

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annoyed their elders. I recall going up one night from Whitechapel and finding my pincushion transcribed in pins with the words "Forgive me, Catherine." What could one say to such a penitent? Or how be able to use one's pins?

In those days I reared dogs, poodles and collies, and on them and the cat the girls lavished their starved affections —an excellent educational influence.

1885.—I hope—wrote one girl—Nigger, the dear old pet, is well, also Mr. Barnett.

1887.—Will you write and let me know how Arab is since I went away? Who washes and combs her now?

1888.—I went on Sunday evening to Christ Church with dear Mrs. Moore she is our mother. I always call her that. I do like living near Mrs. Moore; poor old Russell [the cat] will not look at me he does not seem to know me with my hat on but on Sunday I went to the cottage to tea and poor Russell would not let me wash the plates and other things he made such a fuss.

From the Cottage the girls were sent to service, and then began the difficulties. In Mrs. Nassau Senior's Report to the Local Government Board she mentions the case of a girl who was sent by the Guardians to service in a prison where her duties were to scrub the cells. Though this was ten years before the date of which I am writing, there was then—1880—great need to obtain a better class of mistress for those friendless girls. When found, they, their families, and all their affairs were taken into Mrs. Moore's sympathy.

"Please, dear, do get Mrs. A.'s son a new situation. He has only just taken to drink and he can be saved."

"Mrs. B. can't find nice cheap rooms at Margate. Don't you know someone there?"

"Mrs. C. says her husband can pull round his business if he has £50 now. Will you do something about it? She is so good to Julia. It is a pity for the girl to lose her place."

But to old Nurse's surprise, we hardened our hearts and dealt only with the troubles of the girls. Every Sunday all who could came to tea, and they often wrote to us.

DEAR MADAM,—My mistress sent me to the Cottage with my bad pain and Mrs. Hart was there and she said that it was pruicy and then I was a great trouble to Mrs. Moore because she put mustard plasters to my side. I do hope the change will make you feel strong and also the dear Vicar.

DEAR MRS. BARNETT,—I felt so happy on Monday happier than I ever was in my life. . . I got home a little after ten. I have mended the rent in my dress. I cannot express my gratitude to you for I do not know what to say. I am not so affectionate I am afraid as Susan for there are very few in the world as ever touched my heart but when it is once touched

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no one could turn it for I have been brought up with no one in the world to really care for me and perhaps that as made me careless, you may think me ignorant for whenever you speak to me it is either yes or no or perhaps no answer at all but it is not exactly ignorance either but I feel I cannot answer so you must forgive me for I am afraid you might think me ungrateful but I am far from that for you save me from ruin which is enough to have my lifelong gratitude, and I hope I will never give you cause to regret taking me by the hand so goodbye, and God bless you. Service is like a new world, but I would rather be at the Cottage please.

Your ever obedient servant, A. B.

Sometimes the girls ran away from their places, and those were days of great anxiety.

To F. G. B.—I have my wife laid up with bronchitis. The fact overwhelms all else for me, and it will I know for you. It all comes from worry, and she is not to be blamed because folks who love her get troublesome and give her the privilege of bearing their burdens. Two or three such folks have been in difficulties, and she has had them on her heart till her nerves could not bear the strain and so she caught cold. It is a pity, because the weather is divine, and we might have had rare enjoyment to-day. She is also much distressed about one of the Cottage girls who has run away from her place or has been stolen.[1] We can get no trace and are very troubled. How easy it is to injure the orphan even in our protected age!

Occasionally when very naughty they did not come to see us. To one who kept away from me when I was ill Mr. Barnett wrote:

St. Jude's Vicarage, Whitechapel, *May 6th*, 1882.

Dear Jane,—I am so very glad you made up your mind to do the hard thing. I quite understand why you did not come to Mrs. Barnett, but you did not quite understand my meaning. I want you and she wants you to be brave and independent; to behave as you have behaved this week in going back to your mistress. I don't want you to pain Mrs. Barnett, and you did give her real pain last week. When the news came that you had left your place, she became very anxious, could not sleep, and sent off messengers to different places. The anxiety made her tired. You did not think that your not coming would tire her more than if you had come, did you? Don't you see that she is very fond of you, that she is willing to work for you, that she gets anxious lest any harm should happen to you? Think of this, then you won't trouble her to get new places for you and you certainly won't trouble her by hiding and not coming to her when you really want her. It would

[1] That girl was our first experience of the White Slave Traffic. She was stolen, and for years we failed to find her; when we did, she was dying from the effects of her life.

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be to her the greatest pain of all, if she thought you would not come to her in your sorrow and trial.

Now, dear Jane, I hope you will think and understand. I have not shown Mrs. Barnett this letter. It is your and my secret, let us see that it bears good fruit.

Truly yours, SAML. A. BARNETT.[1]

In 1885 the difficulties with the girls' relations made us encourage some to emigrate. Fourteen elected to go, and Perth, Western Australia, was the place decided on. The Government helped, outfits were bought, special voyage arrangements made, and a Uniting Guild formed. The evening before sailing they all came to Whitechapel for a last service in St. Jude's. It was very affecting, and the Church was thronged to ask God's blessing on the young lives in a new country. To Mr. Barnett's sermon they listened with glad attention, for had he not prepared them all for confirmation, and a dozen times wrestled with their sullen tempers or wilful ways? For years letters came, and when they married little "Henriettas" and "Marys" kept Cottage memories alive, and though I have never heard of one whose affection for Mr. Barnett transcended the objection to his first name, yet I know of one little "Augustus"[2] called after him, and several "Wadhams." The following letter was from one of the most "difficult" of the Cottage girls, over whose callousness we had often grieved.

PERTH, AUSTRALIA, *June 20th*, 1913.

DEAR MADAM,—In reading to-day's issue of *West Australian* I was surprised to see Canon Barnett had gone. . . He is indeed a grievous loss to the poor and needy to whom he devoted himself unsparingly. His life was one of the noblest and most beautiful.

After all this lapse of time I feel it a very great privilege to have known him. The best lessons of my life were taught by him and yourself. I have often had reason to thank God for the training I received at the Cottage.

I pray that He will accord you the strength and comfort which He alone can give when we are sorely tried and lonely, and all seems dark around us.

I remain, most respectfully yours, E. F.

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[1] This letter was given to me many years after it was written.

[2] Now fighting in the Australian Contingent.

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CHAPTER XII

"A man's home should be fit to be the dwelling-place of his most high."

In 1875 the Guardians had sent a petition to Parliament showing that the death-rate in that portion of Whitechapel which included our parish was 40 in 1,000, and that 80 per cent. of the paupers of the district came from the condemned houses. "If," wrote my husband—

the gang of thieves and idlers who inhabit this quarter could be scattered, and good houses built, the boon would be immense; at present most of the rooms are what are called "furnished," *i.e.* provided with a sack of hay, a chair and a table, and let at eightpence a night.

The problem was a threefold one. First, to get the houses condemned by the medical officer; secondly, to induce the authorities to act on the condemnation and demolish them; thirdly, to find wealthy philanthropic or building companies who would buy the land and erect decent dwellings. The medical officer, Dr. Liddell, became our friend, and his zeal was only equalled by his knowledge. But to obtain practical results from his condemnations was another matter.

1876.— —— Alley, which is justly described as one of the worst courts in London, and in which each inhabitant has only four square yards of space, and from which fever is never absent, has been three times condemned by the medical officer as unfit for habitation, but still remains untouched.

Three years later Mr. Barnett reported:

The houses condemned under the Artisans' Dwellings Act still exist to defy every effort made to improve their inmates. It is unfortunate that the Metropolitan Board commenced a work it has been unable to perform. The expectancy of early removal makes landlords unwilling to spend money on necessary repairs, and tenants unwilling, by leaving, to miss the chance

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of compensation. The result is disastrous, and one can have little hope of improvement. A large piece of ground lately cleared by the Board in another part of Whitechapel is offered at a price so high as to make the erection of artisans' dwellings impossible for builders expecting a fair return for their money. The community must be content to lose money by letting the ground at a lower rate. It is a form of relief which will not demoralise the poor and which perhaps is due to them on account of the neglect which has allowed such hovels to exist so long. The Guardians have appealed during this year to the Metropolitan Board, but got only the answer that the ground already cleared must first be let.

Ruinous and insanitary as were the houses, yet many of them fetched nine shillings a week. That so high a rent could be paid for such hovels roused an enthusiasm for housing reform. As Mr. Barnett kept many of the papers on the entangled negotiations, it is possible to live again with the men and women who cared so much and worked so hard. Before me lie bundles of letters from Miss Octavia Hill, Mr. Elijah Hoole, architect, Mr. W. M. Shaen, solicitor, Mr. Charles Mitchell, counsel, Mr. A. G. Crowder, Miss Emma Cons, Mr. James Parsons, Mr. Edward Bond, Mr. Edward Spender, Mr. Fred Myers, Mr. Brown Clayton, besides others, who gave abundant service without remuneration. Some of Miss Octavia's letters will be helpful to those who are tempted "to pass by on the other side" when distasteful difficulties lie in the path.

January 4th, 1874.—DEAREST YETTA,—So much love and thanks for your New Year's greeting which I found awaiting me here. It was almost too much for me. How could you know so well just what I wanted said?

But now I write mainly to say that I am very delighted about the hope of the houses. Will you please use your own discretion as to the matter? Only you on the spot can decide how far to go. There need be no want of money if the properties will pay. . . If there is time to ask me whether the houses will pay before making the offer, I must know:

1st, Gross rental when all rooms are let.

2nd, Amount of vestry rate, water rate, assessment.

3rd, Amount of rent payable on any part which is leasehold.

4th, Length of lease of any such part.

Any facts about the state of repair or necessary improvements would help. You, of course, alone can judge whether the purchase is one which would be really helpful in the district. I am by no means anxious to have the calculations sent to me to do if you have to act in a hurry, or see your way quite clearly. . .

How nice it will be to come to you on Thursday night. You must expect a beaten soldier after a battle. I shall come straight from a meeting in which I expect to lose all that so far has seemed essential to our success.

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July 12th, 1874.—DEAR MR. BARNETT,—I don't feel inclined to buy at £1,200 what Cable values at £800, but will look more narrowly into the figures, and visit the houses to see what I think of the chance of their lasting in any state we should think tolerable till they recoup us for all spent in excess of value of ground. I find the difficulties of management in Whitechapel greater than ever I anticipated, property and people being equally impossible to deal with so far in any satisfactory way. . . I shall never swerve from my object of extending there, or lose heart, or falter in determined preparation for fresh work, but I don't see my way to it at this moment, and I should only close with a very good offer for the sake of the future.

April 1st, 1877.—MY DEAREST YETTA,—I have no news of Wentworth Street, nor of Mile End Road. I grow impatient about the former, but as to the latter it is perhaps as well it should be in abeyance for a while,[1] as we have no force to turn on to it just now. You have helped me very much, dear. My trust in you in important and singularly rare ways is absolute, and it is the greatest blessing to me that it can be. I really don't know sometimes what I *should* do if I didn't. How strangely we depend on one another's help, now this way, and now that, don't we?

"There need be no want of money," wrote Miss Hill, "if the property will pay," but sometimes there was no hope that it could be made to pay. The deeds were non-existent, the structure rotten, the reputation infamous. A sketch by Miss Anne Thackeray of a group of three of such houses is inserted because they cost me my jewels and cemented a friendship. They were occupied by women living shameful lives from whom large rents were demanded by a disreputable man, who when challenged could produce no title but his possession for a long period. Those were the days before the "Married Woman's Property Act," when wives and husbands alike were insulted by marriage settlements which placed a woman's property in the hands of trustees. Such had been my fate, but I possessed inherited jewels, and Mr. Edward Bond helpfully agreed to pay half the cost of the alley. So we bought the rickety dwellings, gave its degraded inhabitants the chance of reform before turning them out, tidied up the property, and used its rents to the day of its final destruction for the redemption of such girls. Later we gave the land towards the tennis-court of Toynbee Hall, and as the Canon and I used to listen to the happy sounds of games, and recalled the memories of its iniquitous uses in the past and our struggles to obtain it, we silently thanked God. The piece of land adjoining this title-less

[1] "In abeyance for a while," Miss Octavia writes in 1877, and now, 1917, that splendid piece of street space so capable of being made into a tree-lined boulevard with resting-corner-places for the weary and playing-spaces for the vigorous is still called deservedly "Mile End Waste."

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bit was then purchased by Mr. A. G. Crowder, and on it he erected a block of model dwellings.

1876.—The tenements will be ready in June and will accommodate about fifty families at an average rent of 2*s.* 6*d.* a room. They will be under careful supervision, and we may expect that fifty families living respectably will have a great missionary power in the neighbourhood.

Vividly do I recall a walk that my husband and I took at Hampstead for the purpose of deciding whom we should admit to the new houses. Up and down the Spaniards Road, at that time both quiet and beautiful, we walked, trying to see a principle for guidance. At last we decided that if we were to admit any applicants from our parish, all we could demand was that the new tenants should not earn their living by vice. Those occasionally vicious, drunken, or lawless we had to accept, and only draw the line when sin was their stock-in-trade. My husband's moderate words as he reported Miss Octavia's or other friend's purchases but ill represent the joy with which he saw the changes made.

1877.—Four houses in Wentworth Street, which, because of the notoriously bad character of the inhabitants, have always given much trouble, and which on account of some legal technicality could not be closed as immorally conducted houses, have been bought by one of our friends. They are now put in good repair, inhabited by respectable tenants, and are as strong on the side of order as formerly on that of disorder.

Two years later he wrote:

1879.—It is pleasant to report progress. About 1,000 people are now living in houses which are under the control of those whose object is their real good. Mistakes may be made and their actions misunderstood, but the fact that those who own this property are moved by a desire to be helpful rather than to make a profit must have a distinct influence. . . The rents are collected by eight ladies who spend two days a week among their tenants. Punctual payment is enforced, chiefly because of the element of order and regularity it introduces into families, the cause of whose trouble is generally disorder. Most of the property pays the owners interest at the rate of 5 per cent.

Of the work of the ladies the following letter from Mr. Oscar Tottie throws a light.

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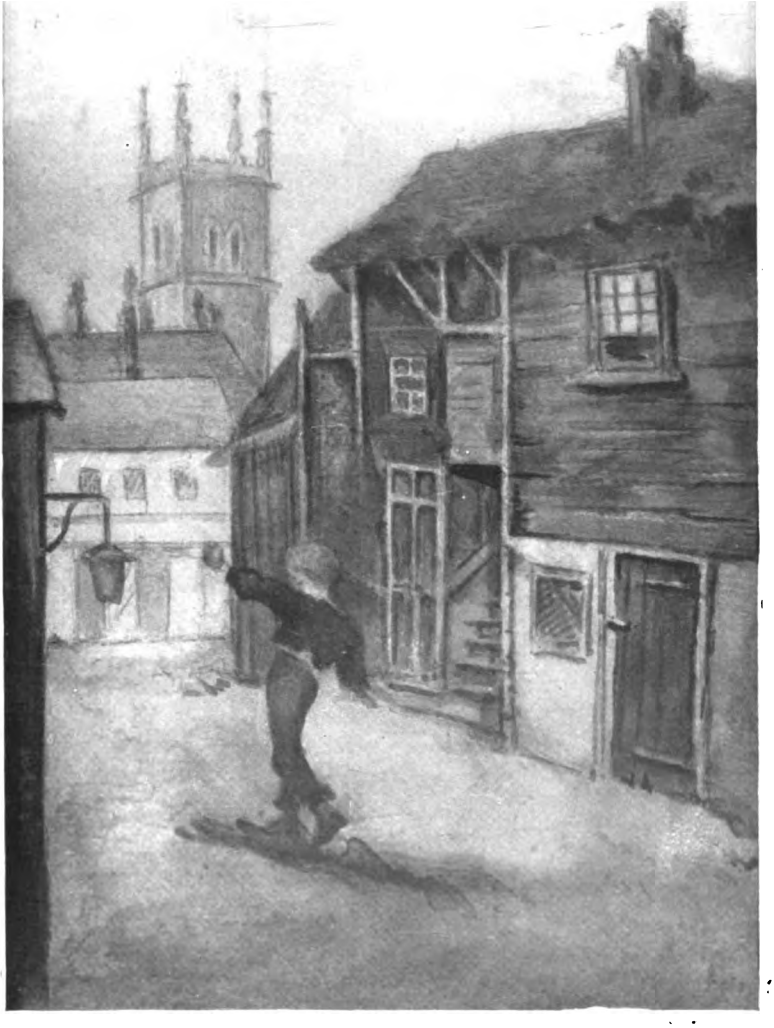

NEW COURT, WHITECHAPEL, 1873.

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January 29th, 1878.—A few words I must write at the risk of troubling you. It was a *revelation* to me—my journey with Miss Johns about the houses this afternoon. She told me and showed me all in the kindest, quietest manner possible with the courtesy of a lady, for which I thank you and her. We met also another lady with beautiful hair and a fair open face. The sight and contact of such must be to the poor a "vision of delight" every week, like primroses in spring to us.[1]

Every week these "visions of delight" met us and the parochial staff, not only to talk over the people under their care, but to get to know and thereby sustain each other. What fun we used to have amid all the difficulties! Once it was reported that two thieves had been overheard through the thin rotten walls, concocting how they were to rob Miss Busk of her rent-bag, watch, and chatelaine, and as she was six feet high, and they the usual size of pitiable half-fed wasters, the method of procedure cost them much conversation, and us also! For how was she to do as usual her day's work with this knowledge within her, and show the confidence in the people she did not feel? However, she was as brave and buoyant as she was big, and she managed somehow.

Another time a huge half-witted youth became alarmingly enamoured of his mother's "rent-lady," and waylaid her with offerings of his pathetic devotion which included his best blocks of bath brick—which he hawked—bits of country green-stuff he tramped to fetch, and a lark he had trapped.

On other occasions desperately difficult situations had to be met. Drunkenness, immorality, dishonest withholding of the rent, starvation, cruelty to children, "away from 'ome"—which meant prison—were not occasional but frequent incidents among the tenants. And the difficulty was ever the eternal one of the mixture of good and evil: the wife so noble, the man so base; the woman drunken, the man industrious; the old couple worthy of all respect, the younger members of the family disreputable.

"I see," said one lady, "your strength is that you always have the bailiff behind you."

"Certainly," replied my husband; "the foundation on which the Gospel rests is the Law."

So the influences of the inexorable "thou must" acted,

[1] Mr. Oscar Tottie is no longer here to help this sad world, but that he did it effectually while he was working in our parish I received evidence only the other day by a letter from a happy wife and respected mother, whom, when a child of eleven, he kidnapped from a house of ill fame, and sent to be boarded out in the country. Her mother in revenge broke the Vicarage windows, but that was a gain, as the fear of the police for that act acted as a lever for the child's good.

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and the necessary weekly visit, whether the lady wanted to pay it or the tenant to receive it, had many results as friendships grew, and suspicion of motives changed to certainty that only good was meant.

Morally valuable as was the purchase of tumbledown property, the larger problem of the demolition and rebuilding of the main portion of the parish proceeded very slowly. Mr. Barnett used every force he could arouse. He worked unremittingly and fired with his energy all he came across. My brother-in-law, Mr. Ernest Hart, the editor of *The British Medical Journal* and *The Sanitary Record*, and a member of the staff of *The Pall Mall*, was the first to aid by his articles, and the Press was unfailingly helpful. But in spite of all written, spoken, and done, municipal action was still delayed.

1881.—It is hard to write without passion, when one reflects on the deaths and the suffering, on the sin and shame which have been added to the sum of London's misery during the six years which houses condemned as unfit for habitation have been allowed to stand. If it is said that the cost of greater speed would have been too great, it might well be asked what other objects has the State in view which makes it too great an expense to preserve and protect its people. This is the question which is being asked by some of my neighbours. They see wretchedness and misery to be very common, notwithstanding progress and education, and they ask what is the Government doing while it permits uninhabitable houses to exist. . . My hope of one day having a parish with houses fit for decent people has grown very faint.

The delay was all the more vexatious because all things were ready for the erection of the new houses. Our delightful and generous-hearted friends Mr. and Mrs. G. Murray Smith had decided to build a block of well-planned homes, and a group of St. Jude's workers had met in the little Vicarage drawing-room and had agreed to form a Company.[1] I can still see my husband's young mobile face lighted up with pleasure as thousand after thousand pounds were offered for investment, until that afternoon saw the Company ready to be launched with preliminary

[1] The East End Dwellings Company, Ltd., four out of whose five Directors, Mr. Alfred Hoare, Mr. James Parsons, Mr. Edward Bond, and Mr. A. G. Crowder, are the same men who, thirty-four years ago, moved by the cruel need for decent dwellings, shouldered the task and responsibility of providing them.

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promises of £36,000. Of his hopes for the work of this Company he wrote:

1883.—Our intention is to build for the unskilled labourers, the day workers at the docks, and the many men and women who live by casual employment. For such there is as yet no provision by the Building Companies, and the rule of the Peabody Trustees is to admit no tenant who cannot give a reference to a regular employer. We shall have no such rule, we shall let in single rooms, and if possible carry out the plan of having lady rent-collectors. . . If among these houses of the future there be a common lodging-house, then a further need will be met. A common lodging-house, without petty rules or unjust interference, could by its provision for comfort and recreation be an untold advantage to the many who depend for their view of life and course of conduct on the associations of the hotel or common lodging-house, in which they are forced to reside.

But the much wooed and worked-for reform still tarried. Mr. Barnett reported:

It is grievous to say that although houses were condemned as unfit for habitation seven years ago, not one stone of better houses has yet been placed on the ground. It is time there was a new system of London government. When land lies uncovered for a year while purchasers are ready to buy and tenants are huddled in uninhabitable hovels, there must clearly be someone to blame. There is, however, for all things, a Day of Judgment, and in that day the voice of the patient poor will be heard against the delay of the Metropolitan Board of Works.

To H. O. B.—Hurrah! it does not matter about dates. The Act says "from time of delivery," so old Mitchell[1] rules, who is a brick and has *made* me drink a glass of sherry—ugh! We will ask him to dinner. He is going to do *all* I wish! Yesterday I wanted you to grieve with me, and now I want you to rejoice with me. Always want you, you see.—S. A. B.

The cause of the rejoicing was the reading of a clause in the Artisans' Dwellings Act which seemed to give a fresh opportunity for a further push towards the goal of his hopes for decent houses, but the authorities were hard to move.

Neither did Mr. Barnett confine his efforts to the parish needs.

1882.—During the early part of this year I was a member of a Housing Committee of the Charity Organisation Society,

[1] The vestry solicitor.

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and lately I have given evidence before a Committee in the House of Commons which will, I trust, so report that not only will bad houses be removed but good houses be substituted.

The problem of housing was then occupying many minds, not only here but abroad, and during one of her visits to England Princess Alice of Hesse came to spend a long day with us. She carefully visited alone with my husband the various grades of habitation in which our parishioners lived —the condemned houses, those which should have been condemned, those purchased and renovated, the common lodging-houses, the 8*d*. a night "furnished" rooms, and Mr. Crowder's new model dwellings. Her questions were thorough, both on detail and principle, but one remark alone remains in my memory. She put both hands on my shoulders and, kissing me, said:

"How proud and happy you must be to work so closely with such a man!"

I liked that sentence, and ached with sympathy for her, poor lady! We had great difficulty in keeping her visit private, and Miss Octavia wrote with much annoyance:

November 10*th*, 1876.—Please don't tell anyone about the Princess, implore anyone you have told to be silent. People are such fools, they get excitedly interested. Mr. A. told Miss B., and she is going chattering about. I know I only said "Let her go quietly among the people," and I didn't know myself till after I left you yesterday what fools people were. I saw no reason why our own little group of workers shouldn't know, and little thought they'd go chatter, chatter like this. Absolutely though I have told oh! so extremely few, and such quiet people, I have already had a request to put the notice of my visit to her—happily the correspondent knows nothing more—into the American papers!!! And yesterday the Princess said so earnestly, "Oh, don't say anything that will stop my ever coming again." I feel as if the two or three people I have told would just spoil all, and as if I'd played her false.

She asks me to give you the enclosed.[1] She writes to me so sweetly and brightly of her interest yesterday, and of the pleasure of knowing you both personally. There, Yetta dear, you will save me from the result of my ignorant belief that people would treat this like any other nice, simple natural thing.

Several people were vexed that they had not been told who their visitor was, but perhaps the funniest consequence of the Princess's wish to "see mankind and what they mean when no one's looking" was the action of an infuriated deputy of a common lodging-house, who removed her girl

[1] Her signed photograph.

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from the night-school because she was "not used to that sort of visitor!"

But more important than the Princess Alice's visit was that paid by Sir Richard Cross, then Home Secretary. He came in consequence of representations of the difficulty of getting the authorities to order the demolition of the houses which their medical officers had declared to be unfit for human habitation. Sir Richard took up the subject warmly. He visited, with the Home Office officials and the medical officer, all the areas of condemned houses, and refused to hear any excuses without listening to what Mr. Barnett had to report. "What does my chaplain say to that statement?" he asked a dozen times in the day. How tired and exhilarated my husband returned from that long and dirty tramp, and how delighted we were when the result of Sir Richard's sympathetic perseverance got the Act amended. But time spent in pushing, working, writing, talking, seemed unavailing, and there is indignation as well as sadness behind Mr. Barnett's words written in 1884:

Again, there is nothing but complaints to record as to the state of the Dwellings. During the whole year acres of ground cleared by the Metropolitan Board of Works so as to provide houses for the people have remained barren as a desert. Some portion was put up to auction last summer and sold, but as yet there is no sign of building. Legal difficulties can hardly be the reason for delay, inasmuch as two large public-houses have been erected on the same site. Want of purchasers cannot either be urged, inasmuch as the East London Dwellings Company has been at all times ready to purchase. Because the Metropolitan Board of Works have other cares than the interests of the people, the hopes of the last ten years still remain only hopes.

The objection to selling the land piecemeal was the danger, lest portions might fall into someone's hands who, using them without consideration for any larger plan, would prevent the best arrangement of the property. So while we had to wait to realise our hopes, the waiting was rendered more wearying because not free from anxiety. The owners would sometimes offer their property for sale on the shortest notice without advertisement. Of one such sale we were told when at Whitby taking holiday with Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Courtney, Mr. Roby, and Mr. Philip Lyttelton Gell. We two had had a lovely tour, trotting from Oxford through Derbyshire and Yorkshire, and were

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resting both the pony and ourselves in gay companionship, when a letter brought news of the impending sale of an important corner in our parish. There was nothing for it but to return at once, so pony, chaise, and we took the afternoon train, we certainly with disappointment, though perhaps not the pony. Rapid arrangements were made, vicarious attendance at the auction secured, and we found ourselves possessed of a great slice of our parish, larger than we had meant to buy, not larger than we longed wisely to use. It took every penny we possessed even to pay the deposit money, and Mr. Barnett was gravely anxious. But I recall my sense of triumph as, standing on a débris heap—dead cats, tin pots, and broken furniture accentuating the devastation—I realised we were king and queen in possession, and that there need be no more delay. We were very careful in the disposal of our dirty bit of God's beautiful earth, and the final result was that it was nearly all sold for the erection of new dwellings for the people.

To some of us who worked with him, Mr. Barnett's unconquerable hope was an ever-present miracle, and it justified itself, being united with the faith which "worketh marvels"; but no one knows, except Miss Paterson and me who were his house-mates, the periods of pain and hours of chagrin that long-deferred justice caused him. With him, therefore, we rejoiced when he was able to say:

1885.—At last the promise of better things seems nearer fulfilment. Large blocks of dwellings have been built in Goulston Street, and the land in Wentworth Street has been secured by those who will build both for artisans and for labourers. The East London Dwellings Company has completed a block in Cartwright Street,[1] the management of which has been undertaken by Mrs. Leonard Courtney. At last good houses have replaced hovels.

The next year a still more jubilant note is sounded:

1886.—The rebuilding of the houses of the poor has been going on apace. In the broad streets with their clean tall dwellings it is almost impossible to recall the net of squalid courts and the filthy passages which went by the name of streets. After nine years' waiting and the delays which seem to be necessary in the action of the Metropolitan Board of Works, the improvement has been completed. Brunswick Buildings in Goulston Street, and Wentworth Buildings in Wentworth Street are inhabited. Other buildings, which are to be under the

[1] Called Katharine Buildings after Mrs. Leonard Courtney.

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management of ladies, are in the course of construction and will be occupied during this year.

This hope was also achieved, and in 1887 my husband wrote:

1887.—College Buildings, which occupy the site of Crown Court, have been finished during the year. All the spaces cleared in the parish for artisans' dwellings have now been covered. From the day of scheduling a site to the day on which a school is opened, the School Board counts, I believe, that three years must elapse. A railway company achieves the same work in somewhat over a year. It is ten years since this parish was considered by the Metropolitan Board as an unhealthy area, and only this year has its reproach been entirely removed.

College Buildings have been built with some regard to beauty. It is, I believe, false economy, as it is false benevolence, which provides for fellow-creatures things acknowledged to be ugly. In the long run such things will be rejected, and although it is too early to form conclusions, there is evidence that repulsive-looking buildings repel tenants. Benevolence has had much to do with the erection of dwellings in the neighbourhood; and in the name of benevolence, so as to encourage benevolence, some argue that decoration must be given up so that such dwellings may be made to pay. Probably this is a mistake in economy; it is certainly a mistake in benevolence. To treat one's neighbour as oneself is not to decorate one's own house with the art of the world, and to leave one's neighbour's house with nothing but drain-pipes to relieve the bareness of its walls. They who would be benevolent should invest money whose return would be the artistic pleasure of others, as they now invest money the return of which is their own artistic pleasure.

In College Buildings further experiments will be tried in self-government. A committee of tenants will be parties to the management of the building, who after paying the landlord 4 per cent. on his outlay will divide the surplus among the tenants in proportion to the rent paid.

Lolesworth Buildings on the north side of Wentworth Street have been built by the East London Dwellings Company to accommodate 300 families, and they are also under lady collectors. Legally they are in Spitalfields parish, but with Mr. Billing's consent they will be ministered to by us.

Of the co-operative experiment Mr. Barnett was later able to report:

1889.—The experiment in co-operative tenancy showed good financial results, each tenant getting a dividend of £2 10*s*. If the tenants would have agreed to have let the dividends accumu-

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late, they might gradually have become owners. They refused. It seems impossible to help people to save when they themselves have not first made an effort. In this case the tenants had done nothing and risked nothing, and so the dividend represented rather a gift from outside than the result of their own effort capable of repetition.

And now this chapter must conclude, not, though, without telling of how, under the influence of the progress of housing standards, the first block built by Mr. Crowder, and of which we were then so proud, became unpopular.

1890.—George Yard Buildings, which were erected fifteen years ago to provide decent single-room tenements for the very poor inhabitants of the parish, have, for various reasons, lost caste. In one half-year £60 was lost through unlets. Under these circumstances it has seemed better to close the buildings. The tenants have now ample opportunity in neighbouring blocks of finding better accommodation, and the rooms they leave easily lend themselves for conversion into students' residences. George Yard Buildings will, if all goes well, be in future known as Balliol House, and will be inhabited by forty young men, who come, as 600 years ago men went to the banks of Cam or Isis, to seek knowledge while they follow various vocations to get their living. As neighbours they will, I hope, answer the calls which the neighbourhood makes on citizenship.

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CHAPTER XIII

"Let us fill in another's weakness from our strength, giving gentleness or force, sympathy or energy."

As we got to know the people intimately and realised the routine of their daily lives drearily passed in one room, the need of open spaces where the healthy could walk, the old and weary sit, the children play, assumed the position of a social necessity. Miss Octavia had shown the way, and, actively helped by her, the joy was given to us in 1875 to lay out as a garden a little bit of land in the midst of a maze of courts just behind the Church.

1875.—In New Court a piece of void ground, long the receptacle of rubbish, is in process of being turned into a garden. An open railing has been substituted for the wall, soil has been spread, and a few trees planted. The people in the Court are showing great interest in the work, and we look hopefully forward to the effect of one bright spot on this very dark neighbourhood.

To my husband, one good gained was only another reason to strive for more, and so he added:

I think that if arrangements were made for the performance of high-class—not dance—music, a further step would be made. People want an object to draw them to the garden where the influence of light and beauty will work its will on their lives. . .

A few years later he wrote:

1881.—The Wentworth Street playground with its swings and giant stride is growing into popularity; all the more as tar-paving has, by means of a grant from the Kyrle Society, been substituted for the gravel, which hurt naked or badly shod feet. It is a matter of time, though, to teach children that there is more fun to be found in an open space than in the sights of the crowded street. I wish more young people, able to play, would come to our playground to show the children how to do so. . .

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The People's Entertainment Society provided a band during the summer months to play on Thursday evenings. I hoped the people might have sat and listened. The young ones, though, insisted on dancing, and we watched the experiment with some anxiety. All went quietly, except on one evening, when the rough element became too strong, and we had to stop the band. I am not quite certain whether pleasure of this kind is worth the providing; the noisy horse-play which passes for dancing does not create a desire for another class of pleasures, the enjoyment of which might add so much to the lives of the poor.

At that time it was the fashion to wear coarse straw bonnets much the same shape as we see now on the noble heads of the women of the Salvation Army. Mine, that summer, was white and thick and trimmed with terra-cotta ribbon to match my frock and cape which Rachel Toynbee had embroidered for me. Why do I remember and record so trivial a detail? Because I had it on that evening when "the rough element became too strong." We had gone to the playground with some helpful "young people" to give the children a good time, and as in the dance I held the grubby hand of a little shoeless lad, I trod on his toes, I with boots, he bare-footed. It hurt us both, his foot and my heart. To me it seemed a symbol of our civilisation, adult wealth treading on infant poverty.

"Never mind, laidy," he said, turning comforter in his turn, "we *was* going it. Come on"; but as we started, a crowd of the abandoned girls of the neighbourhood with their "chaps" came in, pushed the children aside, and rushed into lawless dancing. A Bacchanalian scene ensued. We tried talking, Mr. Barnett to the lads, I to the girls, but excited evil was in the ascendancy and they would not desist. So the band was stopped, the playground cleared, the gate locked, and he and I started to go home, the little lad running alongside. But the street was full of angry people who so blocked the pathway that we had to walk in the road. They howled and hooted and threw stones, at first a few, then many. The Vicar had only his soft felt hat while I was safe behind my thick straw bonnet. What a pity we could not play the game the lawless dancers would have understood and exchanged hats! But he remained calm and unruffled, bidding me walk slowly and trust their aim was bad—and it was!

"And it's us as pays you," they shouted, ignorant of the financial basis of the Established Church.

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So another hope was dashed, as my husband saw that our neighbours were not yet fit for freedom; but his faith in humanity rose again, and in the report to our fellow-workers he said:

1881.—I think I have told you how, some years ago, a vain attempt was made to get possession of the Quaker's Burial-ground as a space for public recreation. By the kindness of some of the Friends, possession was sold to myself and three other trustees, the money was collected for laying out the ground, and the parish authorities have undertaken its future care. This ground was opened last July by the Prince and Princess of Wales.

It is very delightful to see the use now made of the Baker's Row Park, as the people call it. The children crowd the part set apart for them, and the seats are always filled by those to whom the pleasure of a drawing-room, with its possibility of refreshing repose, is unknown. A band on some summer evenings, the help of some playmates who would bring the fives court and playground into use, and a little more regard for the beauty of the beds, would fill the hopes born on the opening day.[1]

The opening here referred to was a very grand one. Bunting, poles, and flags called "decoration" transformed the streets, the local magnates were bursting with importance, ambitious wives fussed for chief seats, and humbler people in back benches stretched and strained to catch glimpses of the royal folk. The dirty excluded crowd pushed and jostled, the children yelled and screamed, and the author of their future pleasures and the cause of the whole function could with difficulty be made to take the part assigned to him, and endeavoured only to push others to the front.

"You should turn the key with a prayer, you and Miss Octavia and I, if it were not that open spaces were necessary in other neighbourhoods and princes are good advertisers of ideas" expressed Mr. Barnett's own wishes.

During the early days of our life in Whitechapel my husband was often ill and still oftener depressed. That his plans for the public good should be misunderstood not

[1] Now called Vallance Road Recreation Ground. The following is taken from the Report of the Borough Council of Stepney, 1913–14, thirty-four years after the playground was opened: "The London County Council has provided an excellent band to play in the Vallance Road Recreation Ground, consisting of twelve instrumentalists in the case of military bands, and twenty-four performers in boys' brass bands."

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only by the degraded ignorant people for whose good they were conceived, but by his brother-clergy and his more educated neighbours, gave him acute, surprised pain. He often received anonymous letters, and, strange as it may seem, kept them. In his humility he probably thought it was good for him to see himself as others saw him. Here are two:

You awful fraud. I wonder you are not struck down dead taking part in the service. The poor *hate* you like the bitterest poison. You are no good at all and not fit to be a clergyman. I hate you. I hope you will drop dead before long. Curse you.

Would it not be better that before finding fault with others, that you begin to look at the wretchedly empty condition of your own Church? The inefficiency of yourself as a Clergyman? The inexperience you so painfully exhibit in dealing with the cases of the poor? A little advice to you is necessary. Give up your present position, let some faithful man of God, a poor curate thoroughly efficient, take it, with the salary you now draw. There are many men who are prepared to do your present work at a pound a week, and do it well. Suppose you try your hand at getting rid of drones from the Church. Why not form an organisation to begin with yourself? It requires something of this sort to bring you to your senses. With much disgust, I remain,

AN ADVOCATE FOR EFFICIENT PARSONS.

In vain he was urged to ignore such communications. He would reply that, in spite of the activity of the parish organisation, the small number of worshippers was an evidence of his personal failure to reach the deepest natures of those entrusted to his care, and he would question his fitness for his work. Sometimes it was difficult to rouse him out of these sad periods of self-distrust, and, while ever courteous, he would be what in his letters he called "cross and bad-tempered." To me he wrote:

I am much better tempered this evening. I have been into the parish and done district books, and seen Mrs. London who wants you to send her a servant. She seems to be a dear woman of vast intellect and deep spiritual insight. I much enjoyed my talk with her; she reminded me of you. She is the wife of our new librarian.

Now be wise and *rest*. Let me see who rests? Those who have a broad basis. That's it. A broad basis, physical, or intellectual, or spiritual, will give you rest. Try and get a broad physical basis by eating well. Dear! dear! you have got enough to do in being mine in good and bad temper.—S. A. B.

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To H. O. B.—If I were not so cross and conceited I should be able to reach men's souls and find out their needs. I have done all you said, even told Ellen to get up my shirts. What else do I ever do but what you say? Whenever you don't say, then I am rudderless. Oh! I shall be glad when you are back at the helm again, and together we pick up the wrecks of my broken work."

"Wrecks of broken work!" One can only tenderly smile now at such words in relation to his labours, but then one did not smile, only craved to get well quickly so as to return and cheer him. Can a human being be too humble? I used to think so. Those who only knew my husband when he had a large following, and his advice and opinion were much sought for, held that his humility was the most beautiful of his virtues, but they had not seen him in his youth, nor known how nearly his work had been wrecked by blows which, received by a less self-depreciating character, would only have been salutary. With the motherliness of a young wife I decided that it would be good for him to have his ambitions fired, not with ecclesiastical ambition—thank God, we neither of us ever descended to that—but with a desire for the power which, following recognition, would give further opportunities of service and influence. With this end in view, I fearlessly invited to our tiny Whitechapel Vicarage all the most intellectual people we met, who, when they had cleared away his hedges of mannerisms, recognised, revered, and followed the real man. His surprise was genuine when his opinion was sought and acted on, and people whose characters and work he esteemed followed his lead.

To induce him to take wise care of himself without arousing his nervousness was a problem, and one that we never solved; absolute disregard of his health alternating with comical fussiness. In 1876 evidently the first was dominant, for his brother wrote:

I wish you many many happy returns of your birthday. You are quite one of the few men to whom it may be said "Self-care is not half so vile a sin as self-neglect," or in other words you will be doing God's service and furthering "others' needs" by taking care of yourself, for you are dear to many. Ever yours affectionately, FRANK.

It was very helpful to have "Mother's" house with its comforts always waiting to receive him, however tired and out of sorts he was, so besides the regulation family visits at Christmas and the fortnight's autumn seaside holiday,

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we often went down to see her, the horses being rested for at least a week before we arrived.

"Never mind my little trots," she would say, "they like the long drives, and the horses must be prepared for them."

The friendship my husband had with his mother was of a deep and encompassing order. He entered into every detail of her many kind plans, discussed with gaiety and good humour her political confusions, and remembered to ask after all the uninteresting relations and old servants. She frequently failed to understand him and occasionally disapproved of his progressive action, but she never contradicted him nor showed displeasure, but just stood aside, waited and trusted. It was from her I think that my husband obtained his vast store of silent patience. Between her and me there existed a true affection, though she did not in the least understand my wish to undertake large or growing responsible work; neither did her sympathy extend to my passionate desire to befriend the wicked, or to change conditions for the handicapped. To her mind charitable assistance was for the respectable, and the poverty of the poor arranged by the Almighty. But these were "only opinions" which affection easily surmounted, and when she had once realised that I was not only my husband's wife, she accepted my individuality with respect, specially enjoying the mimicry and mischief.

In 1875 we took her with her deaf sister, Aunt Jane, and cousin Stanton through the lakes, canals, fiords of fascinating Scotland. How the old ladies delighted in it all, and specially at being encouraged to deeds of daring without the father's carping restraint. Sometimes we used to send them round by the road, and ourselves take mountain paths to the same goal, guided safely by my husband's unerring sense of locality. Can anything equal Scotch autumn colouring, except perhaps Japan's inland sea or the Greek Isles behind the Dardanelles? But one has to go direct from ten months' life in Whitechapel thoroughly to appreciate Nature's colouring.

In 1876 we again went to Switzerland, and as Mrs. Barnett had been persuaded to keep her son's letters when they were written from abroad, that holiday can be described in his own words. She had been sad at our leaving her, for he was very far from well, which accounts for his mention

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of the food, the comforts of the hotels, and the length of the walks he was able to take.

DOVER, *August 2nd*, 1876.—The sea waves are not sad. On the contrary, they are gay and dancing merrily under the bright sun. They are so lovely that we have not cared to start, but sat all the morning on the beach reading Gladstone. To-morrow we hope to cross to Ostend.

ZURICH, *August 8th*, 1876.—We have just had good news from home to complete our happiness. We stayed at Schaffhausen till this morning, learning to know more of the falls. On Friday we went round, about, and under them. It is very terrible to stand amid the rolling, roaring waters. They seemed to come from the blue sky, to go down to unknown depths, and to rise again in great mountains. There, from all their might, gentle wreaths of spray seemed to grow and hang in the air. We spent a long time watching, and I think as we watched we got more into the centre of things; we felt ourselves less and the world more. In the evening the moon rose over all the noise and force, making everything look calm and gentle.

On Saturday morning we started with paint-box, picnic basket, and hammock; we slung the hammock on some trees opposite the falls and prepared to spend the day. We did it most perfectly, drawing, eating, reading, lying in the hammock. You will see your daughter's picture, which is the best she has done. On Sunday we quietly again wandered about the falls, thinking that we were more truly in God's house, and listening to His words, than we should have been in the hotel coffee-room, where a rather rakish-looking parson was holding forth, depending for his support wholly on "the voluntary contributions of the visitors."

UETLIBURG, *August 10th*, 1876.—My tale brought you up to Monday. That afternoon we spent at Zurich; sat on the borders of the lake watching the far-away mountains slowly rise out of the mist, walked in the town making some purchases, and went to the Museum to see the remains of people who lived in the lake 5000 B.C. They had no iron, but only stone implements; hammers, needles, etc., were made of stone. It is difficult to learn much about them as they left no history.

On Tuesday we took the steamer to travel up the lake. It is not one of the grandest of lakes, but has sloping sunny banks, covered with vines and dotted with houses running down to the water's edge. The scenery suggests a peace which has been won without effort or struggle and invites repose. We landed at the south end, and turned in to an inn for dinner. We had soup, fish, roast beef and potatoes, mutton cutlets with

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vegetables, chicken and salad, a glorious egg pudding, ice cream and apricots, greengages, etc., all for 2*s.* 6*d.* each. Rather different, this, from the dinner we had with you in Rothesay off an old joint, wasn't it? After dinner Y—— sketched, and I went to sleep.

The voyage home was very grand, the evening lights gave new colours to the whole scene. Great mountains stood out dark above the hills, the hills sparkled with gold, and the lake was still as a sheet of silver. There was now more of "rest" in the view, more of that peace which follows a day or a life well spent.

This morning we got up at six, had breakfast, and walked (2½ hours) up here. The walk was all the way beneath trees, but when we got to the top a grand panorama was spread out before us. We found a large and good hotel, so propose stopping all night. We are going to walk on to Lucerne, where on Monday we shall meet Alice and get letters from you.

I hope I shall get fat; I am vigorously drinking milk for that purpose. We have not yet had any rain, and the weather is perfect. With dearest love, S. A. B.

At Lucerne we were joined by my sister and Mr. Ernest Hart, Mr. B. F. C. Costelloe, and three Balliol undergraduates. So the memories of that holiday are intermingled with much good talk.

Mr. Hart was a Jew, a reverent agnostic, pursuing truth with a ruthless disregard of consequences, a man with a great love of beauty, a keen appreciation of art, and an unashamed enjoyment of luxury. He was exceptionally public-spirited and spent himself and his large means in obtaining many reforms, mainly affecting public health. He liked argumentative fighting, and enjoyed nothing better than to riddle loosely-held theories by the guns of well-planted scientific facts. His heart was large and tender, and in it he included not only the weak and sickly of the human family, but many members of the animal world with whom he was on terms of mutual understanding. To me my brother-in-law gave deep and affectionate friendship, and much of my public work could not have been done without his faith in me, which both stimulated and curbed my capacities. To Mr. Barnett he rendered an unwilling admiration, not unmixed with scorn of his non-scientific religion, and his want of worldly ambition. My over-sensitive husband was often pained by Mr. Hart; and it was evidence of beautiful traits in them both, that, for twenty-five years, they each subdued their natural incompatibility, in order that no stumbling-block

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should be placed in the way of the dominating devotion that has ever existed between my sister and me.

To describe her is perplexing. She is very clever, generous-minded enough to forgive injuries, humble enough to forget them, full of the passion of pity and self-forgetful enthusiasm, with a child-like confidence in everyone which none of the disappointments she has suffered ever quenches. She narrates brilliantly but dislikes discussion, the bent of her mind being assertively scientific, and her interests those of chemistry applied to industrial enterprises. She reads voraciously, sketches dramatically, has a sunny temper, and is a trained doctor and an observant nurse.

Mr. B. F. C. Costelloe was a Roman Catholic, an open exhibitioner of Balliol and a double first of Oxford, holding also a Glasgow degree. He had a soul that worshipped, a mind that grasped at all things, an ambition that vaulted above himself, and manners that were very trying. His talk was by turns provocative, persuasive, poetical, practical, and preposterous. Sometimes, like Mr. Anthony Hope's Quisante, he had "moments" when one perforce believed that he was a veritable leader of men—and then, he would trip over a stone of moral feeling or ethical taste and leave one in dismay.

"I reverence that man," I once heard Mr. Barnett say, during a period of his later life when he was in much sorrow and woefully misunderstood; but during that Swiss holiday, he was free of care, strong, very interesting, and a tireless traveller.

With such a party, not to mention the three Balliol undergraduates, two of whom were planning, when they had taken their degrees, to come and live near us in Whitechapel, the talk was full of variety and excitement. Of this Mr. Barnett says nothing to his mother, as it would not have interested her, but he greatly enjoyed it, and though he never declaimed like Mr. Costelloe, nor lectured like Mr. Hart, he yet held his own, often by short incisive questions or epigrammatical sentences. In holidays also his natural gaiety had opportunity, and though, when other people were there, he never played quite so freely as when we were alone, the absence of the weight of work brought freedom for enjoying good stories, ridiculous jokes, or for creating amusing incidents.

ANDERMATT, *August 19th*, 1876.—We were called this morning at 4.30 and started on our walk to Andermatt, as far as we have gone a most grand walk on a road cut in a gorge at the

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bottom of which a river rushes, and on each side of which the pines grow. As the road twists new beauties meet one, sometimes it is a lot of mountain peaks, sometimes a deep overhung whirlpool. It is inspiring to look through the trees down to the foaming, rushing stream; like looking through the covering of the world into that ever onward moving law which moves on to a divine event.

The after-part of our walk was very grand; the rocks, bare and rugged, threaten all passers-by and seem to make the stream mad with rage as they trouble its course. Once I used to like such scenery best, its defiance stirred an antagonism in me, and I had some of the joy of a warrior before the battle; somehow now it rather repels me and I like better the scenery which speaks of rest and progress.

The great want one feels in travelling is the power to make nature alive. The old pagans found in every rock a God, in every stream a nymph, and in every tree a faun. To them nature was alive and spoke of love, might, or gaiety. The old Catholics, too, put their saints amid the trees and rocks, and they too could look to find everywhere a sympathising gaze. We, on the other hand, see only peaks so many thousand feet high, trees which are good for fuel or furniture, streams alive with fish. If we could rather find everywhere God's message, if we could read His meaning, unravel the language which tells of Him and His character, we should travel more happily and with more advantage. I am sure that there is in every view a distinct message. Would that we could read it!

SIERRE, *August* 1876.—We are here on our way to Leuk over the Lake of Geneva to Interlaken. We had a fine time at Chamonix. My wife accomplished her long ice-walk so well that I had some trouble to prevent her going up Mont Blanc. On the ice-excursion they were thirteen hours away, but returned quite fresh. She will tell you about the ice-slopes and snow two feet thick through which she walked, and she will describe a little flower-garden in the midst of all, whereon flowers grew, and from which all the needles of Mont Blanc could be seen.

The next day we all took a quiet walk up a mountain on the other side of the valley and watched the sun set and the moon rise over the great Alpine Range. It is very beautiful to watch the strong, immoveable mountains, refreshing, too, is the very idea of force taking all kinds of tender lights and shades. The sight moves one as when a strong man weeps, or a great man humbles himself.

VEVAY, *August* 1876.—We had to change our route; on the Furka it became cold, the glass went down, and snow threatened. We hired a carriage and commenced our descent. Down we

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went through the clouds till in about three hours we came out beneath. We ran then strangely against two more Oxford friends, who have brought our party up to seven. All Thursday we drove down the Rhone Valley, which in its upper portions is very beautiful. The river rushes and tumbles below in very deep gorges and the road winds along pine-clad mountains. In front of us rose a great snow-cliff which caught the sun and finished the beauty of the scene. In the afternoon we were under the clouds and came in for pouring rain. We drove on through this to Brieg, where we slept.

Next morning at six we started again, and under a grey sky drove on to Sierre. The drive was not interesting, the people here are slow, and they have not walled in the river. It constantly rises! and flows over miles of land. The road lies through a desert and a swamp—great stones lie in heaps and the bulrushes moan a constant lament. A few patches of cultivated land, some tumble-down cottages, are all that is to be seen. The mountains on each side seem ready to hurl down stones and water, angry that men have been so careless of the good they have offered.

Could we see our cities, I expect we should have the same thought. Fancy what treasures of air, water, and beauty God has given Bristolians, and they have made fever-dens, swamps, and hideousness. As His mountains on the Rhone Valley pour terrors of stone and water, so He must on our cities pour fevers and poverty.

From Sierre we took train here, a most lovely spot with dreamy distant mountains and a lake which drowsily moves at out feet.

Yesterday we spent quietly resting, listening according to our powers to the silent voices of the mountains. To-day they are all gone for a long excursion which I had previously been, and for which I did not care to tire myself.

This moderate statement that he did "not care to tire himself" covers the fact of several severe attacks of cerebral sickness with exhaustion and indigestion, and to his anxious mother he minimised his illnesses; but it was with a sense of relief that we found ourselves back at home, though home was a tiny house amid the dominating smells and noises of Whitechapel.

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CHAPTER XIV

"As yet the rich don't recognise that the poor are their equals in human powers of enjoyment."

APOLOGIES and explanations for entertaining our neighbours are often given in the earlier of St. Jude's Reports, and we certainly spent a great deal of time, thought, and money on creating pleasure. With much scorn critics spoke of our "new-fangled notions," and regretted that it was Mr. Barnett's method "to save starving souls by pictures, parties, and pianos." In the first Report he explained the expenditure on entertainment in the following words:

1874.—I would justify it on two grounds: first, that such an expenditure naturally belongs to our whole system of dealing with the poor, and secondly, that the religion of amusement has been greatly lost sight of. If we refuse a coal ticket because we wish to treat the people with respect, it is only right that we should invite them to meet as friends.

The surprise of the people at being treated as "friends" was very painful, and was an evidence of how much the idea of social communion needed teaching. Living in the Vicarage had not made it less small, dark, or inconvenient, but we had gathered within it beautiful and inherited things and it was home. So to the Vicarage, tiny as it was, our parish friends were invited. One who began her working life in St. Jude's shall give her remembrance of the drawing-room as she saw it with her young eyes:

In the Vicarage, beautiful flowers and sprays of leaves always filled the rooms with the story of fields and gardens and big skies, *and* the curtains! My soul positively adored a pair of primrose silk curtains that hung at the windows of the drawing-room against opal-coloured walls, and many is the time I have furtively gloated over them whilst the dear Vicar has been taking Monday prayers! . . . I did love that drawing-room. Well! I wonder if Mrs. Barnett has ever quite realised how much propaganda work was done for *education* by sharing her beautiful things with us.

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Whatever was the result, the pleasure of welcoming the parish people in our own home never palled; the small annoyances, of greasy heads leaning against Morris papers and dirty damp garments ruining furniture covers, were soon surmounted by placing chairs and backless sofas well away from the wall, and substituting washable Liberty cottons for silk damasks. At every party care was taken to invite guests of different classes, and so horizons were widened, sympathies deepened, and sources of common interest discovered. The principle of equality as fellow-guests was studiously kept in mind; and it was to avoid the awkwardness of one class acting as parlourmaids to another, as well as the practice of secreting food to be enjoyed at home, that caused us to abolish sitting-down meals, and to substitute simpler refreshment served from a buffet table and taken standing. To make a successful party, entertainment should be scanty. Too often are the poor invited for an evening's pleasure, and then set down in rows to be entertained by songs or parlour tricks, which chiefly entertain those who perform. People must talk together, if they are to break down the class barriers built by mutual ignorance, and if they are to discover that human tastes, interests, and aspirations survive all accidents of environment. So time and opportunities for talk had to be made at all the parties.

1879.—While the amusements provided for the poor are so often dull, so often vain and shallow, so little appealing to thought or imagination, it is hopeless to expect the manners, the self-restraint, or even the spiritual appreciation which is the object of philanthropists and missionaries to teach. . . Much may be done by individuals. There is nothing which people find so interesting as their fellow-creatures. It is in company that most among us find our amusement and enlarge our minds. From company, from social intercourse, the mass of the people is cut off. Parties are impossible either in their own small rooms or in the public halls.

It was found a good plan to invite special groups, so as to enable those who attended the same class or reading party to get to know one another.

Of one such occasion an "old girl" wrote:

What girl, I wonder, has forgotten the party Mrs. Barnett gave to her Bible-class on her return from Egypt? when we were, as a class, introduced to Mrs. Barnett, the Vicar's mother. She was present for a short while, and I dimly recall her kind face so like her son's. I don't think either he or Mrs. Barnett came near her or passed her chair without some

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little sign of endearment. We gasped with pleasure when the Vicar came in, draped and turbanned in Oriental fashion and bearing on his head a tray of gifts for all. . . Then followed some time afterwards a visit of the class with our Mrs. Barnett to the Crystal Palace, expressly to go through the Egyptian Courts, and oh dear! what a lot I have forgotten about Rameses the Great, and Queen Hatshepshut.

The congregational parties took place every month, when all who worked in the parish were also invited.

To the West-end workers the Vicar wrote:

1877.—I fear that some of you have not thought it worth your time to come to our parties in the schools. I think you make a mistake. The conversation with another guest may seem to be dull work by the side of what can be done for vice and misery, but it is nevertheless the kind of work which prevents evil. The sense of fellowship, the power of quiet enjoyment, the realisation of higher modes of life, depend on simple intercourse.

In one of his letters to his brother he said:

February 25th, 1888.—On Wednesday we had a congregational party. I was a bit tired, so my wife used her authority—shut me up with a book and went herself to do the work. Some of the men performed musical *Box and Cox*. It is, I believe, good with Sullivan's music, and Y—— will mimic for you Cox's dying song when he was left with his woes, his linen for his nose, and his linen for his toes on Margate Cliff. A performance of this sort made a change, but I don't think it pays; it does not tend to make people know one another or help one another. For such entertainment people can pay, and in one sense the gift of it pauperises.

The following description of these schoolroom parties has been sent to me:

The Vicar and his wife invited the members of the congregation once a month to a conversazione in the schoolroom for friendly pleasure and rest from work. We had music and talk. Woe betide anyone who did not get friendly or held aloof! The whole thing was run on unique parochial lines. There were light refreshments, just tea, coffee, bread and butter and cake, and no charge was made. We came freely by invitation, and thus at one stroke the charity taint was removed. Oh! what a contrast to the usual yearly scrambles called "parish teas," at which each person paid ninepence and saw to it that they grabbed ninepence-worth! . . .

At our parties there were large portfolios, and Mrs. Barnett explained the pictures and introduced us to Botticelli and Watts, and after one of their continental holidays interesting foreign things were brought in, and that encouraged talk. We met people, too, we had heard of. I remember Lord Ripon, and Lord and Lady Monteagle, Mr. and Mrs. Holman-Hunt, Mr. Leonard Courtney and Miss Hill, Mr. Walter Crane and Mr. Herbert

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Spencer; and Mr. Ernest Hart, who showed us wonderful Japanese treasures; and people who have become great since, like Lord Milner and Lord Pentland, Sir Robert Morant and Mr. Arnold Toynbee, and the Archbishop; but of course one did not notice them so much as they were not great then. . . I can still hear the dear Vicar saying at about 9.45:

"We are going to dance 'Sir Roger de Coverley,' and Mrs. Bullwinkle and I will lead off the young people."

Miss Townsend would be impressed at the piano and we danced till her arms dropped. Then "Auld lang syne" and so home, feeling that we had all had a delightful time of friendship and goodwill.

The summer congregational parties were great events. At the March schoolroom party all the guests became a committee and decided what should be done. The expenses were met in accordance with the principle of the early Christian Church. Everybody knew exactly the cost and paid what they thought well, and during the twenty-two years that this system prevailed, I do not think the treasurer ever had to meet a deficit. We always went for a whole long day and often far afield: to Oxford and Cambridge, where we were entertained by the Master of Balliol, the Provost of Queen's, the Warden of Wadham, the Dean of Christ Church, Sir John Gorst; to Eton as the guests of the Provost and Canon Cornish; to Canterbury, to be welcomed by Canon Holland; to St. Albans, to Dover, to Cookham, to Hampton Court; to Lord Dunsany's beautiful house, where he welcomed us with an unequalled, old-world charm; and again and again to Roffey Park where Mr. and Mrs. Innes made golden memories framed by subtle kindnesses.

On crossing the Atlantic in returning from our journey round the world—1890-1—Mr. Barnett, according to his wont, was not able to eat with the other people in the saloon for the first day or two. At our table sat two American lads and their mother, but their standing in life appearances did not indicate. One day, when I was idly leaning against the deck-rail, the lady approached me and asked:

"Where do you live?"

"In Whitechapel," I replied.

"Oh! the place where Jack the Ripper carried on. I thought as much."

"Why?" was all I could stammer out in my surprise.

"Because," she said, "of your husband's beautiful countenance. Before he came to table I always mealed short, but since he joined us I've mealed long, because of the pleasure of looking at him."

This tale I told with mimicry of her accent at the large

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congregational party which assembled to welcome us, and though the Vicar pretended to be shocked at my levity, he enjoyed it with his usual appreciation of ways of bringing people together, even by common laughter against himself and his dignity.

My husband counted it a religious duty to give parties.

1885.—I wish I could show how religion underlies the duty of entertaining those unable to entertain again. Our Lord did not think it beneath Him to make it a special command that His followers should entertain the poor. If we reflect how it is the intercourse which comes of meeting which reveals man to man, and how it is through the revelation of his brother that a man knows God, we shall see that we may be preachers when we invite the rich and the poor to know each other. At any rate, it is not God's will that so many should be sad, maimed in mind, dwarfed in hope, and it is the will of God that they who have the power of breaking the bands of such sadness should use their power. . .

It is a religious service to visit and also to entertain the poor. Indeed the practice of doing so seems to me the only justification for possessing houses, grounds, and pictures. When I preach this duty it is often misunderstood, as if all I wanted was increase of pleasure for the people. This is not so; the duty of entertaining is preached because through intercourse comes friendship, through friendship comes love of men, and through love of men comes love of God. Entertainment to have this end must not be wholesale, managed by a contractor at so much a head, but the result of thoughtful invitation followed by personal welcome and individual care.

Comparatively easy as it was to entertain the parish or church organisations, the members of which had voluntarily joined because they had a common aim and hope, it was quite a different matter to entertain the tenants, whose only link was that of living in the same court and having their rents collected by the same lady. But for them the elevating influence of parties was also provided, and disagreeable and exhausting as they often were, I can, on looking back over the years, pronounce that the "pains taken" were well worth while. The goodwill generated lived long, and in some cases the birth of self-respect could be dated from respect offered and accepted.

"Why, she said she was glad to see me," said an old reprobate with surprised pleasure. "Good Lord, I didn't know anyone was."

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At first the people behaved badly. They pushed and scrambled, pocketed the viands, picked the flowers, stole the fruit, made unseemly noises, and rudely frolicked. They also brought people who were not invited, told glib lies as they invented impromptu relations and unexpected lodgers, and smuggled their children in. When the journey had to be made by vans, watering the horses became excuses for drinking. Indeed the first seed of the staunch friendship between Canon Barnett and Lord Monteagle was sown in a public-house, where they met in their efforts to induce some of Miss Octavia Hill's tenants to leave their gin and proceed to her party. But the firm refusal to admit any except those invited, the substitution of trains for vans, the personal reception by the hosts, the being treated with dignified courtesy, slowly changed the attitude of the guests.

It was not only our neighbours who gave anxiety. It was sometimes the friends whom the hosts had invited to help entertain the Whitechapel party. To these unthinking people, the way to amuse the poor was to sing songs about them, such as "Betsy Waring"; to mimic their accents and ridicule their ways; to pretend to be vulgar in the belief that it was sympathetic; to press food with ribald references to scarcity; to act rudely and think it funny; to show in a hundred ways that they either did not believe or preferred to forget the brotherhood of mankind. Gently, almost too gently considering how indignant such conduct made us at the time, my husband referred to these difficulties:

1882.—As a rule, the poor are not entertained as other guests are. Their bodies are fed, and perhaps they are made to laugh, but all that higher nature which longs for communion is uncared for.

The ideas of hospitality of those who received us and our neighbours were very varied. At one party, given by Mrs. Ashley Dodd when she was living at beautiful Surrenden Dering, I privately remonstrated with the butler at the display of quite so much portable plate, and was told that his orders were that the table should be laid as usual for ball suppers. At another huge house, whose owners loom large in the charitable world, we were relegated to the stable-yard, and the tea, already milked and sweetened regardless of individual tastes, was served in garden watering-pots. One lady with the feeling of a true hostess brought the

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Whitechapel guests as she would any others into a bedroom to take their outdoor things off.

"Look, mother," said a girl of fifteen with delight, "here's a bed with a room all to itself."

In 1881 *The Cornhill Magazine* took an article from me called "At Home to the Poor," and from its readers many invitations came, as well as an acquaintance which resulted in one of our most valued friendships. The article was read by Miss Marion Grant—then living with her brother, Mr. Corrie Grant, before her marriage to Mr. Arthur Leon—who wrote to offer to entertain a few children.

"Will you have them tame or wild?" replied the Rev. C. M. Marson in our absence.

"I will have them wild," she replied, and that the wildness of "wild" Whitechapel children should be so easily tamed by courtesy has been writ large in her memory.

The usual standard then prevailing of entertaining the poor is given in a reminiscence by Mrs. Leon:

> Before we gave our first Christmas party—1883—to some old people and children, we consulted the Rev. G. Reaney as to the best method for such parties. He told us that it would be wise to give each person the portion of food they were meant to have "in a separate paper bag in order to avoid tumult and strife."
>
> Needless to say we did not do this. Following advice given in an article by you "to give to the poor of your *best*," we made the tables beautiful with white linen and flowers. The old people behaved like true gentle people, and I think only one child put out a grimy hand and took a cake before tea was quite ready.

So courtesy controlled "tumult and strife."

The Cornhill article was reprinted, and, when sent to those who vaguely wished to be kind, served both to give suggestions and set a standard. Five years later my husband reported:

> 1886.—The habit of entertaining the poor is, I believe, growing. Rich people less easily deliver their consciences by employing a contractor to serve a meal in a coach-house, or by loading their guests with cake in a schoolroom. They are realising that if they would follow their Master they must treat the poor as their friends and entertain them with their best. . . . The entertainments which have been given during this year are more than can be mentioned, even if mention were desirable. In all cases the hopes of the hosts have been, not only to give pleasure, but linking lives together to link all to higher issues.

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Yes! such were the noble hopes of the hosts, but not wholly from some minds can the sin of patronage be cast out. One lady, who had bought houses in our parish, and who had given the money for the fares for her tenants, wrote to the Vicar to complain that "they had not been told of her kindness," "as the people should know that there are persons of Lord —— and my position who do care for them." Perhaps he was wrong in not collectively presenting the lady and announcing her generosity, but Mr. Barnett had a keen scent for the spirit of patronage, or what he called "irreverence to humanity."

In order to accentuate the courtesy on which so high a value was placed, all our guests were invited with a printed invitation. Below is a facsimile of one sent to a dock labourer and his wife, and by them treasured and lent to me.

St. Jude's Vicarage, Whitechapel, E.

The Rev. and Mrs. S. A. Barnett

At Home

on Friday, 29th June,

At Eight o'clock.

To entertain their friends and

fellow-workers.

They hope for ye pleasure wch is given by

ye company of

Mr. and Mrs. Page.

R.S.V.P.

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R.S.V.P. was a source of wonder. "Reserved seats, very pleased" was one of the suggested interpretations, but it was soon explained, and was yet another tiny effort to ignore class differences.

It may not seem a great matter, but among the cures for poverty I may put greater courtesy; a wider recognition of the equality of human nature; a more set determination to regard all men as brothers. . . Many a man is, I believe, hindered when he meets with treatment which marks him out as an inferior. He is discouraged by discourtesy, or tempted to cringe by assumption of inferiority.

At Christmas time we usually invited to the Vicarage all the staff, voluntary or salaried, and then made merry with the freedom which the intimacy of much co-operative work allowed.

On one occasion we received the following note:

It is hoped that Mr. and Mrs. Barnett will be at home at eight o'clock on Christmas Eve. They are requested to ask no questions, as prevarication is painful and difficult.

It was of this party held in our big drawing-room that Miss Townsend has written:

One Christmas Eve some of us got up a surprise party to Mr. and Mrs. Barnett, and impersonated contemporary celebrities. . . How the Vicar enjoyed it! How he chuckled when the curate of St. Jude's, Mr. Boyle, fully equipped as Stanley the Explorer, advanced up the long drawing-room with one hand extended and his sun helmet in the other saying, "Mr. Barnett, I presume." Then came the Girl of the Period with a cap and gown, and books under her arm. "Going to a lecture, sir, she said," when Father Christmas asked her "Where are you going to, my pretty maid?" The lecture proved to be on "The Extinction of Man." (We were inclined to be militant even in those days!)

My brother and I were Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, and the Vicar's eyes twinkled with fun at my inquiry after "the poor dear dockers"—who had recently had their great strike—and my request that Mr. Gladstone should not be allowed to sit in a draught nor pressed to make a speech. The moment of the evening came when our handsome grey-haired Churchwarden as the Old Year led forward his three-year-old son as the New Year, to present host and hostess with flowers and messages of love and hope, all inadequate to express what we felt.

As people who came to work with us realised that beneath Mr. Barnett's stern principles respecting relief was the desire to create self-respect, they invited those whose acquaintance they had made in Whitechapel to Saturday afternoon or evening parties at their own homes. Sometimes we went to see beautiful or interesting things before the parties, for

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Rev. B. Cass. Mr. Woolsey. Mr. Grace. Mr. Peppin. Mr. R. W. Kittle. Mr. Polyblank. Rev. B. R. Hawker
Mr. Buckley. Miss Paterson. Rev. G. H. Aitken. Miss Mansell.

Miss Davies. Miss Jenkins. Mrs. Barnett. Rev. S. A. Barnett. Mrs. Aitken. Mrs. Grace. Mrs. Ryder.
Miss Douglas Townsend. Miss Bowers.

A GROUP OF ST. JUDE'S PARISH WORKERS, 1892.

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pennies for fares were precious and had to cover more than one joy. I rarely now go into the National Gallery, the Abbey, St. Paul's, South Kensington Museum, "all the Exhibitions which are free," without carrying the memory of groups of Whitechapel inhabitants, ill-dressed unbathed groups, whom it was a laborious privilege to introduce to beauty, or to recommend the rare and unexpected pleasure of observation.

Public exhibitions were, however, not always needed, for among our hosts were those whose possessions afforded abundant interest, and evenings with Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Hart, Lady Battersea, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Barrington, Lord and Lady Brassey, Sir E. and Lady Durning Lawrence, Sir Frederick Leighton, and Mr. Watts's Gallery, are among treasured memories to many people who have climbed out of the degradation of Whitechapel into purer environment. Mr. Barnett wrote:

1888.—Some of the happiest evenings I have spent are those on which, with a party of Whitechapel neighbours, we have been entertained as guests by our friends in the West End. The presence of hearty friendship, the unconscious and refining restraint of drawing-room surroundings, were all evident. From the faces of those present it was possible to learn that entertaining is a sure way of letting loose the Divine in man, a sure way of helping him to save his soul. . . Those who break bread together with the poor, still find that One is present who turns the meal into a Holy Communion.

When we began parties no speeches were made, partly because it was advisable that the East London guests should be treated exactly like others, and partly because at most parochial "treats"—odious word—it was customary for the parson to "say a few words," which were too often a painful mixture of patronage and preaching. Precedents have sometimes to be broken violently, but as the neighbours learnt to believe in the family freedom with which they were welcomed, it seemed better to express the thoughts of guests and hosts. Then either my husband or I made little speeches. What he said on these occasions always sounded exactly right. Short, genial, delivered in a conversational manner and with a humility that kept his own personality in the background, he yet always conveyed a definite thought, and brought grist to every mental mill. Sometimes he spoke the ideas which have been given in this

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chapter; on other occasions he would lead us towards faith in an earthly future of class peace based on mutual understanding, or tell of the joy of extending friendships or the memories which are "the bliss of solitude." In all these talks he somehow made us feel that we had joined together in a human sacrament, and this without a hackneyed religious word or a "goody-goody" sentence.

"Tell me a joke for to-night's speech," he would often say, but prepared jokes are seldom successful, and his were no exception.

"They did not laugh at my joke," he would ruefully remark, and took no comfort from being reminded that he had told it too hurriedly and not made the point clear.

Have I written too long a chapter on entertainment? I hope not. It occupied a carefully thought-out place in the plans for raising our joyless and often degraded neighbours.

A reference to the parish accounts shows that no fewer than 401 excursions and separate parties were paid for during the years that my husband was Vicar of St. Jude's. Besides these there were the many gatherings that took place in the Vicarage, or in our country cottage, as well as the entertainments given by public-spirited landlords who had bought or built property in our parish, and who welcomed the tenants in their own houses.

In every organisation friction arises, but people who know other parishes said that there was curiously little of it in St. Jude's, a result largely attributable to the frequent social meetings of fellow-worshippers and neighbours. In 1893 there was misunderstanding resulting in aloofness between fellow-officers.

"They want shaking," we said to each other; "let us shake them up together with a Love Feast."

So we decided to commemorate our wooden wedding by a congregational party. Wooden gifts were bought, and for hours I recall keeping my patient husband writing his autograph on paper-knives, napkin-rings, pipes, stools, table-mats, book-marks, picture-frames—in short, anything that was wooden and purchasable. The event was chronicled in the February St. Jude's Magazine:

1893.—The congregational party on January 28th was made the occasion of a celebration, from the very nature of it, unique in the annals of St. Jude's. The guests of the evening were invited to commemorate the 20th anniversary of the wedding of the Vicar and Mrs. Barnett. . .

The idea of gathering together their fellow-worshippers, to whose service they dedicated their lives twenty long years ago, was a happy one, and

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those who stood by and saw the heartfelt cordiality of each greeting that passed between the Vicar and Mrs. Barnett and the friends, old and young, who pressed round them, could not but feel that whatever changes and chances the twenty years had brought, time had but knit closer the bonds of love and confidence.

Gay voices and laughter were in full swing, when the Vicar drew the attention of the guests to an erection in the centre of the room, looking like a large plunge-bath, decorated with Liberty muslin. Towards this each guest was led blindfolded, and bidden to plunge, not his body but only his hand, which emerged clasping a wooden present, folded in pink paper. Everyone wondered how it came to pass that so blind a proceeding should result in his getting the very thing he wanted, but as Mrs. Barnett was standing close by when the dips were made, perhaps she will kindly explain this in our next issue. When the 186 "dips" had been dipped, an original and appropriate poem was addressed to the "old wedded couple" by its author, after which the Vicar made one of the little speeches we have learned to value so much, taking friendship as his text, and making us feel that friendship has duties as well as joys. Then attention was centred on the two enormous wedding cakes, which speedily disappeared, as good cakes are bound to do, and the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" ended a very happy evening.

It is but a few months ago that I had one of these wooden gifts returned from South Africa wrapped up with scrupulous care, with the request that I would again write my name on it as the signature was fading. The Sam'l A. Barnett was also blurred, and in his absence that could not be touched, but I am still here, and so to please our faithful friend I transcribed the name I had written twenty-four years ago under gladder conditions.

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LETTERS, 1883 TO 1885

These letters have been selected from an enormous correspondence. In some cases I have united passages from more than one letter, in others only portions are printed, but the date sequence has been carefully preserved. In every instance they have been chosen to show some trait in my husband's character.

STATION HOTEL, YORK, *April 12th*, 1883.

MY DEAR WIFE,

We have had a pleasant morning. After breakfast we went to service in the Minster and sat in the nave. The place suited me. I could not hear the words, only the sound of prayer and praise. There was all that wondrous combination which goes to make up beauty; my thoughts went swaying up and down and you were with me. What a relation between man and God does such a place declare! I tried to feel how the builders, how the worshippers had got nearer their ideal as they had worked or stood on this ground. Then the windows caught me and they seemed like long hands with tapering fingers pointing up to Heaven. . .

When the service ended and the charm was broken by a verger walking about as if the place were made for him, I felt it had been good to be there and that it would be well to spend many such an hour in quiet amid such influences. Then we walked round and looked with our intelligence. The voice of the building is "look up for light." Every arch, every window, carries our gaze upwards, and up above there is light like imprisoned rainbows. Even my colour-blind eyes were charmed by the harmony in some of the glass of the fourteenth century. At last we stood under the East window 75 feet high.

"That," said the verger, "was done by a man named Thornton who worked for 4*s*. a week for four years."

It seemed as if there were no mullions but only suspended colour—then as we looked the design became clearer. Below were the individuals—men and women in labour or joy—above they were gathered into groups, forming choirs and assemblies;

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then it seemed as if all were gone and only symbols, birds, fishes, etc., were left till in the heights were seen again the individuals, now in glory as saints and angels. In the window, harmonised with perfect colour and order, was the progress from earth to Heaven. . .

I think I should like to marry a Cathedral ! ! Don't be startled. I mean I should like to be one with its life and understand its strength and gentleness. That is what Victor Hugo shows in Quasimodo, but Quasimodo does not get the soul of his wife Notre Dame. I can conceive a man who should represent a cathedral through himself, as he represents his wife, but the man would not be a Quasimodo.

After two hours thus spent we dawdled through the town, a dear old town with shops in which it was natural to look for curiosities, a sleepy town where it was fit to dawdle, a picturesque town where one was stirred to ask what we get by modern progress, what is the object of this ever striving and climbing. Our two nonconformist friends are beautiful. I threaten them with an awful future: Bartholomew is to be verger in some Cathedral, and Bolton[1] a lecturer for the Established Church. Both are to be socialists.

There is no room on this page for what is most of all, and for which the world is not large enough, the love of your Old Man.

S. A. B.

QUEEN'S HOTEL, SUNDERLAND, *April 13th*, 1883.

To H. O. B.

A—— met us at the station. His are The Works of the town—he came to dine and then took us to see the said Works. The streets recalled the description in *North and South*. The works soon broke on our view, a very temple erected for the worship of fire. With the memory of the Minster on me, so it seemed; the heavy rolls of smoke made a grand outline pierced by the lines of pillar chimneys, and at the base were flames which ever and anon rose above outline and chimneys. It was a temple to fire, the creator, and we entered to see it at its work of creation. It took the masses of iron and held them till the iron became liquid and fiercely boiled. It held the boiling liquid till, writhing in despair, it formed great crystals, keeping in the new form the marks of agony. It took the masses, shaped them on rollers, drew them along lines, and if every now and then the iron spat and shot angrily, the end was the same, it was laid quiet and cool ready for work in ship or tool. A different worship from that of the Minster, suggesting a different relation to a different side of life. The life of "progressive" England with

[1] Now Sir Frederic Bolton.

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its ships, its railways, is what rose to my mind as being the "other side" of the worship; and then I thought of its relation to the men, the priests, and it seemed to me that they were not happy. They get higher wages, some of them £2 a day, but the men looked not like Fra Pace, but stern and weary. I could imagine that their only relaxation would be in the riot of a public-house or of the Salvation Army. . .

I have been trying to get Bolton to write a modern "Divine Comedy." Iron should be the subject-matter, and he should describe how he had visited its Purgatory. Iron which has done harm, he would say, he had seen in its various stages. Upstart iron, the iron of this iron age to be boiled, as tea is boiled, would be a worthy purgatory. Iron, wilful iron, the conqueror of genius, treated with a pair of tongs, as boys treat a ball with a bat, drawn here and there and caught in its career and thrown back, cast along the ground and thrown in the air, would be another scene worthy of a Bolton or a Dante.

QUEEN'S HOTEL, SUNDERLAND, *April 14th*, 1883.

To H. O. B.

The memory of yesterday's walk and visits is one of inexpressible sadness. I never realised that mother earth could look so wretched. Under a deep grey sky, in which there was no light, we walked over mounds of dirt in which the fowls pecked but on which no grass would grow. The streams were fœtid and slimy, the paths were unkept, and lying about were brick stones, broken implements, and garbage. Many of the houses were in ruins and some disused chimneys were left to fall. It was not the ugliness of poverty but of wealth; everyone was too well off to care for a bit of grass, too busy to tidy up, too anxious to move to new quarters to care for the old. We went through the plate-rolling works; it was magnificent to see the power of the men who tossed about the burning plates; but with the thought of the country around, I surprised Bolton by an outbreak against civilisation.

"What is the good of progress if it makes the condition of life so bare for the many that a few may have luxuries?" "What change has been brought about but a great increase of population?"

That however is only an outburst. Progress has done more, it has brought man nearer man and raised the character of his ideal; the wrong is that the selfish instinct has been trusted too far, trusted to preserve as well as to make comfort. Society could enforce the consumption of smoke, the laying-out of towns

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and the rescue of open spaces. There might still be this magnificent development of natural and mental resources without this desolation.

I was encouraged by a chat with some workmen. The skilled men get £4 or £5 a week, the labourers from 30*s.* to 40*s.* One man had been to Wiltshire. "I could wipe the grass with my handkerchief and it would not soil; men, though, live on 8*s.* a week and eat fowl's food. Give me the Tyneside, where if you wash often enough you are healthy. My children look out on seventy-six chimneys and they are a fine lot." My heart went out to the men; one knew of Toynbee and spoke of the need of places of recreation. They were independent, but not a bit rough.

It just strikes me that this is quite book kind of writing; well, dear one, who is there but you to whom I can write my crude thoughts? and I like fancying you following me, though I wish you could criticise at once and bring me up sharp, as you often do, with a look or a question. . .

Last night we dined out and met A——. He is a man of some originality, she is a tiresome fool, a woman who would just drive me mad. Mrs. B—— I rather liked, though I imagine she does nothing but think of her health.

C—— has a blind Institution and wanted a motto. I said you were strong at them, but I suggested "Believing is seeing."

Now good-bye. God make me one with you and ever yours.

S. A. B.

St. Jude's Vicarage, Whitechapel, *June 6th*, 1883.

To H. O. B.

Mrs. Winkworth's party was lovely. I longed that you should see it. Our address book had taken life, clothed its members in soft and fluttering colours and put them on a stage amid trees and sky. The carriages extended half a mile and as I said the people looked lovely. Many and many rushed at me and I told them of you and how you had taken in hand the duty of getting well and were doing it thoroughly. Some seemed glad to see me and came as if they expected words of wisdom to drop as they came and went. It was pitiful to be able only to say "how nice." . . .

This morning I went to breakfast with Bryce to meet some Americans interested in dwellings. It was pleasant. But why write all this! When you get it you will be expecting me, and as I write I am thinking of you—d—— d—— d—— work. Don't let us think or talk of it. I am glad laziness is about you. I shall enter it and take to it as my own; love and love for ever.

S. A. B.

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WHITECHAPEL, *June 27th*, 1883.

To H. O. B.

The Beaumont Committee did more and I got Currie to authorise me to look out for temporary premises, which I shall do. One step has thus been taken to the distant end of an East London College. . .

The Tenants' party went well. The Talbots have a place on Berkhamstead Down. You remember the Down, buried in a grove of beech trees. The people were in ecstasies at Lord Brownlow's flowers; flowers excite them much more than pictures do, and they could hardly be silent about their beauties all day long. Every kind of preparation had been made. Even umbrellas had been provided for each guest. Dinner had been bountiful and so was tea. A. and B. and C. vanished to look for a squirrel's nest ! ! ! Miss B—— voted to turn them out and send them home. I opposed as they were so manifestly sober !

The time passed admirably. After dinner we sat on the lawn while some sang and the men smoked. I watched their faces. The people are better, cleaner, more restrained and better dressed. There is, though, no rest, no aspiration, no feeding on the meat "ye know not of" as Christ said. Songs of old times caught them and gathered a sad delight on to their faces. Old Wilson was moved to make a speech, and stood in the middle of the lawn with much gesticulation. He thanked "Lord Pembroke and Mr. and Mrs. Talbot for being socialists and proposed a cheer for Mr. Samuel Barnett."

After tea we went into the dark beech wood, a very temple of sorrow with the bright line of light on its edge. Lights were lighted which made the leaves quiver, and then as darkness again came a choir broke into the evening hymn. It was a striking moment, our people would have been awed and were awed, but the charm was broken by some shouting rustics. I thanked Talbot and he was pleased. He pressed us, you and me, to go and stay with them. He really seemed to wish it and I like Mrs. Talbot. All, everybody, were full of real interest in your health and hope for your recovery. We did not get home till after twelve, and then I found your note and went to bed happy.

WHITECHAPEL, *July 16th*, 1883.

MY DEAR WIFE,

Here is a line in the early morning to say all is well and in case I don't get back in time to write to-night. . . The house is lonely, very lonely without you. What a machine I should become, without you: there's a mission, to give life to dry bones. My old bones move at your words, and even now as I think of you and your will I live more life. My night was a good one and I am well. The study is even pleasant and a cool air seems to bring from a pure sky the morning hymn of the children.

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I am going to see Miss Octavia at three. I send you the only letters of this morning.

I am thinking about your paper, and I tested myself yesterday with the question "What wants saying?" To this I could only find the old answer. That charity is friendship and that institutions which don't give friends are not charity. The subject is full of difficulty; charity has been so left to impulse, but ancient and modern charity differ little. Impulse is now as in Abraham's time. Discoveries change thought, not impulse. Perhaps the charity of thought is something modern. However, don't fret and I won't fret. Somehow *we* can do it, and you are my most precious member through which wounds come most to me.

I am very sorry to hear so dreary an account of Alice. In one way I hope for better things than doctors think. Alice has great powers of recovery, and then after such work as she has been doing a spell of quiet won't harm her. The Sabbath, whether it comes willingly or perforce, is not loss of time.

Take care of yourself and don't do too much. To-morrow, my day is 10. M.A.B.Y.S. 12. G. Smith. 1.30 luncheon. 4 Guardians. 6 Country Holiday. 7.30 Mothers' Meeting. 8.30 Flower Show. 9.30 Congregational Committee.

I enclose Frank's letter, and infinite and invisible love.

S. A. B.

The first of the two following letters was written just after old Mr. Barnett's death, and the second while we were at the South of France trying to decide if it was right to accept the responsibility of working Toynbee Hall—see chapters xxi–xxiv.

15, Vyvyan Terrace, Clifton, *December 31st*, 1883.

My dear Mrs. Courtney,

Once more on the last day of the year I write to you, liking that last thoughts should rest on so true a friend. The old year has been a grey year, and on its last day we have laid my father in his grave.

To-morrow the new year opens with its new life, and we have decided to go away to the south of France before beginning work. The pause will be helpful in many ways. . . I seem to be writing only of ourselves, and yet I am thinking of you. Perhaps it is in thinking of you that I come back through your thoughts, to our concerns. I know you care about us, as we care about you. Your life makes for us a bright spot in our future, and we see you from your high place driving home the truths which will make society wide enough for all ranks. The present seems to be a seed-time in history, the furrows are open and the seed must be sown. May God grant to you and your man the power to choose and to do what the world wants. I was going to send you—as my best gift—a photo of my wife, but in our late cares it has been mislaid. I am, with much love,

Ever yours, Saml. A. Barnett.

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MENTONE, *January 29th*, 1884.

MY DEAR MRS. COURTNEY,

It was very sweet of you to send us a letter. Sunshine is good, but the warmth of friendship is better, so your letter gave us what we wanted by taking us into your home circle. Thanks to friendship all seems to be going well at home. We have sunned ourselves every day, but even light does not satisfy, when there are few objects of interest to be lightened by it. Sometimes I feel as if its strength were being wasted on the lives of those who swarm in these hotels, build villas, and think every doubt answered by the assertion, "You know we must live," . . . never having meditated on "life," as Matthew Arnold says it behoves a man to do.

Well, a visit here clears one's mind in showing that East End surroundings are the best and that there we do well to remain. More and more I feel called to preach the duty of a migration of the rich to dwell among the poor. There should be a kind of new Exodus. As I sit down for a chat with you, my mind shies at its surroundings and goes to Whitechapel. I am drawn by all that is going on there, and feel quite ready to take my share in the work. We hope to be back next week, and we shall see you on Thursday.

What a spell of life lies before us—before you the excitement of a session of which you will be a part; before us work upon work. Our sowing has now to bring fruit and the harvesting will be a matter of care. We shall see if Universities and great towns can be related, if the West will give to the East more than recreative amusements. I am somewhat disappointed with the ministerial reply on dwellings; I don't think a new municipality will do everything. The state of Liverpool would shatter much hope. But talk is better than writing, and as talk is near, good-bye. With much love, I am,

Yours, S. A. B.

The following are extracts from Mr. Barnett's letters to his brother:

April 26th, 1884.—I should like to deliver my soul against the Government, which is a Government by rhetoric, not by reason. . . . The G.O.M. should retire. I believe he is getting like Lord North, obstinately weak, and I am glad I never put him in my gallery. . . . At the Grosvenor we met Rawnsley, who has just defeated the Railway in the Lakes. He looks rubicund and is full of life. He has written a poem on the pictures of two bright girls.

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May 1884.—Last night we dined at the Courtneys' and met John Morley, whom we much like, though he is a bit mad about the franchise and thinks more votes will put things right. Everyone is very uneasy and wishes Gladstone out of power. I expect too the Public is wishing us out of Egypt. Courtney sees great danger in this conference, which will leave us bound. He has his principle,—and a principle, be it right or wrong, simplifies thought,—"Let all stew in their own juice."

July 12*th*, 1884.—I contemn this agitation against the Lords. Let Government bring in a proposition to reform the Lords, but it is despicable to attempt to govern by threats. It was a good rule of the Navy to admit no excuse. If a captain lost a ship, he lost his place. The Government has not governed; it has lost control of the House, let it go.

August 1884.—I have been reading Maurice's letters. It is gentle, soothing reading, suggesting peace and patience while it shows the fire beneath. He felt the need of men knowing men and of the intermingling of rich and poor.

November 1*st*, 1884.—Politics seem in a sad condition. Sometimes one feels that all efforts are built on a hollow while statesmen behave as they do. Party spirit is overwhelming all principles and all clear thinking. It seems impossible that our people should learn to think except in exile and captivity. If only men would study Jewish History, what a guide they might have to politics.

STADEN FARM, NR. BUXTON, *July* 1884.

MY DEAR FRANK,

We started on Tuesday with our pony and trap, getting to Derby in the evening. There at the station we harnessed and loaded and drove off through the rain. At 8 we reached a little village and begged in vain for shelter at the inns. At last a widow grocer took us in, and, having made up the fire, we got tea in her kitchen. The next day the rain continued and we stuck to our widow grocer. Thursday we, by forced marches through the showers, reached Bakewell. We passed Matlock when we had two hours of sunshine, a town crowded into a narrow gorge. In idea it is a striking place and people would talk if a town were settled in Cheddar cliffs. In fact, such a town is close and oppressive; the advantage is found in the continual impulse to go up. Bakewell we liked as a centre.

On Friday with fairer weather we left for Haddon Hall, a country house of the time when Englishmen had learnt to live in quiet luxury and had not learnt vulgarity. The rooms are

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beautiful with oak panels, and large generous windows. The grounds are quaint and quiet. We were charmed and pictured the place restored to use as a kind of retreat, a convalescent home for tired minds. A man like Maurice could have presided over such a place. Chatsworth, to which we went afterwards, is altogether different. Wealth had ransacked the world to make great rooms, buy Italian art, frame the biggest conservatories, and plan rocks into wild forms. The effect was after all very small, and I can't imagine Chatsworth filling any place in the time to be. It is not a house to represent a home, and its things had better be in a Museum nearer town.

Then we drove on here by one of the most beautiful drives I have ever been, over hill and through dale, taking in the essence of English beauty. Here we were welcomed by the dear Horsfalls and here we shall stay.

With love for ever, S. A. B.

WHITECHAPEL, *August* 1884.

To F. G. B.

In the evening of Thursday we left for York and got the last room in the hotel and enjoyed the Minster service. What a house that Minster is for worship. I think we want different forms of building for different moods of feeling. It is not true to say that Gothic is more religious than classical. In some moods St. Paul's finds me as Westminster cannot. All parts, as Rabbi Ben Ezra says, are good. The best is in their union. . .

Our last days at Whitby went as the others. The sea was as fresh as on the first. Sailors will take their place among the highest. They alone confess the substance in which they work to be above themselves, and so they alone learn reverence as they work.

Perhaps, as in the old days the sun was the commonest type or image of God, in these days the sea might be. Francis Henry might work out this thought and preach the revelation of the sea, the Gospel according to the waves.

WHITECHAPEL, *April* 1885.

To F. G. B.

What about Afghanistan? The Government has, I suppose, been shilly-shallying as usual. Things so big must have had a beginning. Seeley told me Rosebery is for fighting Russia, so I suppose we shall soon be in for bad times. What a loss! The hands of progress will be put back, there will be no reform of the sort we want, while thoughts of men are hardened by tales of war. The real reason is political inactivity. The mass of

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men love their own work better than the nation's, so its concerns are left to rogues or fools. The creed to be preached is "I believe in principle which underlies all action, and I believe in equality which consolidates all relationship." After all this is only a modern dress for the two commandments which are greatest of all.

WHITECHAPEL, *May 9th*, 1885.

To F. G. B.

The Soudan business is disgraceful, and in satisfaction at the escape from Russia, its wickedness is being forgotten. I should like to stir up public opinion, and wanted a meeting for Courtney or someone of that sort. The worst sign of the time is the exhaustion of feeling. These sentiments of pity and rage have been so often worked that now men are not moved by even shocking tales of massacre and sickness. The need is good honest thought, and reason. Feeling may be the steam, but it must be shut in the boiler of reason.

ST. JUDE'S VICARAGE, *August 9th*, 1885.

MY DEAR FRANK,

The event of the week was a visit to Whitechapel of the Artisans Dwelling Committee. They called for me and I guided them round and filled their minds with sound doctrine. Cross dubbed me his "chaplain" and refused to go a step without me. I hope some good may come. The Committee is evidently in earnest and some of them are nice. I disliked A—— and he disliked me. He was anxious to shut me up, but I am to go before the Committee. As they go on to country work, I will see that Hollond has your letter.

We had a pleasant party at the Rathbones' last night and met there many M.Ps. with whom I again discussed dwellings. In the afternoon I had been to a drawing-room meeting *re* young servants. Dull things are drawing-room meetings, and I could not get a response though I did made a special effort. To-day there has been a good meeting at the Mansion House.

Thursday I was interviewed by a man who wants to start gymnasiums for boys on a paying basis. How men worship this paying basis; they think it an infallible test. Because we don't want the foolish gifts, they think there is no room for wise ones. By the bye, a man has just offered me £100 to send out women to the country after their confinements. A good thing, isn't it?

On Thursday too, I did something about Boys' Clubs for East London. That I should like to set up before I leave the East.

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There are *one* or *two* things still left to conquer in this world ! ! In the evening we had a party at Bond's by the light of Chinese lanterns. It was pleasant.

Wednesday was a people's party, so was Monday.

Dearest love, S. A. B.

KEBLE COTTAGE, LYME REGIS, *August* 1885.

MY DEAR MISS TOWNSEND,

We are very sorry that you cannot come and share our pleasure. Ours now is very real pleasure, the country is our preacher and our poet, the sea does our work, and we ourselves, like healthy children, play and laugh careless. There is no such good place as a lovely slope by the sea for a holiday. Somehow the loveliness saves one the burden of thinking to find out what is good. Through the silence, the beauty, and the grace, the knowledge of good comes while we are passive. Somehow, too, the sea by its ceaseless, untiring toil saves us from the burden of idleness and we work by substitution. The strange doctrine expressed by this last word gets a meaning and I get a glimmering of the satisfaction of those who say Christ suffered instead of them and that they are saved by substitution. This though is a bit of a sermon, and not the letter of people who, blooming with health, pass the day laughing and chatting, who eat their dinner on the grass and forage for tea in farm houses, who forget there is anyone in the world who would scorn their freedom and joy. Yes, I wish you were here to see us and join in our gladness. Every morning sees us start at 11.30 with our baskets and a book, and we do not return until 7.30. The day seems to fly, and at its end we have only one memory which it is impossible to analyse.

Yesterday we drove to Ford Abbey, finding our way there over the hills and returning by the vales ; the hills are high and stern, the valleys gentle and clothed in peace. The Abbey is one of the old houses rescued by modern trade and made to serve the purposes of a dwelling-house. We went over the place and some glorious tapestries of the Raphael cartoons. Perhaps these things, so well known, pleased us most of all we saw in the house.

To-day is Sunday and the hush has come over things which is so fit for the day. I don't know what we shall do. Church with its crowd is not in harmony ; we shall probably go to the Undercliff and get our quiet time there. Would that we could shed some of the good and quiet over you. I don't dare say you are having it because we have it, yet in my heart I hope you may find even that doctrine to be true.

With love, S. A. B.

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September 1885.

DEAR MISS TOWNSEND,

My wife is still in bed in the prostrate stage which follows her attacks. To me it has not been hard to do the nursing, I have rather enjoyed the power of doing so with a quiet mind. The hard part has been the duty of walking and taking my pleasure with the thought that she is missing her holiday.

I am very well and enjoy the cool breeze, but she would do better in warmer weather.

Our next move is not clear. We may leave this on Friday and then go on to the New Forest or to Clifton. I shrink somewhat from a driving tour with its chances of wet, and damp beds.

How good of you to work at our Prayer Book idea. I have read your work with delight. I think now we can bring your and my efforts together and make a good whole. I quite agree with you about altering the rubric. In fact, I had come to the conclusion that it was not possible to do so. Your plan of explaining it is much better. I will now see if I can get it published.

We have a great deal to talk about, and often wish for your clear head and loving heart to help us see plainly. To-day we were saying to each other how you have always stood by us.

I do wish you were having a holiday too.

With love, S. A. B.

DARTMOOR, *September 8th*, 1885.

DEAR MISS TOWNSEND,

We are enjoying our little jaunt and I am glad we started. It was an effort to shake clear of the comforts of Lyme Regis and risk the dangers of cold, discomfort, and strange places. It is good, though, I believe, on holidays to make such efforts, and so I am coming to think that travelling is necessary to a recreating holiday. One must make efforts under all the pleasant conditions of air and scenery and with fresh stimuli, to enable one to make efforts in Whitechapel. . .

We like Dartmoor for its grandeur. The hills sweep in bold curves and are worthy of their granite ribs, the dales between are full of moss, ferns, and trees. As one travels, one passes at once from sternness to gentleness. Here, as in the greatest, force and love are one. Our great pleasure, though, has been in watching the clouds. Never did I see them as I saw them yesterday. England is the home of clouds, and we yesterday had sunshine, thunder, and Scotch mist. On a lonely point it was possible to watch the play of giants, to look around a storm, to see the comparative smallness of the thunder shower under which some city perhaps was quailing. A stay here makes a good interlude in a holiday.

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Yes! I hope the wife will do the National Gallery penny catalogue some day. It is a big work but it waits to be done, and the doing may be one of those things which tend to the growth of good. You see it is only by growth that any real good can come, so it is better to do what promotes growth rather than aims at the good. And as to promoting growth, we have I suppose to do more with the soil than with the seed, and a good catalogue might prepare the soil of many hearts to receive good which we cannot sow. However, I am chatting on and ought to be packing.

With love, S. A. B.

HASTINGS, *December 8th*, 1885.

MY DEAR FRANK,

We are just off to go home with a burden of pleasant memories and a glow of health. It has been a good time and we have enjoyed the bright sunshine, the rest, the talks, and some work. I have done four newspaper articles on Church Reform. You will see one in the *P.M.G.* I hope it may stir you to action. . . Like other parties we have too many policies, and have not learnt submission. Sometimes I wonder if anything less than fire can purge the world. I suppose, though, if some of us don't try, the fire will burn everything and there will be nothing to purge. . .

My wife has also done her share of work. She has put one article in order, written another, kept up the correspondence, organised parties, and planned good for a host of folk whom she carries in her heart. The power of thinking of people according to their characters, of bearing not only their demands but their being is rare and precious. . .

On the whole the election will chasten both parties and both need it. They who win, lose. The people to be pitied are the Irish who, in the hour of victory, will lose the qualities which made them win. The "rich hardly enter." The successful hardly win. Happy are the poor and beaten.

We have greatly enjoyed Edna Lyall's *We Two*, a novel without a villain and in which love is strong by being silent. The authoress has the art of making silence speak and she says more than she tells. In a strange way she makes the reader feel the force of Christianity. . .

I have been reading Morley's *Rousseau*, and am not pleased. One cannot see the man for the analysis, and one longs that Morley may be less eloquent. . .

Love of the deepest to you all. S. A. B.

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CHAPTER XV

"Children should be taught to enjoy leisure . . . which should not be a vacation, an empty time."

TOWARDS the end of the winter of 1876-7 Mr. Barnett again became ill, and as the doctors said he required prolonged rest, we did not plan as usual to travel, but arranged to go to Cornwall, where he took Church duty for Canon Shuttleworth at Wadebridge. We lived in the delightful, if somewhat tumble-down Vicarage of Egloshayle, and had a wonderful holiday. Every morning after an early breakfast we had three hours' steady reading—it was Jowett's *Plato* that year—and then, having loaded the tiny two-wheeled chaise with provision basket, oats-bag, sketching things, and bathing gowns, we trotted off to spend the day out-of-doors, returning to the evening meal with old Nurse and little Fanny. Because we went slowly we were able to go far, and as the weeks went on, we learnt with more than a casual acquaintance the beauties of that fierce smiling rugged coast from St. Mawgan to Boscastle. My husband specially loved the sea, but sometimes we drove inland and rejoiced in the great woods round Bodmin, the wild sweet-scented moors, or the tantalising idiosyncrasies of "Brown Willy."

Miss Octavia, then both ill and unhappy, came to stay with us, and in spite of our reverence for her we made her sit "bodkin" in the little chaise, and compelled her to join in our most frivolous pleasures. Later my sister and Mr. Hart came, bringing their horses and larger carriage to add to the carrying-power of the Vicarage, and then more and more guests, rich and poor, gentle and simple, until we were both weary. But out of that weariness grew a movement which has not stopped growing yet. It shall be told by a writer in *The Child*, who, after speaking of my husband's sympathetic understanding of the child nature, referred to the Children's Country Holiday Fund, and wrote:

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In Mrs. Barnett's words the genesis of the movement can be given.

"Honestly," she said, "we had both got tired of the succession of our guests; they were all dear and delightful people working so hard in drear Whitechapel, the children pining for all that brighter air meant, and the joys of the sand and rocks, but it was our holiday too, and the uncontrolled laughter, and lawlessness of habits and customs, so innocent for them, but so trying for us, had become unduly jarring to our tired nerves. 'But there is still so and so and so to invite,' we reminded each other, 'and they do so need a change.' Just then we were walking up a hill, the road winding between an undulating down on the right-hand side, and fields stretching to the sandy bay and laughing sea on the left-hand side. A little way back off the road stood a cottage, its tiny garden and open windows speaking both of air and care—a comely woman standing by the door. Like a flash from Heaven came the idea to me:

"'Why should they not go there instead of to us? They would like it better, relieved from the restrictions of continual best manners, and we should get the quiet we need. We could meet them on the sands every day and give them a "good time" and a tea picnic.'

"'What a good idea,' said the Vicar; 'but they need not come quite so far. The home counties would be cheaper for fares, and then we could afford to send more of them.'

"'But what about the people to give them a "good time"? They find the country so dull, if they are not shown its beauties,' I said.

"'That will be all right,' my husband replied. 'The right people will arise, when the need is shown. I will write to *The Guardian* and ask the country clergy to take it up and suggest cottagers.'"

The summer was nearly over when that useful idea was vouchsafed to us, but so effective were the replies to the letter in *The Guardian* that nine ailing children were sent that year to the homes of country cottagers for a fortnight's holiday, and thirty-three the following summer—

1878.—Thereby obtaining not only health, but that interest in country life which is so wanted to form real national feeling. . . . For children who, not recovering from any severe illness, but only want change of air, the varied life of a cottage home, the freedom from the restraint of rules, the possibility of forming country friendships, are much greater advantages than the presence of a doctor or nurse.

And if we seek for a deeper intent, it can be taken from one of Mr. Barnett's addresses to those who were sending the children away:

The ideal which I would place before all you workers is the salvation of the children, the elevation not just of their capacity to be happy and strong, but the development of the power to know God and love their neighbours.

During the summer of 1879, 173 children were sent away. The next year—1880—Mr. Atkinson, Mr. Barnett's colleague

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to whom the work had been referred, reported that 433 children had had a radiantly good time. On his leaving us in 1881 to become Vicar of St. Mary's, Huntingdon, the inevitable Committee was formed and called "The Children's Holiday Committee (East London)." Later—1884—it enlarged its borders and changed its name to "The Children's Country Holiday Fund," and since then has done the work, collected the money, issued literature, and not only sent 956,253 London children to gain health and gladness among fields and flowers and on sea-shores, but has been the pioneer of similar societies in England, on the Continent, and in America.

As the work of the Society grew, its problems grew too, and organisations had to be created to avoid difficulties. A constitution was evolved, and District Committees, Sub-Committees, Finance Committees, Advisory Committees created; regulations drafted; forms A, B, C, D, and up to R, instituted; country correspondents discovered; lists of approved village centres made; a scale of parents' contributions set up; principles for the selection of children laid down; machinery for their cleanliness established; rules for country hostesses engaged; and undue naughtiness, illness, or accident provided for. All this machinery had to be kept oiled and running, as well as the money collected and fresh workers enlisted, who had to be brought into touch with each other and provided with the necessary literature.

To the C.C.H.F. Mr. Barnett brought as secretaries men who were usually living with us in Toynbee Hall, and who have since made their mark. Thus Sir Cyril Jackson, Mr. Charles F. G. Masterman, Mr. R. H. Tawney, Mr. G. E. Gladstone, Professor E. J. Urwick, Mr. W. R. L. Blakiston, all began their official lives in the service of the children; while the names of Mr. Reginald Bray, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Mr. Clement Scott, Miss M. Sewell, who wrote for the Society, will show what able minds served their cause. Mr. "Punch" has ever been the friend of children, and charming have been Mr. F. Anstey's whimsical sketches of small people pining for a large sky.

Miss Ruth Verney's article is too good not to be quoted, for it shows vividly the spirit of the ladies who gathered the town children round their country homes, and taught them to enjoy simpler and higher pleasures than had been their wont.

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On a certain Thursday towards the end of July the London platforms swarm with excited children starting for a country holiday. At the other end of the journey certain of the rural folk, and especially the farmers, are shivering at the prospect of invasion by a horde of fence-breaking, apple-eating barbarians.

Now, the success of the fortnight depends, to some extent, on the children, but it depends much more upon the country correspondent.

It is lamentable that here and there villages are closed to the children because one year they were insufficiently shepherded and got into mischief.

We have boys and girls between the ages of seven and thirteen every year down in Buckinghamshire; they say they enjoy themselves, and they seem very happy, but their pleasure is as nothing compared with ours.

To begin with the boys, my sister makes herself responsible for about thirty. She goes from cottage to cottage in three tiny villages, finding room for one here, and two there, and (in a few cases) three somewhere else.

On the eventful day the children arrive at our nearest station; the compartments are locked, but the boys cannot wait the pleasure of phlegmatic country porters, and they empty themselves through the window.

Then, after much burrowing under the seats for brown-paper parcels, and incessant happy shouting, we pack ourselves, a party of thirty-five, into a brake to hold eighteen. The village population gathers in the road to welcome us; at each garden gate we drop the allotted boys, and a beaming cottage-mother takes them inside for a hearty tea. Early the next morning the park is alive with little boys, all clamouring for my sister and a cricket pitch; those who are down for the first time occasionally forget their manners and show off their cockney independence, but they are instantly cuffed into submission by our friends "the old boys," who know and trust us. After that, the fortnight is one joyous turmoil. From nine in the morning (when several little heads peer round the open door to see if they may join in the hymn at prayers) till dusk, my sister is surrounded by boys, big and little, healthy and sickly, noisy and (rarely) quiet. About twice a week a formal cricket match is organised against a village team, and London always wins. After seven days the treasurer sends down a cheque, and every mother is paid 5*s*., 10*s*., or £1 according to the number of boys she is housing. Sometimes a woman can cook and "do" for them, but has no spare bed, in which case Neighbour So-and-so arranges to "sleep" them. The weekly visits on pay-day take some time, as every mother is encouraged to talk about the boys and to report on their conduct. Jim and Tommy Holland will play with the pump, little Garrett took some plums, Scott fought a village urchin, and so on. A rebuke from my sister generally puts an end to unpleasantness of this kind, and most mothers have nothing but good to say of the boys. They come every year from the same school, and they know that six years back two really bad boys were sent home during the first week, so there is a wholesome substratum of fear below their great affection for my sister.

Every encouragement is given to nature-study, and this year six boys found a large snake. They subscribed for spirits of wine and kept it in a large pickle-bottle for the school museum. Even the big boys make odd mistakes; spying two baby colts in a field, they shouted greetings to them: "We remember you last year." Our hammock-stand puzzled them a good deal; "I expect it's a sparrer-perch" was the final verdict. Boy Judd took a paternal interest in a wren's nest, and was disgusted when the wren abandoned it after his twelfth friendly visit. Little Dawson was extremely pretty, particularly in his best clothes. One Sunday he

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appeared in week-day garments. We said, "Why don't you wear your white suit?" "Please, miss, it's green," said the child, who had found a grassy bank down which to roll. One morning a dead mole was found. "What did you do with it?" "Please, miss, we put it in the letter-box." We looked shocked. "Please, miss, yesterday we put four live frogs in." We tried to expostulate, "How cruel!" "Oh! please, miss, we put plenty of grass and stuff in, too, for 'em to eat."

The girls are every whit as quaint as their brothers. The same procedure is followed when they arrive, and special friends feel Providence has indeed been kind when a wish to be together, expressed months ago to governess, lands them in the same cottage "as each other."

I appoint my girls to meet me every morning at a given time in front of the public library, and the librarian is good enough to attend specially three times a week that they may have a succession of story-books. Country lasses take a week, at least, to read anything, but the London child tears the heart out of a story in one day. We then adjourn to a garden that is lent us, and I give out notices of tea-parties, church services, etc., with ecclesiastical sonorousness. If possible, we play rowdy games for half an hour, during which the children are unconsciously revealing themselves to an observant and amused "shepherdess."

Then they are all dismissed except two, with whom I indulge in a more intimate talk, hearing about their home-life and making friends with them; there is also the opportunity of reproof, though this is seldom necessary. This year Annie and Hetty made a fuss at country hours, and wanted to stay up till eleven; Janet and Mary gobbled down their food before the scandalised cottage-mother could "ask a blessing"; and one poor little mite of seven used naughty words. It is, however, touching to find that in every case a few gentle words are enough to stop the evil.

The first Sunday was our only wet day, and Patty graphically described cottage doings during a severe thunderstorm. "We all got together; there was me and Mrs. Hodge and 'er 'usbing and 'er two ants and the three children, and four from next door, and we sang 'ims, ''Ushed was the hevening 'im,' 'Once a David's,' and lots more."

We met a small girl one day with a large paper bag of gooseberries. "Have you been buying those at the shop?" we asked. A little voice of immense scorn piped out, "There ain't no gooseberry shops down 'ere," and we retired abashed. The same child was heard apostrophising a nettle. "Well, I are a silly! First I pinches me finger in the scullery door, and then I catches 'old of you!"

Frances came down with two skirts—a white muslin, which she tore to shreds the first days, and a blue satin, in which she lived happily ever after.

Amy brought one hat only—a common rush hat, value perhaps 2½*d*. She is seven, but when the big thirteen-year-olds made disparaging remarks on it she said loftily, "Don't you know it's Arley straw?" which reduced them to awed silence. I found afterwards that this name was invented on the spur of the moment. We have a catalpa tree, which was at its best, in full flower, when the children were here. Cockney imaginativeness soon re-christened it more conveniently the "cat 'll purr."

We notice every year that the presence of the children calls out much kindness and hospitality. Not only do the cottage-mothers "wash and mend them" up to the last moment, but they go back laden with fruit, flowers, and vegetables which they have certainly not bought. Our richer neighbours invite the elder ones to tea, or give leave for a romp in a pretty garden, or help with a picnic. I once drove a delicate little girl to a

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rendezvous, and asked if she had ever driven in a carriage before. She said "No. Yes, but I 'ave though, at me father's funeral." This year the summit of our pleasure was reached when an M.P. and his wife gave two guineas towards extra joys. The boys had a long drive in a brake, then buns and ginger beer in the woods. The girls had shilling and ninepenny books—old favourites of one's own childhood. A small person of eight said ecstatically, "Nobody 'as ever giv' me a book in my life before." An older one said, "Father always gave me a book on my birthday, but since 'e's died I've never 'ad one." Lamb's *Tales* proved extremely popular and several of the girls asked breathlessly if the books were "really to keep," though every one had the child's name in it.

There was quite a gloom in the place when the last day came; the quiet station was full of children with flowers, bundles, rhubarb, potatoes, cabbages, and small, precious parcels of fresh eggs. One boy felt the occasion hardly justified such flowers and suggested how nicely they would come in for burying. A benevolent lady had hot buns in a basket, and so laden were the girls with packages of all shapes that the buns had perforce to travel as "inside passengers." We got them all off at last, after endless hand-shakings and many promises of writing constantly.

I know that already there are a large number of country correspondents, but if more of us realised the great pleasure of the work I feel sure the C.C.H.F. would no longer have so many children on their hands waiting for country homes and kindly shepherds.

The amount one sees of the boys and girls depends entirely on one's own inclinations, but to those who love children the responsiveness of these merry, grubby little creatures is most satisfying and wholly delightful.

Letters pour in after their departure full of gratitude and fond messages—"Mother do think me wonderful brown"; "I am so sorrowful without you"; "Hoping we might be able to come next year again"; "With the greatest of love, so good-bye for the present."

My husband had a natural aptitude for organising, and greatly enjoyed using effectively the different qualities of the various sorts of people who were ready to serve. He was ingenious in suggestions and generally found employment for the most able or the most eccentric of his followers. He had a clear and retentive memory, not only of people he had seen but of those of whom he had only been told. He was unfailingly optimistic, so much so that he was apt to postpone facing difficulties, being quite sure that a convenient ram would be found in some handy thicket. He gave a high place to advertisement, and produced some original methods of popularising facts or stating needs, though, unlike some philanthropists, he was scrupulous in avoiding exaggeration or immodest exposure of private pain. He affirmed that a fine quality of imaginative sympathy was required for advertisement which should be used to awaken—not to satisfy—public interest, to remind people of their privileges of helpfulness but not to plead

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with them to do their duties. His business acumen often surprised men who thought he was only a tame parson, and though he had had no commercial training, his active sympathy showed him what "the other fellow" would like to have and what he would be prepared to give for it.

Such qualities are valuable in any large undertaking, and not any the less so when the workers are partly permanent officials and party transient volunteers. At the head of the former stands Miss Finlay, who since 1885 has given not only unstinted time and thought to the care of thousands of children she has never seen, but has preserved by her lovely influence that tradition of devotion which is the ruling spirit in the office of the C.C.H.F.

Mr. Barnett's conviction that the strength of a society lay in the unity of its members resulted in many meetings, when difficult problems were freely handled, he as Chairman never allowing the practical points to smother the principles affecting character, be it of the children, the villagers, or the workers.

Beautiful and historic houses were lent for the annual meetings, when distinguished people, holding all sorts of opinions, sank their differences and united to aid the children.

Among the speakers or Chairmen were:

The Prince of Wales	The Princess Henry of Battenberg
The Duchess of Albany	Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck
Princess Louise	
The Rev. Dr. Adler	Mr. George Lansbury
Sir George Alexander	Sir Oliver Lodge
The Rt. Rev. Peter Amigo	Miss Violet Markham
Miss Lena Ashwell	Mr Gerald Du Maurier
Mr. H. H. Asquith	Sir Frederick Milner
Lord Avebury (the late)	Mrs. Pember Reeves
Canon Barnett	The Rt. Rev. the Bishop of Ripon
Mrs. S. A. Barnett	Mr. Herbert Samuel, M.P.
Sir James Crichton Browne	Lord Sandhurst
Sir William Bull, M.P.	Mrs. Scharlieb, M.D.
Lord Hugh Cecil, M.P.	Canon Shuttleworth (the late)
Mr. Will Crooks	Earl Spencer
Sir A. Conan Doyle	Lord Edmund Talbot
Earl of Erroll	Professor E. J. Urwick
Lord George Hamilton	Miss Violet Vanbrugh
Lord Hartington	Duke of Westminster
Dean Hensley Henson	Mrs. Humphry Ward
Rev. Sylvester Horne	Mr. I. Zangwill

Of some of these meetings Mr. Barnett wrote to his brother:

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This afternoon I have to preside over the Princess Louise, who is going to attend a Country Holiday meeting. To what low uses is Royalty put. She is coming to advertise us just as Millais's "Bubbles" advertises soap.

1886.—On Thursday after a heavy Whitechapel day we went to a drawing-room meeting about Country Holidays. There were some good speeches, a woman spoke best and urged the value of silence for children, a time which they should remember as a time without the noise which ever in town hurtles in their ears.

1897.—On Monday we went to a C.C.H.F. meeting at Lord Hartington's. My wife greatly liked him. He did his work well, taking up and putting all the points simply and strongly. I spoke with my usual inability and the meeting broke out into tea within forty-five minutes.

It is only possible to chronicle those who came forward in these organisations, but behind the figure-heads one sees the splendid body of workers—town visitors, country correspondents, members of local committees, the number ever growing as the years passed, until in 1914 it stood at 2,872[1]; and beyond them again the unnumbered crowd, teachers, cottagers, village neighbours, railway guards, fellow-passengers, all united by serving the children; generous service, sacrificing service, effective service given by those who "scorn to blot it with a name."

Through all this growing organisation my husband ever tried to instil one of the deepest principles of our work, which, summed up in three words, embroidered by one friend and framed by another, always faced us in our big drawing-room:

One by One

That the reminder was necessary, all who deal with large numbers of people will recognise, for subtle and persistent is the temptation to ignore the individual in the mass. To him the individuality of each human being was worthy of reverence. To develop it was a duty, and any step was deprecated which tended to hinder personal relations, even if it simplified machinery, reduced effort, or made it possible

[1] The figures are taken from 1914 Report because it was the last normal year before the war.

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to benefit large numbers. He held that the humblest family's home was better than the most highly organised camp. How he influenced the workers is told by one of them and reported in *The East London Observer*:

At a large gathering of women held in Toynbee Hall on June 11th, 1914, to promote a Memorial Fellowship, Miss Beatrice Chamberlain said that in Canon Barnett they found qualities which made him inspiring as a leader, fertile as an orginator, competent as an organiser; a man courageous, wise, unselfish, helpful, as full of zeal as of understanding, of charm as of strength. She had the privilege of watching his ways of working for about twenty years in the C.C.H.F. She sometimes asked herself how Canon Barnett managed to fill the workers with so much enthusiasm, and so high a sense of privilege in being allowed to serve. The first thing was that he himself was unselfishly devoted to the cause he had in hand. She could not imagine telling Canon Barnett that she could not do something that was required because she was bored or because she wanted to do something else. He made everything so interesting, that they did not feel there was anything else to do but what he had suggested. Then, how receptive he was of new ideas. It was not with him as with so many who say "This won't do; that is not what we have done." He was always ready to say, "That is a better idea."

There was something about him of the hero of old who went out to fight the dragon, or of Generals who led armies against the foes of humanity. Then his manner of leading was so unassuming. He had so much the appearance of waiting for you to lead and to suggest, so little the attitude of the commander that she did not know whether at the time they all realised how much they were being guided and helped to take the best way, make the most of their own ideas, and to put their strength into them. But afterwards, on reflection, they knew where the real leadership was.

He was a great organiser of practical schemes, with rules and methods and the necessary minimum of red tape; but he never failed to realise that every institution consisted of a number of human beings; and if any of them were in danger of forgetting that, his vivid sense of it brought them back from the mechanical to the human action. He had knowledge and judgment as well as faith and enthusiasm. But best of all was his power of keeping ideals before himself and his workers. He fixed their attention, because his own eyes were fixed on the beauty of the work to be done and the beauty of service.

In 1904 Canon Barnett wrote a pamphlet on *Experiences and Hopes for the C.C.H.F.*, which was, is, and will be, interesting.

The Children's Country Holiday Fund was born a puny child and grew slowly. Twenty-seven years ago (1877) nine children were, at Mrs. Barnett's inspiration, sent from St. Jude's, Whitechapel, to spend a fortnight's holiday with country cottagers.[1]

[1] The number of children who have been sent out is 970,058, and the amount of money expended £699,487, of which the parents contributed £225,571 (1916).

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This plan of holiday-giving was begun not only for the sake of health and pleasure. There is truth in the old evangelical teaching that the chief object is salvation of souls, but "salvation" must be understood to mean the full development of human nature. It is worth some sacrifice to make children happy and healthy; it is worth great sacrifice to bring out their powers of thinking, of feeling, and of walking humbly. The plan of giving holidays in cottagers' homes was started with this object; it placed children in family circles where they might have new experiences of the meaning of family life—"Oh, do send me there to live," pleaded one child; "there's no fighting and swearing, not even on Sundays"—it furnished their imaginations with the memory of country pursuits and pleasures; it brought them into contact with Nature as in their freedom they met it in its freedom. Above all, it developed their powers of forming friendship with man and with God. . .

The work which was begun in this small way commended itself to all sorts of philanthropic minds. It was economical; it was something which could be begun and finished; it had a measurable result in children's pleasure and health. It thus satisfied good people in a hurry, as well as those who believed in the slow development of character. Many individuals[1] adopted the plan, and so some kind of organisation became necessary to prevent that competition in good doing which so often makes charity harmful.

The history of the twenty-seven years has, on the whole, been happy. There has been a continuity of policy unbroken by any catastrophe, and there has been growth.

A survey over the past, as Chairman, shows that there has been constant rivalry between what I may call the forces of freedom and the forces of order. On the side of freedom it has been felt that the chief things are (1) the development of the child's body, mind, heart, and reverence; (2) the fostering of goodwill between individuals; and (3) the formation of friendships. On the side of order it has been thought all-important (1) that parents' payments should be sufficient; (2) that disease should be prevented; and (3) that imposture should be checked.

It is a great matter to secure the freedom in which a child's character may strengthen itself, and it is also a great matter to secure the order which prevents loss and disease, but obviously the two may clash. My experience is that the cause of freedom suffers. The disposition to require fixed payments from parents grows stronger, parties of children tend to get larger and organised, organising superintendents are more generally

[1] Among the most active of those early workers for the C.C.H.F. was the Rev. J. Bayfield Clark, who was ever the loyal friend and efficient supporter of my husband.

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advocated in villages, and the way of camps for the many is frequently preferred to that of cottages for the few.

There are, doubtless, good arguments to support such proposals. Unscrupulous parents do take advantage to give as pocket-money to their children what they ought to have subscribed to the fund. Country correspondents are sometimes neglectful hosts, and elder boys are often troublesome visitors. There is reason, therefore, in those who ask that parents should pay a fixed amount, that men and women should be employed as superintendents, and that for the unruly the discipline of camps should be substituted for the freedom of the cottages.

But it is not always reason, so much as love of ease, which desires to put restriction on freedom. It requires time and patience really to interest parents and show them that their meanness will be another child's loss. It involves much exercise of thought to rouse up country people to take their share of the town people's burden, and it takes many visits to schools and teachers before children are fitted to go to the country ready to watch Nature and care to listen to her voice. It may be more expensive, but it is much easier, to pay for camp organisation than to choose cottages carefully and surround the children with influences which, like angels, keep them safe without the check of rules and regulations. It is less trouble to raise money by reports of orderly conduct, and by a show of well-behaved children, than by asking the public to believe in the hidden growth of goodwill, in the increased play of minds, and in the budding of new affections.

Reason may require some check on abuses, but reason does not say that more rules are necessary, when time and patience and sympathy would be as effective. Wealth tempts to luxury, and wealthy charities often adopt the luxury of institutions. Institutions are not the glory, they are often the shame of Christian charity. . .

What are the hopes of the Children's Country Holiday Fund? Hope has a far view and a near view. Every charity must hope to make itself unnecessary; a healthy charity exists to destroy itself. As St. John says, there is no Church in Heaven.

The Children's Country Holiday Fund must therefore hope that some day the necessity of a country holiday will be universally recognised, and that every child out of the resources of its own parents and friends will enjoy such a holiday. But this end is far off, and the workers, while keeping it in view, must have many nearer hopes on which to rest. Those hopes may be—

First, an extension of the holiday season. The crowding of all holidays into one month is tending to destroy country peace and drown the voices of Nature. The habit of day-treats spreads a wrong idea of pleasure; it involves the vulgarity of advertise-

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ment and dependence on excitement; it leads children to think there is no enjoyment but that which is made by shouting, by donkey-rides, and by wild play at some popular resort, made as like as possible to a London playground. Our energies should go, therefore, to getting schools to take holidays in other months between May and September, and to discrediting day-treats. Plain speaking among friends is, perhaps, out of fashion, but there is room for some straight, plain speaking, to people who, in the face of knowledge, persist in advertising their churches or schools by monster day-treats.

Our second hope should be a closer alliance with other funds. This would prevent competition among charities and over-crowding in cottages. . .

Our third hope may be further delegation of the Central Authority. The promise of a wider system of education in London has caused a thrill of expectation, and it now seems fairly certain that under one Educational Authority responsible Committees will be established in defined areas. It would be possible for each of such Committees to appoint a "Children Committee," composed of its own members and other interested persons. This Committee should be a permanent body and have under its care all the interests of children when out of school hours. It would, for instance, arrange for their play-hours, for Saturday outings and visits, for provision of necessary meals, breakfasts or dinners, and for the management of vacation schools. Its members should know the children and their parents in an intimate way: thus in the summer they would be qualified to arrange the summer holiday with an efficiency born of knowledge. . .

These hopes, as they are realised, would allow room for the action of personal care and for the enthusiasm which comes of originality. If, as it seems to me, there are now fewer signs of personal care and of enthusiasm than in the earlier days, it is, I believe, because there is less room for original action. My hope, therefore, is that with the old ideal of the salvation of the child, more room may be given for new developments, for change, for original advice, which may even frighten some of us who are familiar with the ways of twenty-seven years. Of one thing I am certain, and with this I conclude. If the Children's Country Holiday Fund does not draw to itself the patience, the devotion, the sacrifice, and the enthusiasm of individuals, it can never succeed in making itself unnecessary.

Few things gratified and touched Canon Barnett more than the refusal of the Council to accept his resignation of the Chairmanship tendered in 1912, because the weak condition of his heart made it undesirable to walk up the steep stairs to the office at 18, Buckingham Street.

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"As you cannot come to us, the Executive means to come to you," wrote our friend Miss Beatrice Chamberlain; and so after that decision the C.C.H.F. Committee met in the dining-room of our house in the Westminster Cloisters.

Later, however, advancing ill-health made it necessary for him to reserve what strength he had for his Abbey duties, and on January 16th, 1913, he felt it to be fair to write as follows:

MY DEAR VICE-CHAIRMAN,—The time has come when I feel I must say "Goodbye" to the Committee. It is hard to do so, but when weak health prevents work, the clear duty is resignation.

I feel greatly the severance of such an old tie, and as I write I am conscious of all I have gained for heart and mind at the meetings. There has been a wonderful succession of members, and the Committee has never been satisfied just to walk in the steps of its predecessors.

I am proud and grateful, and as I say "Goodbye," I offer such service in the future as I can possibly give, though I am confident that the Committee has in itself strength which will more than outweigh my absence.

To yourself, who have so long and so generously covered my deficiencies, I am specially grateful. Ever yours,

SAMUEL A. BARNETT.

To FRANCIS MORRIS, ESQ.[1]

In 1898 my husband and I took part of our holiday bicycling to visit the children in the country. We were charmed but not surprised at their delight in their freedom, the kindness of the cottage hostesses, the interest of the village residents, from the squire and the parson to the farm hand who mounted adventurous boys on the huge bare-backed horses; but we were also sorry because the amazing ignorance of the children deprived them of the pleasures they could have had by intelligent interest in the sights and sounds of the country, and because they played, amid all its wonders, only their often degraded town games.

Mr. Barnett did not like the study of Natural History. I have never known any man who revelled as he did in Nature's beauties, yet for what he called dissecting them he had no sympathy. But I felt that the curiosity inherent

[1] Now the Chairman, with patient enthusiasm keeping the Society up to its full working capacity.

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in children, if turned on to the facts in the world of Nature, would provide for them the best of present and future country joys. So on returning home I started, with one of the Toynbee Residents, Mr. R. E. S. Hart,[1] a small effort in the hope of interesting children sent from East London to—

observe the birds and flowers, the sky and animals, for we believe that in so doing they may find pleasure and profit, and that by degrees observation will develop both reverence and care.[2]

We asked the children questions and they wrote letters; and to the best we awarded prizes of flower-pictures and books on ants, bees, birds, and animals, and it was great fun. Then in 1903 the Children's Country Holiday Fund adopted my baby, and we were turned into a Committee, of which I am still the Chairman, and Mrs. Douglas Wilson the wonderful Hon. Secretary; and now we have rules and regulations, rambles, lantern-talks, trophies, great prize-givings, and delightful co-operatively written printed letters, to which in 1914 no less than 6,745 children wrote replies—precious documents, some full of patient observation, others showing flashes of poetic insight or subtle sympathy with our brothers the beasts, some humorous in their gay unconsciousness, some shocking in their sordid outlook, and all pathetic in the enjoyment of regular meals, relief from responsibilities, and the surprise of better health. Some of the remarks are worth quoting:

"The grass-hopper is a very lightsome insect." "One of the sheep was named Lord Kitchener. Wherever it went the other sheep would follow it." "The cow has large thoughtful eyes, and is an oblong animal." "I have heard of a small bird which had a very large appetite. In one day it ate one hundred and forty-four insects, assorted, twelve grasshoppers, twelve meal worms, one caterpillar, and fifteen flies." "The poppy loves to intrude amongst the corn." "I went every morning to the milk factory to get some milk and cream." "The pig whose body is made of pork, bacon and dripping." "The stream in the village was very happy, jumping from ledge to ledge." "The lady did our hairs and said 'Good-night,' and we went upstairs to bed. The sheets were lovely and white." "The most unhappy day of that lovely fortnight was when we had to pack our boxes and prepare for home." "We sang in the train coming home to keep ourselves from crying because we were so sorry to leave the nice country." "My little brother was glad to see me back again. He looked as white as snow and I looked brown."

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[1] Of the Board of Education.

[2] *Town Children and Country Interests*, by Mrs. S. A. Barnett.

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How pathetic are the last three entries, for it was not only the conclusion of the holiday that made the writers sad. Some town children have a genuine love for the country.

I enjoyed myself very much, I cannot explain how much. Please God next year I will come again. As I sit at school I always imagine myself roaming in the fields and watching the golden corn, and when I think of it, it makes me cry.

And those tears will find companions in the hearts which ache for the joyless lives of our town children, weighted by responsibilities, crippled by poverty, robbed of their birthright of innocent fun. The ecstatic joy of children in response to such simple pleasures tells volumes about their drab existence, as their appreciation of adequate food and their warm recognition of kindness represent privation and surprise. In a deeper sense than Wordsworth used it, "Their gratitude has left me mourning."

I know, and no one better, the countless servants of the people who are toiling to relieve the sorrows of the poor and their children, but until the conditions of labour, of education, and housing, are fearlessly faced and radically dealt with, their labour can only be palliative and their efforts barren of the best fruit. Perhaps one of the flowers that will grow from the blood-soaked roots of war will be the establishment of more people on the land.

This chapter can close with an extract from the Annual Report of the C.C.H.F. and a letter signed by Mr. F. Morris, for whom my husband had so great an appreciation.

Until the last few months of his long and eventful life Canon Barnett remained the Chairman of the Children's Country Holiday Fund, inspiring his fellow-workers, welcoming fresh suggestions arising from any source, realising with prophetic instinct what was valuable and desirable to make permanent, or what was merely effervescent, or an eddy in the main stream. As Chairman he was both firm and patient, helping every member of the Committee, even amid conflicting interests, to realise the other person's point of view, and through all seeking and maintaining peace; creating as it were a large canopy of peace under which individual roots of effort, stimulus, restraint, and individuality grew and brought forth varied flowers of service for childhood.

That his influence did not end with his life the following touching letter indicates:

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CHILDREN'S COUNTRY HOLIDAY FUND

To the Editor of "The Times," July 14th, 1913

SIR,—It was Canon Barnett's wish, written in a letter dated July 1st, 1909, and left to be opened after his death, that flowers should not "spend themselves on my dead body, but in giving joy and comfort to living people." This wish a small group of his friends, led by Mrs. Harold Spender, endeavoured to carry out by suggesting in the letter signed by the Bishop of London (and others) which you, Sir, were good enough to publish, that all "those who would have liked to send some floral tribute should give such assistance to this fund as to enable more children to go into the country to learn lessons from the flowers." As Chairman of the Fund I have just received the sum of £160 8*s.* 10*d.*, and the accompanying pathetic poem addressed to Mrs. Barnett from Mrs. Harold Spender, who adds the money was "given lovingly and collected lovingly."

To Mrs. Barnett

This little token we have brought
To show our love and grateful thought
Of you and him, who helped us ever
To raise our minds to high endeavour.
He wished that summer's blossoms brave
Should live—not die upon his grave;
So we'll take children from the street
And let them play in meadows sweet,
And resting in the hedgerow's shade
Feel God is good and all He made.
For you and he together cared
To make God's gifts and treasures shared,
Just as God wills, by every one,
Not all for some, for others none.
You and your loved one sowed the seed
Of many a noble thought and deed;
And your good thought by God's good grace
Shall make each solitary place
And wilderness rejoice with singing
Till all the desert shall be ringing
With joy; and where now nothing grows
Shall bloom abundantly the rose.

VIOLET SPENDER.

Thus, by this personal effort, unorganised and unadvertised, some 320 more children will go into the country for two weeks this year than otherwise could have been sent, a "floral tribute" in accord with our late Chairman's spirit, and one that will "give joy to living (little) people."

The names of the donors will be published in the Annual Report of the Children's Country Holiday Fund, which will be sent to each in due course.

I am, Sir, yours truly,

FRANCIS MORRIS.

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CHAPTER XVI

"A man may be a Christian and a soldier. . . The least self-assertive individual may fight to destroy tyranny."

DURING the early years of our Whitechapel life, 1873 to 1880, Mr. Barnett liked fighting. Most young men do, and he fought with passion for the public good. Among the conflicts in which he engaged was one against a tripe-boiling establishment, "the effluvia of which pours into your neighbours' windows." Another resulted in a summons against the proprietor of the "Angel" public-house. The local press reported:

1878.—Police-Constable 218H deposed that on the evening of the 3rd inst. he heard screams proceeding from the defendant's house, and going to the door saw two women on the floor in front of the bar. They were fighting and tearing each other's hair. He separated them, and one went out. Both were drunk, and the defendant's attention was called to the woman who remained. He said she was not drunk and refused to put her out. . . Mr. Bushby dismissed the summons.

It was this criminal indifference of the magistrates to the standards of conduct in such public-houses that added to the difficulty of teaching the people self-respect, and made the Vicar anxious to fight the iniquities of small badly-lighted half-hidden beer-houses, "sing-songs" in gin palaces, and "friendly leads" in public-houses.

1877.—We ought to make a direct effort against these evils; fights between the drunken are of daily occurrence, and the gutters of the streets are sometimes lined with drunken women. This could not be if the law were observed and the publicans refused to serve those who were already intoxicated. The police have failed to check this abuse, and we want, therefore, the help of those who, watching, will be able to give such evidence as will justify the magistrates in punishing the drunken, and in reducing the number of licensed houses by refusing licences to those who conduct their business badly. Houses arranged for the comfort rather than for the dazzling of the guests, and

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the law strictly administered, would, I think, be more powerful in diminishing drunkenness than either legislation or a teetotal crusade. . .

As the last sentence shows, Mr. Barnett recognised the value of counter-attractions and supported the Café Company which owed its inception to Miss Emma Cons and Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Hart.

With Bishop Jackson my husband had a lively altercation, which the Rev. V. A. Boyle summarised as follows:

The Mission District of St. Augustine's was carved out of St. Philip's, Stepney, and supported by the Bishop's Fund. The district wanted to be a separate parish. The promise had been made of help to build a Church if a site could be secured. The Bishop was prepared to redeem the promise when, led by Mr. Barnett, the neighbouring parsons, among whom were the Rev. Harry Jones, the Rev. J. Kitto, and the Rev. Dr. Alexander Ross, produced an influentially signed petition against building the Church on seven grounds, three of which were that: "Any increase in the number of nearly empty or only half-filled Churches is not likely to advance the cause of true religion." "If a new Church is built it should occupy a prominent position in a main thoroughfare, and not be thrust into a back street." "We should greatly grieve to have amongst us yet one more monument to spread the fact that the Church of England has failed to gain the masses of the working-classes to the Lord."

The Bishop's contention was that, whether Bishop Blomfield's policy of multiplying Churches until there was one for every 4,000 or so of population was right or wrong, the Bishop of London's Fund was committed to it until the policy was altered, and as regards St. Augustine's he was compelled to redeem the pledge given. From his letters may be gathered the good Bishop's annoyed surprise at receiving from "his esteemed clergy" a bombshell like their petition! "What can be gained," he wrote,—"when the matter is so far advanced that I could not draw back even if I wished to do so—by placing me in a position of antagonism with some of my clergy, I cannot understand."

For those who do not know East London, it is well to add that St. Augustine's was built, and—

Draws as large and indeed a larger congregation than most of the neighbouring Churches. Its ritual is that of the extreme High-church party.

So perhaps my husband was wrong, but he never failed to protest against the division of big parishes, arguing that there ought to be more scope in the Church for men with powers of organisation and force of personality.

"There are no adequate places for the best men unless they consent to become Bishops," he used to say, "and then they are apt to be strangled by their own gaiters."

With the help of Mr. James Bonar, then an undergraduate lodging in Arbour Square, Mr. Barnett arranged a public

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meeting to protest against the war vote during the "Jingo" agitation against Russia—1876. The bills for the expenses of the meeting include one for "the repair of broken platform, tables, seats, desks, and various furniture"; for the audience showed their disapproval of peace talk by warlike action, and wielded chair backs and table legs to enforce their opinions.

The dust-destructor, which we renamed the "dust-distributor," was a matter of contention with the authorities: first, because the dust from the houses of the rich was brought to be consumed amid the homes of the poor—all day long uncovered carts filled with rubbish, often smelling offensively, passed under the windows of the peoples' one-roomed homes, the dust flying freely; and secondly because the refuse was so inadequately consumed that—

1889.—The destructor in Wentworth Street vomits forth its clouds of dust, chokes the drains, and makes harder that fight with dirt in which so many of the poor show heroic qualities, and in which so many give up, letting in on their homes drink, gambling, and sloth.

After one of Mr. Barnett's public complaints, we were officially invited to view the destructor and its appliances, with which we were duly impressed, but the practice did not support the theory, and the additional cost of clearing gutters, cleaning windows, and washing curtains was considerable in our large establishment, a minor evil compared with the permeating dust in the homes of the thousands who lived under the smoke-shadow of that giant chimney.

My husband joined in the fight which Mr. Charles Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant made for the right of free publication in 1877, for though he deplored their views on birth-control—holding all methods wrong except self-control—and foresaw the significance to the nation if their teaching was obeyed, he yet felt the dangers of a gagged press to be so grave that he advocated freedom. But then in all matters he trusted in God—good—more than he feared the Devil—evil—and so was fearless of spreading opinion.

1890.—It is the old tale—as soon as man learns to speak, he learns also to lie; but then it is good to learn to speak.

Very early in our Whitechapel life Mr. Barnett began his fight against the Sunday Fair in Petticoat Lane;

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1882.—On Sunday mornings, Middlesex Street is the resort of some thousands of men from all parts of London. They gather for pleasures which are generally thought to be the curse of a race-course—card-sharpers, thimble-riggers, and swindlers of all sorts pursue their callings unchecked. . . What was once a market of old clothes established by the Jews on their first day of the week is now a noisy fair to which idlers and gamblers are drawn from all parts of London . . .

A few years later he made a serious demand that the evil should be faced.

1889.—The Sunday fair in Petticoat Lane increases in size, and the adjoining streets are now filled with loafers from all parts of London, drawn together by the attractions of cheap-jacks, cordials, and the excitement of a crowd. The local public opinion, which ought to condemn such things, has become demoralised, . . . and has allowed the habit of Sunday trading to increase. . . Shops of all sort are opened and contempt for law is encouraged. If it be that some buying must take place on Sunday, better would it be to make such buying legal within certain hours, and after these hours strictly to enforce the closing of the shops. The policy of "drift" which of late years has become fashionable is disastrous when drift takes people from their firm anchorage in principle and bears them on to a raging storm of conflicting interests. Sunday observance is a duty or it is not a duty. If it is a duty, it must be protected by the appreciation of a principle recognised as obligatory by the rich who use the day for pleasure, and by the poor who use the day for gain.

How useless were all Mr. Barnett's efforts can be seen by anyone who will take the train to Aldgate station any Sunday at noon. Perhaps he would still bid us hope for reform, for to quote him again:

1890.—"When the tale of bricks is doubled, then Moses comes," and when the streets are quite impassable and the corruption of character is evident in active vice, then, perhaps, some strong arm will drive out the cheap-jacks, the gamblers, and the sellers of stolen property.

Anyone who went to what was called "the Red Church" in the Bethnal Green Road could be married free. Against this practice Mr. Barnett protested, for the couples had to say they lived in the parish, "thus beginning their new life by a lie," and the unseemly scenes amid the crowds who gathered were common gossip. Regarding the parishioners of St. Jude's, Mr. Polyblank wrote:

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Many couples in the parish were then living in sin because they said they could not afford the cost of marriage in the Church. "I can make no charge for God's blessing," Mr. Barnett said, so the people who were legally entitled to do so came, and he trusted them to pay what they could afford.

Mr. Barnett felt strongly that the services connected with birth, marriage, and death should be conducted not only with reverence to God, but with reverence to humanity however fallen, though it was often difficult to quiet the ribald excitement engendered by the occasion.

At these times the hearts of those present are specially open to emotion, and on the rare occasion of their coming to Church it must be disappointing to them to find themselves treated with business-like dispatch. . . It is altogether good that the Church building in the parish should be associated with the thoughts roused at the solemn crises in life, and there are many hundreds to whom St. Jude's will now suggest memories which may have hopes. The cemetery chapel, with its cold formal service, has damped many a feeling kindled by the Angel of Death when he comes to teach the poor the poetry of life.

Against the retention of the slaughter-houses in Aldgate Mr. Barnett persistently fought, and indeed it was a horrible sight to see the herds of cattle driven through the Whitechapel streets, followed by troops of cruel boys who goaded the frightened beasts with pin-pointed sticks and hideous cries. Sometimes the poor creatures would entangle their great horns in the spokes of moving wheels, and the cries of inarticulate pain from dumb fellow-creatures are not easily forgotten. Sometimes in their fear they would rush on to the pavement, scattering the pedestrians whether they were hale and young, or pregnant women and frail folk. Around the slaughter-houses, where the sheep were dragged in backwards by their legs, the bullocks hounded in by dogs and blows, the children would stand eager for fresh sights of blood, excited by the horror and danger of the scenes. In vain Mr. Barnett protested to the authorities and attacked the abuse in the Press, urging public abattoirs. The landlords, the trade, and the conservatism of the people were too strong to get anything done.

Mr. Polyblank wrote:

Mr. Barnett received the most scurrilous and cruel letters that could possibly be written, when he questioned and attacked the sanitary conditions of the slaughter-houses in Butcher's Row, Aldgate. . . Indeed in many of his efforts to get things better, every hand was against him.

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Among the papers kept is a correspondence with the Rector of Spitalfields, whom in my fearless youth I attacked because, after being pressed, I had taken our Sunday-school children to a united service in his Church. I wrote to him:

> Believing in the Almighty as a source of love, . . . I heard, and deeply regret that our children heard, God spoken of as a harsh tyrant, the children urged "to know Jesus" for fear that God should soon "summon them" and "turn them into everlasting fire where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth." Apart from the question of the truth; apart from the wrong of teaching children to fear punishment and not sin; apart from the lowness of the motive which places pain as the only deterrent, I appeal to you whether you think it courteous or right to invite the school children of the clergy of all opinions, and then to provide them with a teacher of strong party views.

The Rector's reply was very angry and written "in haste," and so best forgotten, except two sentences:

> The preacher was invited . . . because of his acknowledged ability to preach to children. . . What was said in our Church last Sunday would be uttered in substance by nine out of ten of the clergy of the various schools of thought in the Church.

And yet the clergy wondered that people did not worship their God.

I can still see that terrible parson, tall, gaunt, clothed wholly in black, lifting up his arms till his gown looked like huge wings, and descending the first few steps of the lofty pulpit, saying "Down, doown, doowwnnn," as a suitable illustration of the fate of unconverted children.

As President of the Whitechapel and District Liberal Association, Mr. Barnett fought for years difficult battles connected with the organisation of what was known as the Liberal Three Hundred. The chief offenders are dead and it is better not to give pain to those they have left behind, but the papers and accounts indicate how conscientiously my husband fought, writing down for his own guidance the points in favour of the defaulters, and the excuses that could be made for their wrong-doing.

I did not sympathise with Mr. Barnett's holding so prominent a position in a political caucus, for parsons are usually not helped to lead their parishioners towards spiritual life by vexing their political opponents; but the sitting member, Mr. James Bryce,[1] and my husband were knit together by deep friendship, and he felt that through political

[1] Now Viscount Bryce.

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associations he came into contact with a body of men who cared for progress, but whom he touched through no other channel. Perhaps too I was somewhat influenced by the wish to save the Vicar work. In one account twenty-six meetings and two entertainments are shown as having taken place in a little over a year, and as the administration was all done from St. Jude's School-house, it meant constant reference to and responsibility for him.

Neither in those days was Mr. Barnett adverse to using corporal punishment or physical force. At Egloshayle, where he had taken holiday duty, the house-boy repeatedly played truant, returning with ingenious lies. All higher arguments having failed, my husband determined to thrash him, which he personally did till the walking-stick broke! On another occasion his father's coachman—later our pensioner—who had come to fetch us at the station after a long day's excursion, soon showed that he was drunk. In a moment my husband, fearful that his mother would be alarmed, had leapt over the back of the carriage, seized William, and deposited him in the road, where he left him.

With the first secretary of the central office of the C.O.S. Mr. Barnett also contended, believing that his spirit of suspicion of the poor was injurious to the Society. He was a vigorous forcible person from whom my sensitive husband instinctively shrank, but after he, in conjunction with Miss Octavia Hill and other members of the Society, had decided that the services of their secretary had better be dispensed with, Mr. Barnett thought it right to tell him that the little group meant, if they could, to dislodge him. He dreaded the difficult interview, and I went with him to encourage him, and walked up and down Buckingham Street—where the office then was—until he came out.

"Well," I said, "what did he say?"

"I had hoped he would see," replied my husband, "that for the good of the Society he had better retire, but he does not, and so now we shall have to fight him."

It was that unvanquishable belief that men would be always ready to subordinate their private welfare to the public good that made many of those he called leave all and follow him into fresh fields of service.

And alongside of these incidental fights was waged the

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continual war against the housing conditions, the struggle to prevent relief under the Poor Law demoralising the people, and the contest with the authorities for wider education. Fighter as he was, Mr. Barnett always fought with good temper, absence of personal feeling, and a steadfast faith in the conquest of what was right. He used to grieve to stick his knife into his opponent, but he stuck it in all the same, and struck hard. With me it was different. For this he rebuked me:

"You are ready to fight the wrongs and you like preparing for the battle, but you cry when the enemy bleeds, and that weakens me."

Still, he fought on, demanding ever the best for the lowest. Mrs. William Blyth, one of our earliest fellow-workers, writing her reminiscences, said:

To those whose idea of the work of a parish was at all conventional, that at St. Jude's was a revelation. "Nothing short of the best" was the motto of whatever was attempted. . . No one who was associated, even for a short time, and who entered into the spirit of its Vicar and his wife, could ever return to conventional ideas of Church life and Church work, or could fail to realise that all good social work is religious, and should be undertaken as part of God's service.

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CHAPTER XVII

"The sense that something must be done against poverty, ignorance, and sin is a divine heritage in humanity. If the stronger members of society left the weaker alone . . . the strong would lose more than the weak."

As soon as he was qualified as a ratepayer, Mr. Barnett became a Guardian of the Whitechapel Union, having been nominated by the Local Government Board. He held the position for twenty-nine years, and for part of that time was Chairman. In 1869 Mr. Goschen, who was then President of the Poor Law Board, circulated a memorandum advocating the restriction of out-door relief which was in full force, no less than 3,931 Whitechapel persons being in receipt of out-relief on January 1st, 1870. Under the dominating influence of Mr. T. Brushfield, the Board had determined to reduce the out-relief, and on the corresponding date three years later—when my husband joined—the figures had fallen to 1,165, a reduction of nearly 70 per cent., and the decrease continued. On January 1st, 1876, only 420 applicants were so relieved, and on the same day in 1877 the figure was but 122.

The pursuit of this policy involved great suffering; and though the Union was so pauperised that strong decisive action had to be taken, yet most of those concerned lived to wish it had been done with more courtesy of manner, consideration of individual circumstances, and the recognition of the need of reform of the social conditions which had degraded the people.

The Board-room was large and furnished with the horseshoe table usually occupying such offices. At the top sat the Chairman, the applicants approaching him by walking up the room between the two arms of the horseshoe table.

"The House" was the decision usually snapped out by the Chairman, often before the applicant had stated his case, or the Guardians had had any opportunity of giving their opinions.

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"The House?" would whine some poor widowed creature who preferred to starve herself and to see her children starve than be separated from them, "can't your honour—— ?"

"I said 'the House,'" would repeat the Chairman in no gentle tone, and sign to the relieving officer that he was ready for the next case.

"The House, is it?" said one burly bully: "I'll give yer the House," and before anyone saw his intention he had whipped out a bottle from beneath his rags and raised it to hurl a blow which, had it fallen, must have killed Mr. Brushfield. The uplifted arm was caught in time and the Guardians were properly shocked at the occurrence, but I felt that half-fed paupers were not usually brave men, and that the poor creature must have sorely suffered before he had resorted to action so desperate.

Mr. Barnett warmly supported the policy of abolishing out-relief, and many a discussion did we hold on it; for I thought then, and I think now, that with their mother, even in a poor home, children are best reared; and the decision, given almost without exception to a widow, that the Guardians would take most of her children into the pauper schools and leave her one or two to support, seemed to me a cruel policy. It gave her an impossible task, which could only result in half-starving the children, double-working the mother; and by keeping her incessantly absent at labour, it rendered the word "home" a mockery. I used to argue that women were paid to tend the children of the rich, therefore why not pay women to tend the children of the poor, and what women could be so suitable as their mothers?[1] Pharaoh's daughter had found that out. But my husband thought that the pauper spirit which poisoned the masses of the indigent was a national evil which would become worse, and that, like wise physicians, we must bear to inflict suffering if it were necessary to effect a cure. He also felt very strongly the impertinence of judging who was "deserving" of relief.

Who is to be the judge of character? Who is to say that A. shall have out-relief and B. go into the Infirmary, that C. is to be treated as if he were an honoured guest and D. as if he were a criminal? It may be that B. has fought temptations,

[1] This principle is now being advocated by Judge Neil as "Mother's Pensions," and is supported by the State Children's Association and also at the Trades Union Conference, January 1918.

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and had trials which have never come near to A., and that D. has done kindnesses and helped others as C. never dreamed of doing. There is no way in which strangers can judge character; the good and the evil must be let grow together; and he who attempts to separate them will destroy the good with the evil.

Beyond this there is something humiliating, a loss of self-respect, which is entailed in submitting to such judgment. The secrets and sorrows of a man's life are his own; his efforts to save, his charities to children or to friends, his afflictions, the sins of his youth, are not for public use, and he who is called on to expose them suffers irreparably in character. There is a necessary modesty for the character as there is for the person.[1]

Of the bad effect of out-relief on the characters of the applicants Mr. Barnett had no doubt, holding that—

The weekly dole, or "out-relief," administered by a relieving officer bound to suspect every assertion, brings out the greed of the applicant, destroys his self-respect, checks his energies, and has had a distinct effect in keeping down wages. The 420,057 who receive out-relief are not in the real sense *relieved*. They have to go hat in hand to the relieving officer. They have to submit to his questions, and at last receive what must be grudgingly given. . . They may not show signs of the wound their nature bears . . . but human nature deeply feels severance from its kind.[1]

In 1878 he reported that the abolition had been persisted in "with manifest advantage to the ratepayers and to the poor," and twenty years after out-relief had been abolished in Whitechapel, and while we were still living there and able to see results, Canon Barnett wrote in *The Nineteenth Century*:

1891.—Under the new system the first result has been that the poor receive more nearly enough. I am not prepared to say that they receive enough—I have a standard of life which cannot be reached by the income which just keeps body and soul together—but I do say that in 1890 the poor have got more nearly enough than in 1870, and they have got it in a way which was impossible by an out-relief system. They now receive their gifts after a patient consideration of their needs and with a friendliness for their human character which no busy relieving officer could afford. . .

The second result has been a distinct growth in habits of self-reliance. Men and women who, in the old time of parish doles, were tempted to hang about in the hope of something, have set to work. . . The action of the Guardians, even where it is

[1] *Practicable Socialism*, second series, published by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.

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not approved, is understood, and regular action is always the best to work with. One temptation to beg has been removed, and with fewer disappointed applicants there is less ill-will. Whitechapel people—I do not speak of the large crowd of casuals and loafers attracted to the neighbourhood by shelters, common lodgings, and free meals—are more independent, better off, and happier than in old times. . . It is only those who have known the district many years who can judge the improvement.

The "new system" referred to was the method adopted for those to whom the Guardians had refused out-relief. First, they were sent to the Charity Organisation Society, where, after investigation under the kindly eye of Mr. Leonard, who was acting as the Secretary of the Whitechapel C.O.S., adequate help in various ways was organised for their benefit. Very thoroughly was each case investigated, not to find deserts or delinquencies, but to ascertain the characters, tastes, and potentialities of "the neighbour who had fallen by the way." Neither were the applicants forgotten after they had received the initial help, for the large body of workers, who were attracted by the social experiment, enabled regular visits to be paid to all. Mr. Barnett described the effect of such friendship on one family:

James and Mary M—— are old people. They are both delicate, and owing to failing eyesight the man has had to give up his employment and keep a street stall during the summer. In the winter an allowance was granted sufficient for their daily needs, and in the spring money to stock the stall was supplied. The landlord, who lived in a distant part of London, was visited, and was induced to defer immediate pressure for back rent. When the summer came and the stall was bringing in a fair return they were not forgotten. The friend who every week had brought them their allowance continued her visits. Her words and acts of kindness had secured their confidence, and she was trusted with the care of the profits which remained after all outgoings and all debts had been paid. At the end of the summer there were eight pounds in hand. . .

Here is an example of relief, adequate, given with time, thought, and friendliness, which no busy relieving officer could command. Out-relief, equal perhaps in amount but drawn from rates, grudgingly given, would have provoked a sullen and unhelpful disposition. Charity drawn from contributions willingly given, not only put money into the pockets of the old people, but courage into their hearts.

Perhaps it was the work which Mr. Barnett undertook in relation to the abolition of out-relief which gave him his

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extraordinary knowledge of the lives of the poor. Every Board day, when relief cases came on the agenda, he went and stood behind the Chairman, read the application forms, and observed with his keen brown eyes the poor creatures, who timidly or sullenly awaited sentences affecting their whole lives from the unfriendly voices of strangers. As Mr. Brushfield got to trust him, the Vicar would whisper suggestions of further inquiry, or put searching questions to the relieving officer, or advise the applicant what to do. In every instance he took down the names and addresses, and then he or I or one of our workers would go to the poor home or shelter, regardless of parochial boundaries, not to interfere with the work of neighbouring parsons, but as a Guardian visiting an applicant.

Very close in friendship became some of those families whose acquaintance we made when crushed into hopelessness by the refusal of the parish pittance—a refusal which if they had formerly been ratepayers they felt with the bitterness of a denied right. Neither did the friendships wane when the period of helplessness was over. It is but a few months ago that I was presented with a garment, every stitch of which was sewn by the trembling old fingers of one who is now the nation's pensioner, but then, thirty-eight years ago, was a young widow with five children.

"The House for all, or the Schools for three and you can support two," she was told.

"I cannot part with them. Minnie is so fond of home, and Philip is so delicate—I cannot," she said, and I agreed with her. So one room was made to suffice, and into that the new mangle was crowded. The children were half-fed, but clean, happy, and affectionate. Once when the mother fell ill, they were sent into the pauper schools, only to be fetched out after the first visiting day, one with ringworm, one with ophthalmia, all five cowed by the dreary dulling discipline necessary when hundreds of children are gathered together. Dear brave little widow! How she slaved, and starved, and loved, and made those of us who lived easily, feel ashamed. It would take too long to tell how the splendid sturdiness of her character gradually won for her more responsible work and consequently better pay, but all the children survived, and though they are still handicapped in life's race by being under-sized, their hearts are full of love and reverence for their mother, whose latter days they are tending with comforts and consideration.

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Of another family whose circumstances made adequate assistance very difficult, my husband, eighteen years after he had first met the mother in the Board-room, wrote:

1894.—Mrs. A—— was a widow with four girls. She had no trade, and so tried to get a living by selling songs in the streets —another name for begging. She applied for out-relief in 1876. It was refused, but according to the Guardians' custom she was referred to the care of some charitable people. She now met a friend instead of an official, one who was glad to consider all the circumstances and ready to share heart as well as purse. She was helped to a decent room and was found regular work as a scrubber, and subsequently as an office-keeper. Her children were sent to school, and ultimately to places of service. Every week, year after year, she was kept in touch with her hopes, as the same friend visited her, encouraged her, helped her over obstacles, and gave her the pleasure of change. The children have all done well, and the woman herself is now—1894 —living as an honoured and respected guest in the comfortable home of her eldest daughter. If she had received out-relief, she would have met at the pay-table persons with whom association must have been degradation, she would have had to uncover her circumstances to strangers' gaze, she would have been conscious that the relieving officer was regarding her with suspicion, she would probably have resented the injustice of her treatment when compared with that of less worthy neighbours. Her children, growing up in the atmosphere of dependence and resentment, might not have developed the qualities of industry and self-reliance which have now raised them to good positions; they would have missed the glow of friendly care which has warmed their hearts into corresponding friendliness and goodwill.

This is no imaginary case. All through these forty years we have kept in friendly touch with Mrs. A——, her children and grandchildren, who now—1916—no longer living in Whitechapel, but occupying the position of the self-dependent and self-respecting industrial classes, maintain the friendship by the usual channels of social communication, and never fail to visit us when in town.

My husband held that the refusal of out-relief was the root from which grew redeeming effort and goodwill, and when some fifteen years ago there was a widespread demand to return to the system of loosely given inadequate out-relief, he wrote strongly:

The system adopted by the Whitechapel Guardians had good results, measured by an observer whose standard is "the best

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for the poor, who as men and women are kin to the highest." The Board offered day by day an object-lesson in justice and kindness, and a Board's effect on conceptions of social duty is often more important than its direct action. Its education of opinion reaches further than its deeds. A new generation has now become the critic of a system which thirty years ago was new. This generation does not know what an improvement the present is on the past, and has not taken pains to trace the causes of the improvement. It sees the poverty of the present; out-relief is the simplest way of meeting poverty, and so it inclines to reintroduce out-relief.

I would, however, enter two cautions out of my own experience.

The first is that there is no royal road by which the poor can be made rich. The improvement must come by growth from within, and not by accretions from without. The effective help is that which strengthens character.

My second caution is against a too hasty contempt of past practices. The practice of out-relief and the practice of no out-relief have been tried. It is wiser to study each, to find out what has really happened under each administration, than it is to argue from theory, or without thought to swing from one system to another. The danger of many of our critics, who are alive to the sufferings of poverty, is hurry. They feel what their neighbours endure; they have not been trained to think; they have never learnt history; they have control of the rates; and the simplest course is to give out-relief. Human nature inclines to resent trouble, especially the trouble of study; but they who would act helpfully in this matter must restrain their emotions and conquer their indolence, while they take the trouble to consider experience. Those who criticise the present must study the past.

It may be that society ought to be reorganised—that is matter for another argument; but while society is on its present basis there is abundant proof that the poor are better off when Guardians refuse out-relief, and bring to their service the goodwill of charity.

If the opposite policy be adopted and out-relief be again given, the out-relief must be adequate—not the insufficient dole of old days, but enough to relieve the applicant both from starvation and the necessity of further begging. It must also be very widely given. If it be refused, except on grounds approved by the common opinion, the refusal will excite general discontent. But if it be widely given, habits of self-reliance will be weakened, the thoughts of many will be unsettled, wages will be reduced, and the rates will be raised.

Imagine for a moment how a system of out-relief must work out in practice. A. applies and makes out a case which justifies relief, and receives an adequate amount. B. applies, and his

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case, although not so good as that of A., is still near enough to make refusal impossible. C. applies, who again is very like B., and so on through the whole alphabet, till Z. can justify his claim although he is so far from A. If the relieving officer at any point attempts to draw a line, there is complaining and unrest which no argument can meet, so like are the cases refused to the cases accepted. If, on the other hand, the relieving officer gives to every applicant, the burden on the rates becomes intolerable; the fountains of charity are dried up; the thought and the friendship and the family love which have so much softened and straightened human relations are weakened; the goodwill which has raised the demand for better houses, better education, and better wages is paralysed; the self-reliance which has enabled workmen to form unions and take independent action is relaxed, and depths of need are opened which no relief can fill. Out-relief is a sort of monster which destroys its own parent, the local rates from which it is drawn.

The foundations on which Mr. Barnett based his actions relating to out-relief had to be firmly established to enable him to bear the unpopularity and misunderstanding which were the results. Some persons accusd him of sacrificing the people to his fads, others voted him a dreamer, while the poor who suffered by the change of policy bore him unstinted ill-will. All this he found very hard to bear, and yet in those early days he did not explain his motives and aims, either on the platform or by the Press.

"Have you written all that?" asked Dr. Ernest Hart after a conversation on Poor Law reform, and on receiving "No" as a reply, burst out with the rapid utterance of indignation at the folly of missing opportunities of sympathy and helpfulness by neglect of the Press. Even then, except for Parish Reports and for sermons, my husband did not use his pen, and it was left to me to lead the way in magazine literature by an article "Young Women in the Workhouse" in *Macmillan* in August 1879.[1]

It is fitting that that work should be mentioned here, for, though it was essentially woman's work, it grew out of Mr. Barnett's position as Guardian. During his visits to "the House" and Infirmary, he saw young women in undesirable propinquity to vicious characters, some of whom were suffering from the consequences of their shameless lives. The existence of these girls was brutalising by dreariness and made barren of effort by hopelessness. Helped by the matron, Mrs. Mayor, who was always delighted to assist

[1] *Practicable Socialism*, published by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.

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the inmates, I began to visit them, first to gain their confidence and then to restart them in the difficult world, at least made easier to them by the possession of a friend who cared about what they did. At that time the Lock wards were underground, and no classification other than that demanded on medical grounds was attempted. Into these I plunged with the ignorance and enthusiasm of twenty-four years, dominated by the faith that no girls liked being wicked, that they had only adopted evil ways inadvertently or under compulsion, and that they would gladly suffer hardship and enjoy discipline so as to become good. Slowly I learnt the truth. I had arrived at woman's estate in a condition of almost incredible innocence, and sins, now known, alas! to all playgoers and novel-readers of any age, were to me unimagined. To learn the facts of sex lawlessness through the channel of the rude words and impure minds of the women in the underground Lock wards of the Whitechapel Infirmary made me ill, but I was absorbingly interested in the individual girls and never missed my weekly visit.

For the first year or two the work was done without official recognition, but later Mr. Vallance, the Clerk to the Board, thought it desirable that the Guardians should know of it, and so records were rendered. The first one, March 1877,[1] states that in the preceding twelve months eighty-one women and girls had been seen, and sixty placed out, of whom twelve were supporting their children who were formerly on the rates. As I read the report of work long since forgotten I recall many of the Sarahs and the Margarets and the Kates, there denoted only by initials, and some of the events that those short official sentences cover.

Drink has been this young woman's failing. She solemnly took the pledge and has kept it.

And behind the words I can see Agnes G——, aged twenty-six, in the rough workhouse uniform, kneeling in the little dining-room at the Vicarage, and I can hear my husband's beautiful voice leading us in prayer. I remember her scribbled signature all blurred with her tears, and can feel her kiss of gratitude when, the little ceremony ended, I took her out to the hall, where sat the poor old pauper man sent to convoy her back to the workhouse.

"Here ye be, my lassie," he said, anxious to comfort her,

[1] Later it was agreed that the Reports should not be printed.

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"it'll be all right now," and I recall my sense of indignation that such a dear old father-man, so ready with his sympathy, should be condemned to be cast away, out of sight and often out of mind, on the sad rubbish-heap of humanity.

The babies were difficult joys, and often died in spite of all the care lavished on them by their foster-mothers, but the regular visiting which they necessitated gave us the privilege of knowing many noble women and their patient husbands, whose devotion to the care of nameless children was an object-lesson in Christian life, though usually Church-going was not their habit.

Last night—February 20th, 1916—I received a letter from a man in America who, after apologising for not writing for twenty years, sent word of his prosperity and the assurance of his grateful memory of all that had been done for him. He was one of those weakly unwanted babies, loved into life and self-respect by his foster-parents. And how that woman talked! We used to fly from her, or take it in turns to bear the torrent of her words; but listening to her was the only remuneration she exacted; for, the baby's mother having returned to her evil ways, the nurse continued to keep him without payment, jealously guarding him against his mother, "who might harm him when in drink."

Many people are the recipients of many sorts of love, but nothing can exceed the power and depth of the love which can be lavished by an unloved "incorrigible pauper." Ellen Mather was brought to me with that character, and her half-closed eyes, sullen expression, set mouth, and general "don't-care" attitude brought despair into my heart. Nothing I said made any difference to her, she would not answer, probably thinking that as she had been to prison for workhouse insubordination, the future could hold no good for her.

"It is my birthday on Tuesday," I said. No reply.

"Don't you want to give me a present?" Long silence and then—

"I ain't got nothing to give nobody," was grunted out.

"You have something you can give me which I want very much," I said. Silence.

"Won't you give it me?" Silence. Then curiosity awoke, and she sulkily asked,

"What is it?"

"You can give me your promise that if I take you out of here, you will never enter the workhouse again." Silence,

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this time unbroken until I had to go, but on Tuesday the eagerly looked-for letter was there, and the given promise was faithfully kept.

I could write a book on Ellen, her experiences, her temper, her clumsiness, her sense of humour, her intelligence, her incompetence, her scorn of most of her mistresses, and her appreciation of some, her shrewdness and stupidity, and through it all her great and permeating love. Every birthday I received a gift and a letter, and when once, presents having become too much the fashion, I decreed in an Eastern potentate style that I should refuse to receive them, I got ten shillings from Ellen to help another girl.

"I thought I'd make you take mine whosesoever you refused," she said, chortling at having got the best of it.

She was very naughty and very dear, learning life's lessons but slowly. When she was about thirty-five she went as under-servant to Mr. F. C. Mills, one of the pre-Toynbee Hall settlers, who was then living in Arbour Square, good Mrs. Batchelor being his housekeeper. While there, Ellen's consumptive tendency, which had been kept in abeyance by the aid of the Ventnor Hospital and much care, became active, and death was not far off. The outlook was difficult, for the promise about the workhouse had to be kept, and yet no hospital would take her. So the story was told to Mr. Mills, who at once accepted the burden and had the "incorrigible pauper" nursed in his house with every comfort until the end came.

"What is that?" I asked her one day, pointing to a beautiful Brett seascape standing on an easel at the bottom of the bed.

"Mr. Mills brought it," she said. "He thought it would be company for me."

"Nursed with every comfort" I have written, but such consideration was holier than any comfort!

If the girls left the infirmary and flung themselves back into their ungodly lives, I went after them, to woo them to take the hard self-restraining path which leads to righteousness. Sometimes they would refuse, sometimes respond, and occasionally tell me of some other girl perhaps younger or less hardened "who had better go along with you, ma'am." To each was given something difficult to do in evidence of the reality of the desire to reform, for to make the way easy and attractive is not to call forth the characteristics on which alone reformation can be built.

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"You must go into the infirmary first, then I will help you," was the decision given to one girl who, dirty, hatless, and almost shoeless, was living in one of the furnished rooms or "dossing with her pals." "Come this evening, when it shall be all arranged."

The evening went by, and bedtime came, but no Selina.

"She won't come now," said my husband; "you must give her up and go to rest."

"I shall sit up for her; she must not come and find the lights out," was my reply.

He was vexed with me, for I was weak, too weak to sit hour after hour in the little draughty passage-hall waiting, hoping, fearing—fearing that the condition had been too stiff—fearing I had erred in not taking her myself—fearing that opportunity of sin had come, and that her repentance was too weak to resist it. The people surged up and down the street shouting drunken songs, quarrelling, laughing, screaming, making hideous human noises provocative to hopelessness. At last the knocker gave the single rap, which is what the poor give, and Selina was won, stronger for ever by her conquest and the knowledge that someone cared whom she must not disappoint.

For nine years I did this work, at first alone, then Lady Monteagle, Mrs. John Rodger, and Mrs. Frederick Greene joined me; we formed the inevitable Committee, and the plan was extended to the St. George's-in-the-East and other Unions. It was painful work, for, to quote from the article already referred to:

> There are many failures: women whose resolution deserts them before the old temptations, whose promises are as lightly broken as they are earnestly made; girls whose ill companions offer them bright if lawless lives, and who leave the new hard ways for the well-known aimless, careless life.
>
> But in spite of many failures, the work is hopefully continued in the belief, founded on experience, that the idle can be induced to work and learn through daily labour the gospel which work teaches; that the coarse-minded can yet see the beauty of holiness if it is shown greatly and plainly; that the ignorant can yet be taught, if patience be given; that the careless may yet be circumspect if cared for. Failures and disappointments are inevitable when the aim is not to make a temporary improvement, but to raise the ideas and radically change the habits of a class to help whom there has hitherto been so little effort made.

And through all the labour, the disappointments, and the successes, my husband stood by, ready to help, to condole, or to congratulate. His subtle sympathy, his unerring dis-

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cernment, his unfathomable hope, his extensive experience, his unlimited resourcefulness were all brought into use for the service of those who were striving to regenerate "the woman who was a sinner." His view of the subject shall he told in his own words in an article he wrote on "Commercialised Vice."

1912.—What, then, may it be asked, is the action of the Christian towards her? If, I suppose, you try to put into a sentence the change brought by Christ into human relations, you might say that from Him dates a new value in human beings. They who really see Jesus, cannot help but respect Him, and they who see His likeness in the despised, cannot help but respect them. Christ inspired not just kindness, or interest, or toleration, but respect for every human soul as something of incomparable, inestimable value. He Himself was courteous to the outcast and the child. . .

The attitude, therefore, of the Christian towards the woman who is a sinner should be one of respect. She must be treated not as an inferior with lower needs, not by methods of exclusion as if she were unworthy of our courtesy, nor by excuses as if she were incapable of knowing better; she must be helped not by the cold machinery of an organisation dealing with a fallen class, nor by the sentiment which makes light of her sin. She must be regarded as a human being in whom is Christ, with a divine capacity for being good, generous, loving, and therefore also with the noble human capacity for repentance. She must receive a respect which will remind her of her inheritance, and a warmth of human feeling which she will recognise as coming not from pity but from hope.

Repression and sentiment alike have failed. Respect such as that shown by our Lord in Simon's house to the "woman who was a sinner" has yet to be tried. How this sense of respect will affect the words and acts of individuals must be left to each other's conscience.

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CHAPTER XVIII

"The Holy Spirit and the world spirit alike breathe in the spirit of the times."

We were not always at work. Neither did our life consist of creating organisations for the benefit of the poor, nor fighting abuses which hindered their growth. We deliberately decided it should not be so, and thus kept times for each other, dined out frequently, paid many visits, and took splendid holidays. Mr. Barnett wrote to his brother of some of these visits:

Hampstead, *March* 1884.—We are spending our Sabbath with these soldiers of the nineteenth century. That is what the Miss Davenport Hills are, obedient servants of the will of the age. They are not poets to see the future nor leaders like Moses who go on Pisgah, but they are doers of the hard dull duty which a hard dull age imposes. It is good to be with them, to feel around one the breath of truth, the breezes of duty.

Kensington, *May 29th*, 1886.—Here I am with the Potters by myself. My wife and I had both promised to spend our Sabbath here, but she was tired, so I came alone. I have had as pleasant a time as is possible when there is less than half myself to enjoy it. Last night Miss Chamberlain dined here, a frank, clever girl, devoted to her father and keen for his honour. Evidently she feels strongly against Gladstone and Morley, but the Bill will pass. . .

March 28th, 1896.—Yesterday we went to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Watts at their country house near Guildford. We found them established on a hillside amid the fir trees with peeps towards Hindhead. Their house just teems with art and ideas. The ceiling is worked in plaster, each panel symbolical of some religion—the walls varied with oak and drapery, pictures, chairs, everything is suggestive. He and she were, as ever, humble, inspired, and devoted. We talked and were refreshed to return to Whitechapel to find our pictures in the picture-rooms and

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our duties waiting. A fine collection—Burne-Jones in great force. I have been trying to describe him for the catalogue, but have not got my hand or heart in.

September 7th, 1907.—Here we are in a great rich house. . . Our hostess is a sweet person whose conscience is always troubling her about her wealth. She comes to us with cases ten times a day. . . Last night there was a dinner party of neighbours. Oh! it is fun to note the horror of Socialism and their absolute ignorance of everything except horses and sport. Their cry is the coming ruin of the country. I attacked them for want of patriotism. It is really the worst sort of treason which cries out and retreats.

My husband no longer rode, but I often went with my brother-in-law, and as from Wimpole Street the country to the north was the most accessible, I learnt well its rural beauties. The immediate result was that we rented a cottage in Palmer's Green to rest in, and the ultimate result was the creation of the Hampstead Garden Suburb. Every Friday we set aside for a *tête-à-tête* workless "Sabbath," taking long walks through Surrey or Kent, or seeing picture-galleries in town. These were days of great gladness to us and rarely sacrificed on duty altars. Dining out was also often a pleasure, but it had to be limited, for locomotion thirty to forty years ago was expensive and tiring, but one had to go to the West End to remind it of the East End.

1884.—We have dined out twice this week but with no particular pleasure. One lady boasted of being an anarchist. How people use anything for excitement! There is no sin so often committed as that of taking the Sacrament unworthily. Eternities are dressed up for the banquet of an hour. Crime, I expect, is a Sacrament—a kind of Sacrifice with Calvary behind—and so crime should not be talked of lightly, lest the Sacrament be taken unworthily.

1886.—On Tuesday evening we dined with the Toynbees; I talked to Baden Powell about India, and enjoyed a chat with Miss Swanwick, who is one of the rare old ladies who keep youth and age together. Afterwards we went on to the Stebbings' and met, as Du Maurier said, "A lot of mind." We did not meet new people as we knew so many old friends. These parties seem weary waste of time, but they do serve to keep friends in touch.

1886.—Wednesday I had a heavy day and bore it easily, ending it up with a talk on "Charity," and later a ball at Knowles'. A tent was put up in the garden, and the garden lighted with Chinese lanterns. The sight was pretty, suggestive

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of the theatre rather than of life, helpful to the fancy rather than to the imagination. The contemplation of West London was instructive.

On Friday we went out to a big West London "At Home" and both felt its waste and unreality. What a maze the threads of life are in—from one point of view such meetings have their use, but from another they seem nothing but false. I don't wonder at Ben Tillett's attacks, but I wish he would not. The habit of meeting extravagance with extravagance has been in vain tried. We must not feel less, but he must speak less.

1885.—Last night we dined at the ——. They are awfully and terribly rich. The table was supposed to be a work of art by which coarseness was hidden by flowers. At such dinners, where one sits with hosts one has known for many years, one understands why charities lack support. The money has gone into show which is approved because it is elegant. The dinner was not interesting . . . and doesn't bear thought. It was wrong, a wasteful use of time, money, brain-tissue, and possibilities of heart-work. Protest, protest against such extravagance and shams. . . We then drove to the "Inventories." The place was filled with folk in full dress, the lights were brilliant, and the fountains played their tune in colour, ending by a note which seemed to take its rise in the stars. It made a fairy sight—fairy, not heavenly, because it was wanting in repose.

1889.—On Wednesday evening we dined with the Bradleys and enjoyed the high-bred Christianity of the English gentleman.

Our own dinner parties were always interesting, and the Vicarage dining-room witnessed some daring social blending of East and West. Mr. Jowett, James Russell Lowell, Henry Ward, H. M. Stanley, Rev. Mark Wilks, Walter Besant, Mr. Asquith, Dr. Abbott, the Duke of Devonshire, Tom Mann, Herbert Spencer, William Morris, Ernest Hart, Ben Tillett, Lady Battersea, John Burns, Lord Goschen, Frederick Rogers, Lord Bryce, Octavia Hill, Emma Cons, and my sister made some interesting combinations and produced live talk.

1884.—On Monday we had a dinner party when East and West met. Monteagle came in the evening, having heard Gladstone's speech which much depressed him. The evening was hot and I was glad when they all went. The women were a better lot than the men.

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May 28th, 1886.—On Tuesday we had a pleasant dinner, when my wife drew a brilliant conversation about Home Rule from Corrie Grant and Costelloe. I enjoyed a fresh young girl whom I was allowed to have instead of a dignified dowager.

May 27th, 1896.—We have had two dinner parties. At one we had Cook, Verney, Gorst. There was no specially interesting talk, though Gorst did say a few things born of disappointment at the Cabinet Council. At the other we had Spender, Costelloe, Sidney Lee, and Crackanthorpe. Mrs. Crackanthorpe is a very clever woman, able to dare and to express her darings. She is emancipated and has not made herself a slave to newness.

The talk was interesting on Manning. His ambition and double-dealing were allowed. But was he anxious in directing the publication of his letters to put on the white sheet, or was he to the end all unconscious of the wrong he was doing?

Of one dinner Mrs. Hill and Miss Octavia both wrote:

1874.—Mr. and Mrs. Tom Hughes sent Ockey a pressing invitation, but the Barnetts won. . . She had a very interesting time.

1888.—I dined at the Barnetts' last night, met Dr. Bridges (the Comtist), the Rev. Dr. Abbott, Mr. and Mrs. Courtney, etc. Mr. Barnett is trying to get four acres of land, which is full of lodging-houses. . .

It was great fun "hosting" so various an assortment of friends and my husband did it well, drawing out the characteristics of individuals to produce either sympathy or argument. We dared to give only simple, not to say frugal fare, so that none should be embarrassed.

On every Monday evening and Wednesday afternoon we were "At Home" to all sorts of folk, and many, very many people came.

1880.—Yesterday we had a great press of visitors. My poor little woman was hemmed in on all sides, and everyone wanted to talk to her. People come more on Wednesday afternoons than on Monday evenings. I am sorry, as I can be at home on Mondays and not on Wednesdays.

1884.—Wednesday my wife was ill, so I entertained her visitors. Men turned up from Oxford who were anxious to hear of work. They are good fellows, but what a lot they will learn! Monday we had a dinner party and some forty folk came during the evening; Oxford men again rather invaded us.

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Of one of the Monday evenings Miss Harriett Harrison wrote:

1884.—DEAR MRS. BARNETT,—What a wonderful party! Even that there could be such a thing and that it was a reality, is enough to make one a proud woman for having seen the immensity of the family we all belong to. It was like Botticelli's picture of the Nativity come true, with the pilgrims being received at the door by angels with palms, and a loving kiss-like greeting, with a sort of mixed-up merry-go-round of the angels above. Do you remember the picture in the National Gallery?

And the "mixed-up-merry-go-round angels" were all yoked to St. Jude's omnibus, to do or get done something for the public weal. In the St. Jude's Report Mr. Barnett wrote:

1879.—There is room for every character and occupation for every power. There is no one who can be in the way who brings the will to be helpful. He who has learnt in an office some business knowledge, he who from books and men has learnt the secret of art and culture, as well as he who having learnt of God knows the depth of man's being, may find their places. All can bring a life with the interests which surround it, and it is the life which will teach the people. . . All can do such a simple thing as make friends. I only ask that such friend-making may be done in faith that it is one means of reaching the deepest needs. . .

Of what some of the friends did I will now tell, beginning with Mr. William Morris, whose powers served our people. His colour-scheme for the Church lies before me:

East End: apple green stencilled in darker shade; curtains red and gold; pillars scarlet; dado for aisle walls of stronger tone; walls above stone; apple green around clerestory windows; abolish cornfield and hedge frieze.

It sounds gaudy, but it was not so when carried out, and on the scarlet pillars and the organ screen we placed fine photographs of Italian and Spanish masterpieces. Above the string course were hung, in the earlier years, enormous drawings of angels lent by Mr. Holiday, and later—1889—four of Mr. Watts's pictures.[1] The description of one of these is here given[2]:

"THE MESSENGER OF DEATH"

The man lying dying on his chair represents the heir to the treasures and experiences of the ages. Around him are the emblems of his knowledge

[1] Three of these are now in the hall of the Institute, Hampstead Garden Suburb, and one, "The Good Samaritan," I have lent to my friends the Rev. Sidney and Mrs. Vatcher, for St. Philip's, Stepney—the London Hospital Church.

[2] *The Record*, by Mrs. S. A. Barnett.

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and of his attainments: a written book, a read book, a violin, a globe, a mallet, and a palette, emblematic respectively of history, literature, music, astronomy, handicraft, and art. In the distance faintly delineated are a pyramid, a Greek temple, and a Christian cupola, symbolising some of the great religions in the world. The heir to Nature's conquests and man's triumphs is dying. The great God's sexless Messenger is touching his hand in summons. The background behind him is brown, the brown of the earth; the background behind the Messenger is blue, the blue of the heavens; and "So much larger is the world behind the veil, that, great as is the man here, he will be but as the little embryo babe carried in the Messenger's arms, when he has passed from brown to blue." These were the artist's words as he told me the meaning of his picture.

For the east end over the altar Mr. Wilson and Mr. Page of the Slade School depicted, on a background of gold, eight noble heads of men "divine by grace, human by grief."

"Whose are the heads?" Mrs. Butcher was asked. She was the dear old pensioner who sat in the Church during the hours it was open for "those who care to think or pray in quietness."

"No one ever told me, sir," she said, "but I think they must be meant for the seven Churches of Asia *and* St. Jude's."

On the pictures in Church Mr. Barnett set a high value:

1879.—The unconscious influence of pictures in a place of worship is not to be despised. In days when we cannot boast that we have found in words a means of worship or religious teaching, it may be well to trust somewhat to those influences which will develop rather than provide thought and suggest rather than define God.

In his letter to his brother he forges one of those links between his family and his work which increased his care for both.

The Church decoration is effective, and the gilding which is done out of the father's gold is a lesson of brightness. . .

The Vicar had confidently surrendered the Church and its management into the hands of an elected Church Council, and his faith in democratic government was justified when it permitted such innovations as statuary in Church, and accepted Mr. Roscoe Mullins's loan of his great statue of Isaac and Esau. Strangely through its silence it spoke of the despair of the disinherited—a fit emblem of the dumb pain of East London.

Mr. Barnett wrote:

1875.—The great want of this East End of London is beauty; the streets are ugly, and few signs of taste are anywhere apparent; it is therefore well that it should be possible for both

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inhabitants and passers-by to enter a building which, by its grace and beauty, should remind them of a world made beautiful by God's Hand.

1885.—With the help of a neighbour who sells flowers in the streets, we have now fresh plants in the Church every Sunday. He is glad of the place in which they may live during that day, and we are glad of the help they give us in our worship. . . On Sunday we had a big congregation and a Church decorated with 104 arum lilies.

On weekdays as well as Sundays the Church was rarely empty of flowers, which were arranged, not in conventional ecclesiastical patterns, but freely as they grew. Usually we received thanks, but sometimes surprised remonstrance; as for instance when I banked the altar with furze bushes, which the docile Vicar had cut and carried home from a Surrey common; or when the great sprays of wild roses or honeysuckle were allowed to toss out their beauty in their lawful lawlessness.

Many foolish and cruel things were said about Barnett's work—wrote the Rev. the Hon. J. G. Adderley, in his *Reminiscences*, 1916—and the very remembrance of them makes us see how much we have learnt since then. For instance, when a fountain was erected—outside the west wall of the Church—it was supposed to be "unspiritual" and people sneered at what they called "Christianity assisting at its own funeral."

And yet the designing and erection of that fountain gave us great pleasure.

The bright colour breaks the weary dullness of the street, as the rainbow colours break the desolation of a flooded world.

Its cost, £46, was paid by my earnings, for I was writing a good deal at that time, and so gave to the "sad, bad, mad" ones of Whitechapel what knowledge of their pain had enabled me to gain. The illustration will show the words we chose, in the hope that some of those who stopped to drink would grope after their meaning. Many who used our fountain were sorry specimens of the human family. The Ishmaels of civilisation, the downtrodden women, the half-witted wanderer, the homeless "rotter," used the same cup as the mischievous splashing boys, or the thirsty country carter bringing in his load of hay for the market, still held in the open street. Sometimes the tramps would wash their clothes and utensils as well as their bodies. Once from his dressing-room window my husband—who always got up at 5.30—saw a woman tramp undress her baby and

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bathe it tenderly in the Doulton basin. He slipped downstairs, brought her in to breakfast, and called me to hear her tale, which was a rare one of undeserved misfortune. But it concluded with that tenderly given cold bath, for she was helped to rejoin her husband, and has made a home in Canada, cherishing gratitude, for fear that long years should slay it.

But friends are the keynote of this chapter, and from them came the new organ, long waited for, but a beauty when it arrived, built by Messrs. Willis, under Mr. Heathcote Statham's directions. By others Whitechapel was given further facilities for washing.

1874.—To the persistent exertions of the Rev. H. M. Clifford, a friend to all of us, the debt on the baths and wash-houses in Goulston Street has been paid off, and the buildings handed over to the Vestry.

In those days the Committees of Boys' Homes obtained from the Home Office the right to hold shoeblacking stations in the London streets, to which the boys were sent, to return in the evening and state what they had earned. In the Mansell Street Home Mr. Barnett—most efficiently supported by our dear friend Mr. Tourell, the superintendent—turned the Home into a self-governing hotel, and by putting the stations up to auction arrived at their economic value to the boys. Thus there was no temptation to lie about earnings, and independence was encouraged. The boys bought from the kitchen buffet such food as they fancied and could afford, and the rent of the stations enabled helpful influences such as a band, books, classes, camp holidays, and Sunday rambles to be provided. In short, "pianos, pictures, and parties" were once more used for the saving of souls.

1874.—Aided by friends I have been enabled to give many boys another start in life. . . After some training—for discipline and attendance at night school are conditions of residence—in the Shoeblacks Brigade, they have passed out into work either on land or sea.

Helped by Mr. Ernest Hart and other friendly doctors, a Medical Club was formed, on a plan which was a forecast in principle of the present panel system:

1877.—By the payment of about one penny a week arrangements have been made by which anyone may obtain attend-

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ance and medicine from any of the doctors living in the neighbourhood. This plan obviates the difficulty of providing dispenser and medicines which hampers provident dispensaries. . . We have had to deal with all those difficulties which surround an untried scheme, and some special difficulties which seem to mock our efforts. Some day success must come, the hospitals will recognise the mischief of their indiscriminate relief, and the poor will welcome the opportunity of being independent.

It was the friends, also, who took small groups of children to ramble in the parks and to play on the Tower Wharf. To many these Saturday afternoons were a revelation, for the very ignorant rarely move beyond their own streets. Unaware of what to seek or in which direction to seek it, their powers of effort and imagination both fail.

It was to our friends that our neighbours owed the sight of flowers, for then none were sold in the streets. Every week thousands of dainty bunches arrived at the Vicarage, and were taken by the lady rent-collectors to the healthy, and by the parish nurse to the sick. We also promoted every kind of Flower Show, from the exhibition of the poor sickly seedlings reared by the children, to the gorgeous displays of hot-house plants lent by the Horticultural and Botanical Societies, or sent from the conservatories of the richest of East London's well-wishers. Whatever the form, the motive was always the same.

1874.—The Flower Show in the summer helped those who live in our terrible courts to know that there is One whose will is that beauty should cover the earth.

In the years under review—1873–80—the intention was to induce people themselves to grow flowers. Seeds, plants, pots, and instructions were given, and a lively interest shown and encouraged. Mr. Leonard Montefiore, that man of rare gifts and fascinating personality, appeared every summer, as he said of himself, as a "hardy annual," and gave up weeks of the long vacation to visit the exhibitors, label the plants, invent the rules, and organise the important day. Then, amid the crowds of eager people, noisy children, discontented plant-owners, he kept the peace, and rained the sunshine of his happy laughter on all alike, Jew or Gentile, old or young. The Flower Shows brought—

1876.—Many expressions of gratification that those divided by their creeds had found so pleasant a bond of union.

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A few years later the flowers created another union between the Church, the Jews, and the Ragged School organisation in George Yard, but—the Vicar wrote—

1879.—The dissatisfaction expressed at the prize-giving, the discovery that notwithstanding many precautious much cheating existed, the sense that the spirit encouraged is not a good spirit, convince me that for us a Flower Show is not advisable. Some other plan of encouraging the growth of flowers must be adopted.

We discontinued the shows of home-grown flowers with much regret, for to some of the least controlled of the people the tending of plants had been an uplifting influence, but the extraordinary ingenuity of those who had cheated —and they were not few—to try to obtain prizes, and the anger and suspicion aroused in the virtuous, as well as the festering quarrels the subject produced, made the decision to abandon them necessary.

Among the friends made in those days was Mr. Brooke Lambert, who had spent four years as Vicar of St. Mark's, Whitechapel, and was then Vicar of Tamworth.

I am sorry to hear that Barnett means to marry before he goes to East London—wrote Mr. Lambert to Miss Octavia Hill.—The work is onerous and continuous, and a wife can only be an incumbrance.

This letter amused Miss Octavia, who sent it to us. About a year after, during Mr. Barnett's severe illness, Mr. Lambert called; and with his letter in my memory, I went into the drawing-room to receive him, pretending gaucherie.

"Well, Missy," he said, "and who are you?"

"Please, sir," I said, dropping him a mocking curtsey, "I am the incumbrance."

"God bless my soul, are you?" he exclaimed in some confusion, and then we shook hands and became real friends until he left this earth on January 25th, 1901. He and my husband were united by many ties of intellectual sympathy and common work, but the closest bond was Mr. Barnett's admiration for Mr. Lambert's character. Even when we seriously differed from him on matters connected with the Departmental Committee on Poor Law Children—1896—my husband's faith in him never faltered, and our triangular friendship survived the shock of opposing action.

The Rector of St. George's-in-the-East, Harry Jones, was also our very good friend; large and hilarious, strong and pugilistic, rich and racy, he seemed an odd sort of exponent of the teaching of the meek Nazarene carpenter, until you reached his generous heart where loyalty and truth dwelt

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supreme. He keenly enjoyed giving large dinner parties, when Mrs. Jones and her dogs would welcome the guests amid her stiff old-world furniture. When dinner was announced, Mr. Harry Jones would seize his lady, and hastening to the top of the table would commence to say grace in stentorian tones, Mrs. Jones—at the end of the tail of couples—startling us all by her unexpected "Amen" pronounced loudly in wifely chorus, sometimes even before she had left the drawing-room. It was very funny, and we both enjoyed watching for it and observing the shock it caused on the uninitiated. One of Mr. Jones's letters is characteristic of his boisterous, whimsical, tender nature.

RECTORY, ST. GEORGE-IN-THE-EAST, E., *May 20th*, 1879.

MY DEAR BARNETT,—Sympathy is sweet. I go mourning all ye day long; the odour of your words is grateful to my soul. . .

There are some bits of standing ground, and thank God there is a pathetically grotesque side to many of our situations and disappointments.

The perverse way in which ye tenderest efforts are sometimes twisted into channels of crooked impulse is perhaps most sickening, as when ye people "cheated" at your Flower Show. . .

Much, however, depends on ye way we look at things. I recall ye view of consolation taken by a sick soldier through whose hospital ye Duke of Cambridge walked. He was shortly afterwards found bubbling over with gratification. "Something pleased you, Tom, eh?" says a visitor. "Yes, sir, the Dook; he have been by, and he was *so* kind. He spoke to me, sir; oh, he was so kind." "And what did he say, Tom?"

"Why, sir, he stopped, and he looked at me and said, 'Is that you, Tom, you blackguard? I thought you had gone to the devil long ago.'"

Our united kind regards to your good wife,

Ever, thine sincerely, HARRY JONES.

With Bishop Ellicott our relationship began with a comic incident, for, with all his learning and refinement, he looked shrivelled and unkempt. Old Nurse, who opened the door to him and who had an experienced horror of the pretenders who stole coats, did not approve of his appearance nor of that of his strange bag, and so, refusing to admit him, advised him to walk up and down the street till the Vicar came, adding:

"You will recognise him *if* you know him, as you say you do," advice which he uncomplainingly followed.

It was our friends, too, who gladdened our holidays. We always started alone and for two or three weeks revelled in our recurrent honeymoons. Then we were often joined either by old friends or men whom Mr. Barnett wanted to see quietly. To the party a few girls were added, who found a young and most indulgent chaperon. Cornwall,

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the Channel Isles, the Yorkshire Moors, and South Wales are beautiful backgrounds for good talk, and when into holiday relationships are brought such people as Arnold Toynbee and his wife, C. Harrison Townsend, Sir Gregory and Lady Foster, Graham Wallas, Ernest Hart, Rev. Ronald Bayne, Octavia Hill, Dr. Gregory, and B. F. C. Costelloe, interesting conversation must ensue, specially when guided by the subtle sympathy and fearless brain of my husband. We often prepared a menu of conversation and commandeered the memory-stores of the party. My husband was very fond of reading aloud, which he did well. To him it made no difference whether the book was in English or French, for if in the latter he translated it so rapidly that the reading proceeded uninterruptedly. I remember Miss Octavia refusing to believe that he was not reading English, and those long books of George Sand, Balzac, and Dumas, as well as Browning, Robertson, and Matthew Arnold, are interwoven in my mind with his voice, and the sea, and rocks, and cornfields of Georgeham, Newlyn, Pendine, at all of which places we took holidays, Mr. Barnett earning the rent of the Vicarages which we filled with guests.

In March 1879 I was very ill, and came quite close to the Great Gates. A long trying summer spent in Whitechapel left results which made it desirable to spend the next winter in the sunshine. We therefore decided to go to Egypt; Mr. Brooke Lambert making it possible by generously undertaking to live in the little Vicarage and serve the parish. Mr. Barnett wrote to his parishioners on our proposed absence:

1880.—Even though had there been no ill-health to force us away, I am inclined to think that after seven years' life in the East End a long spell amid other scenes is desirable on every ground. I have often told you how I believe that the Gospel of the higher life is not to be conveyed in any set phrase or by any one means. It now reaches men through the thousand influences of literature, art, society, which have been touched by the spirit of Christ. A man must, it seems to me, go to the people of the East End not as to heathens, not as to people morally worse than the rich, but as to those who are out of reach of many influences powerful to make life fuller and higher. He can only meet their real needs by making himself the channel of such influences by keeping his own mind open and his own hopes firm. He must refresh himself with new scenes so that he may realise the needs which exist around his home, so that he may gather thoughts to spend on others, so that he may obtain strength to work where he will see no result of his labour.

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CHAPTER XIX

EGYPT

"Each nation grows in strength as it enters more deeply into the life of other nations."

We were away from home for six months, and during that time Mr. Barnett wrote seventy-five long letters to his mother. They are all written in his small clear handwriting, and usually occupy eight sheets of large-sized foreign-letter paper. They are rich in suggestive thought, and perhaps some day it would be well to publish them for the use of travellers to the Nile; but for this book a few selections only can be given. Our party included Miss Kate Potter, her sister Margaret, and Mr. Herbert Spencer. The two latter joined us in Cairo, but Kate, my husband, and I started from Liverpool, the only passengers in one of Mr. Holt's ships, and had a slow restful sea-journey. Mr. Barnett's first impression of the East are expressed vividly:

Port Said, *November 21st*, 1879.—When we dropped our anchor, a scene opened of which one has often dreamt. Boats like bees swarmed round the ship. Bum-boats loaded with beads, corals, and bright things to attract sailors; official boats with officials of small stature and large personality; business boats with business men busy with their own importance; coaling boats loaded with tall dark figures looking like shades crossing the Styx; boats for hire with Arab boys tempting passengers with broken English. Each boat roused a new interest, and the time fled as we watched things strange and new. It is worth a sea-journey thus to enter a new port to feel how by a sudden spring one's mind is enlarged.

The Agent came on board full of anxiety to be friendly. . . His well-appointed four-oared boat with sailors in English costume bore us ashore and he set himself to be our guide. We were on Egyptian land, a wretched spit on which no house would have stood except for the canal. Wooden shanties have been run up in rows; there is no road, but passengers walk on the sand between the shanties. The place suggests one of the towns

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around gold diggings, or one of the annexes which surrounded the Great Exhibition.

The shanties, which are open in front, show all kinds of goods, and on the sand paths one meets men of all nations. The Arabs were to us the most interesting, but it was amusing to see a fat Frenchman on a very small donkey, just keeping his heels above the ground, and protecting himself from the sun by an umbrella. The Arabs moved about with dignity, looking, even when poor and ill-treated, most like the masters of the land. The Sheiks wore gorgeous clothing, silk surplices of many colours. The poor had scanty clothing which showed their long bare legs, but not one had the wretchedness which belongs in England to clothing as scanty. The women show only their eyes, a narrow cloth hung on a bit of wire is fastened over their noses, and hangs to their waist; their eyes thus shine out very brilliantly, and perhaps the charms thus half-revealed are most attractive. The sad sight was the prevalence of ophthalmia, and blindness, due to the flies, and the want of water.

We went direct to Cairo and stayed in the Hôtel du Nil.

We were delighted to find that our hotel is in the old thoroughfare down a narrow passage, and in the centre of Arab life. Once inside we were even more delighted. The house is built around a garden, where palms with hanging clusters of dates, and trees laden with oranges, wave above roses, banana trees, flowers and shrubs unseen at home save in hot-houses. Over this garden our room looks, and I am writing this at the open window, through which amid the palm branches the moonlight streams.

Of some of the wonders of that semi-Eastern town Mr. Barnett's letters speak. They all begin "My dearest Mother," so those words need not be repeated.

HÔTEL DU NIL, *November 28th*, 1879.—Riding on donkeys we went to the Mosque of the Dancing Dervishes. The place was desolate and looked like Hengler's Circus after a year's disuse. In the arena were eight or ten figures with conical hats, stiff petticoats like pleated note-paper, and bare feet. They stood motionless, barbaric music sounded, and then the figures commenced to whirl like teetotums. Their eyes were closed, their arms extended, and their motion regular as a machine. From one point of view the performance was ridiculous, but from another it was solemn. These men were utterly impassive, and it seemed as if their aim was to get rid of the upstart self which is so often impertinent before God. We get rid, or ought to get rid, of the same self in devotion to others' needs; in as far as we fail we must respect those who in their way succeed. We heard that these men sometimes work themselves into a

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state of frenzy and are hardly restrained from killing themselves with cuts and blows. They, that is to say, lose themselves, and feel their bodies as foreign substances with which they have nothing to do.

CAIRO, *November 30th*, 1879.—Yesterday we rode to the Tombs of the Princes, a poor sight of French gilding and trumpery hangings, but a ride through strange surroundings. Across deep sand, under high walls on which the sun struck without a shadow, we passed, and everywhere stood unguarded tombs. Here death seemed to have no sadness but only desolation. I believe that Abraham bought a field, a piece of brighter ground, because he could not put his dead in such unloving surroundings. It is enough that life's walk should be so often through garish day; death wants softness and colour, and suggestions of light greater than that of the sun.

In the mosque a crowd of men and women—about fifty—had gathered, squatting around a man who was reading the law. He was a chance-comer, unpaid, who was thus teaching his fellows. As he ended, all quietly got up, and each one went forward in turn to kiss his hand in token of thanks. So I suppose did Christ enter the synagogues and read to the people.

Such simple forms are very beautiful. One curses the law which forces the sacrifice of so much that is good in the old to make way for the new. I expect it is the flaw in our civilisation. To obtain use, we have given up beautifying as our ancestors did, and we scorn as "barbaric" achievements out of our power. The West needs to hear every day the text, "He that believeth shall not make haste." Who knows in this old country, where beauty is still as much thought of as use, where they still use a bow for a turning lathe, where they blow a smith's fire with a rush fan, and eat vegetables instead of meat, there may not be more progress? They have been passed by Persians, Greeks, and Romans, and the race has not yet been to the swift. . .

Before we left England it had not been planned that Mr. Spencer should be included in our party, but after we had started Mr. and Mrs. Potter suggested that as he was much out of health he should take their younger daughter Margaret, and join us for the Nile journey, in the hope that it would do him good. We were somewhat dismayed to have so celebrated a personage, and one we had only met once, added to our trio, but it evidently never occurred to Mr. Spencer that he might not be welcome, and so there was nothing else to do but to fall in with the plan. My husband thought he might be a real acquisition, all the more as one of the anticipated pleasures of the holiday was the opportunity of discussing subjects other than those

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connected with social reform. After a few days' acquaintance he wrote:

HÔTEL DU NIL, CAIRO, *November 29th*, 1879.—This morning I went for a walk with Herbert Spencer through Cairo. He is not the companion with whom to see such places. I am more conscious of him than of what is around. He is not the big man I expected, whose opinions, if distasteful, would yet have overwhelming force to keep a person like me in subjection. He is distinctly a little man, one to awaken neither reverence nor respect. He is small in character, which he shows by his suspicion of his fellows, his incapacity to trust anyone, and his constant consideration of himself and of all small things. He is small, too, in thought; his vision is limited to see only what his theories allow him to see. He has no sense of the greatness of the unknown, no modesty about his own knowledge. He has considered all things. He knows the past and the future; and behold, Herbert Spencer is greater than either! Otherwise he is not a bad companion.

We had hardly been a week at Cairo when Mr. Barnett became ill with dysentery.

HÔTEL DU NIL, CAIRO, *December 8th*, 1879.—It has been wretched to be seedy. The inner eye has blinded the outer. Cairo ceased to be beautiful, the composition of our party became unbearable. The streets became narrow, and we protested against the indolence which left them without stones or pitching, mere dust passages, uncleansed and unswept. The people seemed dirty, and we forgot their picturesque costumes as we saw them catching fleas about their persons, and became conscious of smells which suggested other abominations. The noise of the water-carriers jingling their cups or the outrunners warning the passengers wearied us, and we thought with envy of the quiet of Clifton under the newly organised police.

Then the nights, which had seemed so marvellous in their starlit beauty, now became hideous with the cries of dervishes who would howl themselves into self-forgetfulness, of mourners who would wake the dead, of dogs who, leaving the tombs and hiding-places, fought with one another over the garbage of the streets, of cats meeting as they meet in England, to express in louder tones the sounds which admit of so many interpretations. My wife was made nervous by all these noises. Funerals and horrors surrounded us, and she wished the dogs would eat the cats and die of indigestion.

In Cairo we hired the "Hedwig," the largest dahabéëh we could find, a delightful old dragoman called Ali who was always gorgeously arrayed, and a troupe of twenty many-

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hued and blue-robed sailors and servants. After being ceremoniously welcomed by them all, and having paid corresponding courtesies, we started on Dec. 10th, 1879, to spend three months sailing with the wind against the stream, in the hope of gaining strength and reaching Wadi-Halfah. We sailed up the Nile rather more rapidly than is usual, for the wind was strong and persistent, and the weather being very cold made us unanimous in wishing to hasten southward. Every member of our party devoted much time and thought to Mr. Spencer, and, shocking as it may appear to his disciples, it may be worth while to give Mr. Barnett's summing-up of his theories.

December 21st, 1879.—As you know, Herbert Spencer has a world-wide reputation and is looked up to by some clever people as their great light. I have not read his books. I found them alien and dull. Here is what I make of his philosophy from his talk. He applies the principle of Darwin to social life, and by examples from present primitive races shows how complex customs and institutions have been evolved. His greatest example is religion. "Savages," he says, "dream of their dead ancestors. These ancestors seem to them to be alive, inhabiting the original seat of the race. They make offerings to these ancestors, the ancestors become to them gods, and hence the whole religious fabric." The ancestral ghost is thus the origin of religions. This principle he applies about everything. Shaking hands is a compromise between two people, each one of whom would kiss the hand of the other. The force which makes customs to evolve is the working of self-interest.

Such, very meagrely stated, seems to be his philosophy. Its effect on him is, first of all, to make him narrowly hard on all customs of primitive races. He dislikes their simplicity, their love of ornament, their want of ambition, because all are marks of the savage state. Secondly, it makes him disbelieve in any other than a selfish motive, and excludes from life, imagination, poetry, and love. Everyone has rights and ought to insist on their recognition. Thirdly, it provides him with a theory into which he would force all evidence.

He is strangely ignorant of history and literature; so I should be shy of taking any of his facts. Hence his theory does not appeal to me. He has a great reputation. Sometimes I think it due to the happy accident that in a scientific age he has found a scientific formula to explain the mysteries of social life. The scientific men crown him, the silly world worships him, just as in old times when a man discovered a pagan formula for Christian truths, the writers in love with Homer and Virgil crowned him and the world worshipped.

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Of course this is only my view, a view of an ignorant person after a short experience. Such as it is, you will see how his presence affects us. First of all, he drives us into the conservative camp. We are led to take the conservative side, to defend the simple, unambitious, unprogressive life of the Arabs, and to protest in favour of the originality of the religious idea. Secondly, you will see, he is not interesting. There are few matters which he knows enough of, or is interested enough in, to discuss. He likes gossip or chaff. Lastly, being suspicious and only satisfied when he discovers that others' interests coincide with his pleasure, he jars on our anxiety to be happy. With all this he is courteous and anxious to please. We might have had many worse companions, and he causes many a laugh as he is "drawn" by the young women.

Mr. Spencer was both a surprise and a puzzle to us. He enjoyed the society of ladies, though he was much vexed if he were suspected of so doing, and he would listen with amusement to empty smoking-room conversation, but what really annoyed him was being asked questions by admirers of his books. He shied violently from young men who wanted his opinion, and refused to attend to any talk on debatable subjects. "Do you not think, sir?" in a male voice drove him from the room, and I never remember his asking any one of the interesting and charming people we met on that journey, for information or experience, though they were often the experts on their own subjects. While we were in Cairo, the savants of every nation who were there sought to see Mr. Spencer, bringing him letters of introduction and making great efforts to suit his convenience. To them all he was most distant and forbidding. One such visitor, a professor of world-wide reputation, came into the sitting-room evidently anticipating the privilege and pleasure of a conversation, but the gaunt philosopher received him standing, did not ask him to sit down, and after an awful pause—for Mr. Spencer had the power of shrivelling people up—he said:

"Monsieur, je n'aime pas les introductions qui ne viennent à rien. Bon jour." My husband endeavoured to smooth the feelings of the wounded admirer, but unavailingly.

The tombs and the temples, and our interest in them, vexed Mr. Spencer very much, and I find it chronicled in my diary that to please him the ever-unselfish Kate hurried us through the immortal tomb of Tîi, the philosopher standing impatiently outside having announced that we had better come away, for "when anyone has seen the class

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of thing it was quite as efficacious, less fatiguing, and more convenient to study the facts from books and pictures."

Of our first sight of the Nile I wrote:

1879.—At last we stood on the bank of the old Nile. A hundred thoughts and pictures of the lives, joys, pains of the multitudes who had lived by it, on it, for it, chased each other through our minds. We stood silenced by its historic beauty, till Mr. Spencer broke the pause with: "The colour of the water hardly vouches for its hygienic properties."

"I think there should be some punishment for people who lead one to these places by false representations," he frequently said, and this indeed was his constant attitude of mind towards everything of fascinating beauty or interest on the Nile.

Spencer tries to be nice, and he is always a "gentleman." Privately we call him a "mummy." That's just it, he has lived his life in a tomb, and having walked all round it and with some pains discovered its secrets, presumes to shout out to the world that he knows its secrets also. There's nothing like personal contact with a philosopher for showing one the strength of one's opposition to his views. One runs from Spencer's arms to admire the Arab or the English peasant, who, though barbarians to him, dimly feel an Unknown before which they bow.

For those who are not prepared to find their pleasures in looking, reading, or sketching, a journey up the Nile by sail is often a mistake. It never bored Mr. Barnett, but Mr. Spencer found himself not only bored but irritated. Perhaps his annoyance was partly due to his inability to make the facts around him harmonise with his theories on Egypt. He would propound an hypothesis, and give in support of his view sundry bits of evidence which he had picked up from Ali or the guides. But his French was very imperfect, and we, thinking he was seeking truth, would tell him how he had misunderstood Ali's language or bring forth fresh facts which modified, if they did not contradict, his assertions. When, however, we found that these innocent and perfectly genuine efforts to assist him only made him angry,[1] we of course desisted, but the elimination of so many subjects of conversation made entertaining him more difficult.

We had with us a great box full of books chiefly on Egypt, though there were some on Turkey, Greece, and Italy as we had planned to return through Europe. On some days Mr. Barnett sat on deck for hours reading—often aloud; at other times we took long excursions.

[1] Huxley noted this same trait in Mr. Spencer's character, saying, "Tragedy for Spencer was a deduction killed by a fact."

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1879.—On Saturday morning the sun rose in his might, and at 8 o'clock we were all off to the Tombs of the Kings. It was a three-hours ride. I like the physical pleasure of a good gallop on a willing donkey. I enjoyed the ride through the blazing barrenness of the valley. Gloom is so often associated with what is dark that it startles one to be in a scene when the very brilliance creates gloom. The rocks seem to mock the life-giving sun and to assert themselves as fit companions for the dead.

We went into the tomb; and felt our brains whirl as we saw the myriad figures of gods, men, and beasts. We could admire the bright colouring, the grace of the drawing, the tenderness of the feeling, but what does it mean? Had these Egyptians a deep spiritual faith, a superstition, or a science? One thing is clear, their prayer was that they might be calm and still; their belief was that life went on for ever. Perhaps underneath outward forms they saw those eternal forces which have been revealed more clearly in the life of Christ; perhaps they saw in these outward forms footprints of old times which made them holy. We came from the tomb utterly dazed, but at the same time deeply conscious we had been amid things that speak.

Every day brought its pleasures, its gift of beauty, glimpses into the lives of the people, and further understanding of our crew, who under Ali's influence served us with efficiency and devotion. After the experience of the degradation of our Whitechapel neighbours, it was delightful to live in daily relationship with twenty men so industrious, frugal, self-respecting, and considerate. My husband's letters tell many tales about them, and though only one——the house servant—talked English, we managed to obtain a considerable insight into their circumstances, thoughts, and hopes. The sailors squabbled as to who should accompany us on the long land excursions, a pure gift of service, as we never gave them tips, and they eagerly seized every occasion to amuse us.

On board the "Hedwig," December 21st, 1879.—Our serving-man we call Pharaoh, as that is our nearest approach to his Arab name. We feel as he waits on us that we take vengeance for the Israelites. He is a good fellow who knows a little English. He speaks of his "factory" for coffee, and of "young" bread. He has no sense of class difference, making certain relations impossible. Miss Potter's collar was not straight, and he put up his hand and smoothed it. Such equality is remarkable, connected as it is with caste and despotism. . . This morning I heard him say to Spencer, "You wash to-day?" meaning, were

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his clothes ready for the wash? He talks about the backbone of a chicken as a "fowl's box." While my wife was ill he came to me and said he would get things all day long, and then when she came to breakfast and he stood behind her chair waving off the flies, he said at frequent intervals, "I'se glad you better."

Did I tell you how she found a neat little gilt cross nailed above her bed? Now, he said, she would "never be sick again." It was nice of him to use the Christian symbol. It showed liberality, though, as he told her, a bit of the Koran would be better.

The "Hedwig," December 1879.—These Arab sailors give us no end of interest. They are children with the dignity of gentlemen. If we look as if we wanted something, one rushes forward to get it. They do their work solemnly. When I go early on deck I see piles of what seems clothing about the deck. Silently obeying some instinct rather than an order, like flowers in a field, these heaps rise and, one after another, prove to be men and go about their work. After breakfast we wish them "Good morning," which causes a great sensation, they touch heads and hearts, smiling their joy. At sunset most of them pray. Facing the east, with a bit of carpet before them, they seem to be unconscious of all things as they bow, kneel, and prostrate themselves. I expect the habit is very good. The mind has a way of keeping in tune with the body, and when the body is thus humbled the mind too becomes humble. With cuts and bruises they come to Y—— for doctoring, and she, believing only in cold water with a great appearance of bandaging, has been successful.

The "Hedwig," December 29th, 1879.—My wife has painted the cook!! That's the greatest event since my last letter. He is *such* a cook; his costume represents a survival of the unfittest. English boots whose rotten elastic sides reveal his bare feet, calico drawers, an English shooting-coat over a sky-blue Arab waistcoat, all covered by a surtout which may have belonged to a Russian noble. His costume, his occupation, or his nature gives him a shrinking look. This morning he has been standing far from Y—— encouraged by her words "good cook" to abstain from sinking through the floor while she painted him! She has got something like him, at any rate when we look at the picture we shall think of fowls, pigeons, and onions. . .

On Christmas Day we prepared a grand snapdragon for our crew. They had never seen such a sight. It was amusing. They cheered, and with every cheer in regular rhythm, they put their hands in the flames and pulled out raisins which they at once dropped. The object to them seemed to be to empty the tray. At last like the Chinaman and roast pig one sucked his fingers. Then all began to pick up those on the ground and to

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say "good, good." I hope they won't think other things as good require fire, or we may be having a flare-up.

On New Year's Day we got up to find the deck and the saloon decorated with palm branches and hung with apples and oranges. A cake of fanciful structure and many sweetmeats adorned the table; Ali was magnificently dressed and all the men wore bright clothes and glad faces. After breakfast we were summoned on deck by music and found Ismailla dressed up in an old English coat with a false beard and the skin of one of the consumed sheep converted into a head-dress of dignified appearance. Then a pantomimic display was begun for our amusement. First he took off the bumptious Englishman, self-assertive and important. Then the English sportsman, robust and merry. He was followed by a funny representation of the English fine lady mincing as she walked. Lastly, he mimicked the Turkish tax-collector sitting cross-legged with a long pipe. Before him all the crew was brought to pay their dues, the sad beautiful-faced Hassein pretending to read the amounts off an old envelope from Mr. Atkinson from St. Jude's. The Rais, refusing to pay, was bastinadoed amid shouts of laughter; old Ali paid up handsomely, the cook comically pleaded for time, the second Rais was dragged uproariously to prison, and all joined in the fun, the solemn Abdoor alone excepted. At last Mr. Barnett was summoned, but as he could not pantomime and as they were shy of asking him, he handed over his £1 without further ado, and the scene ended with the beard of the tax-gatherer going off in a flame, an Arab-English "Hurrah," and the holy communion of common laughter. And all this while our boat, her sail bellying out peacefully, pushed against the stream, with the deep blue sky above, and the red, blue, yellow, violet, maddening-coloured water below.

The rest of our New Year's Day was spent in the great temple of Karnak, of which Mr. Barnett's letter to Miss Paterson gives some impression.

LUXOR, *January 2nd*, 1880.—Mrs. Barnett wanted to write to you to-night, but I did not let her, and I know you would not wish her to do so. She has been out all day, sketching the temple of Karnak, with her mind alive to all its voices and wonders, and if she were to write to-night, I know she would not sleep. Meeting here other English, we find how fortunate we are in Ali, our crew and boat. In some boats there has been

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such rolling that pianos and old ladies have pursued one another across the cabin floors. We have never been more than six inches out of the level.

I wish I could tell you more about the temple of Karnak. I daresay you have some general idea of the Hall of Pillars, of its vastness, of the work which its erection implies. I daresay you know it is the biggest temple in the world. Still, all you know won't teach you in the least what it is. Amid the mass of ruin, in the midst of which pylons, obelisks, and pillars rise, one's mind is tossed from sensation to sensation till it is quite confused. Half angry, half hopeless, half dazzled, one passes on till suddenly he stands in the great hall. Is it temple, is it hall, was it built for worship or for work?

Perhaps in one sense it is not fair to say that any great building is not religious. I mean, that in the highest sense the Town Hall must express the religion of the nation as the Cathedral does. Still, there is a difference; in the one the aim is to inspire the emotions we call religious, in the other the emotions inspire the aims to build a fit building. Well, I think the hall at Karnak falls under the second head; it does not appeal to me as a temple, it does not help or flow from the emotions which make men pray and praise, *i.e.* depend and aspire. It is, though, inspired by grand thoughts.

As one stands amid pillars dwarfing all subsequent efforts, gets a glimpse of size rivalling the might of nature, and suggestions of brilliant colouring, one feels how the men who built this hall were Titans who in their own strength did mighty things. They believed in themselves, they were thorough in their works, they believed men's work could stand and endure. So their hall, built for whatever object, is now really a temple of humanity. A temple for us men who doubt of ourselves and of our race, who trust in shams and compromises. We shall spend some more days beneath its shadow on our return. Perhaps then I shall tell you more.

This promise was fulfilled by the following letter:

LUXOR, *February 16th*, 1880.—Of the building I have told you all I can. Yesterday it seemed even more impressive. It was filled by a very choir of birds. They sang, they flitted from crevice to crevice, they took up in a higher key the note which the temple had been built to sound. They seemed to unite the place with nature which of itself it would have defied, and to give a gladness to the old worship to which it was itself foreign. I could have wandered for longer amid the shadows of the giant pillars, looking down avenues which had no end, and therefore had the greatest end, and listening to the birds which having no words had the greatest meaning.

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It was all too much. Enough to make us say, not knowing what we said, "It is good to be here," or to make us hide ourselves and refuse to look at all. Well, we have left it, and let us hope it may never leave us. To-day its memory is fresh.

There were but few matters on which my husband's mother felt pride, but she was proud of the ancestor who sacrificed his wealth because of his strong feeling of the wrong of slavery. Knowing this, her son gently teased her.

LUXOR, *January 26th*, 1880.—After luncheon with the hot coffee Ali makes so well, out come the sketching things. The rug is spread, cigarettes are handed round. One man stands silently behind each artist, keeping off the flies, another holds the umbrella, a third keeps small Arabs from interrupting the vision, a fourth is ready to fetch water, oranges, etc. I lie stretched at the sketcher's feet, with open book from which I read quietly or aloud, or over which I lazily dream that slavery may not be a bad institution when it relieves *me* of so much. In other lands *I* should have to keep off flies, hold the umbrella, fetch water, do everything.

Sketching over, we again mount our donkeys and again we canter over the plain. This time perhaps more slowly, for behind the desert hills, over the gorgeous plain, and amid the water shallows, the sun throws light and colours no one could ever imagine. Too gorgeous for paint, too tender for words. Every evening it is different, and every evening it is like some great harmony, an oratorio of God Who has done such mighty things and created men.

The next extracts from Mr. Barnett's letters tell their own story:

December 17th, 1879.—If Spencer is writing another book, I think it must be one on cookery. His chief concern is with diet, and modes of cooking, with special reference to his own stomach. His trouble to-day has been the size of the coffee grounds. He thinks the smallness is due to the "barbarous" custom of using a pestle and mortar. He gave illustrations and examples. Each sentence had three divisions. Unfortunately all collapsed under the stern fact that they don't use the pestle and mortar but an ordinary machine. Poor old man, he often makes us laugh!

As the days went on, Mr. Spencer became more and more difficult. Unless he was being actually amused, he was lugubrious, while to the fellow-travellers who steered their dahabéëhs near to the bank we happened to be lying under,

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his manner was cold and ungenial. His moods were many and so variable that no tact could anticipate nor guard against the incidents which upset him, while his uncertainty of temper could only be explained, in one who was naturally courteous, by nervous derangement.

December 26th, 1879.—Spencer found he had to leave us. We remained at Siout all yesterday waiting for news of him from Cairo. Poor old fellow, he has been, as I have told you, depressed. He told me on Tuesday nervousness was getting so powerful over him that he felt he must return. Evidently the absence of those excitements which belong to a gossiping circle, and our indisposition to pay much heed to his theories, tries him. He felt his own self too much, and even for him his self did not prove sufficient.

To get to Siout in time for the train we had to sail nearly all night. We did not go to bed and the moon was brilliant. The sailors rose to our call, and though they were numbed by the cold, they drank coffee, and worked cheerfully. We saw Spencer off. We are a little sad at this break in our circle, though neither of us can pretend love for him. We felt pity for the lonely, unloved, and unloving old man. A Casaubon without even a Dorothea.

For twelve days we greatly enjoyed the freedom from the responsibility entailed by the presence of our fellow-traveller, and then he returned.

LUXOR, *January 4th*, 1880.—Yesterday afternoon a telegram came from Spencer saying he was going to join us again. We are sorry. We were sorry the poor old philosopher was ill and had to leave us, but having gone and left us on our way, we wish he had not returned again. However, I daresay it will come all right.

LUXOR, *January 6th*, 1880.—Spencer has arrived back. Queer old gentleman. We find that, feeling better, he thought he would follow us. He telegraphed to Sir Philip Miles to bring him up. The telegram missed, and there the old man was at Siout, no hotel, no friend, no language, no temper. Marius among the ruins of Carthage has now a companion picture. Herbert Spencer amid triumphant primitive races. How he must have gesticulated, how the Arabs must have jabbered! Happily another dahabéëh party arrived; with consummate pluck (?) Spencer offered himself as their guest. He has now been ten days with them and arrived to-day.

Mr. Spencer was delighted to return to us, and showed his pleasure in touching ways; amongst others, not only joining

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the circle of those who cared to listen to reading, but himself reading aloud, and I find it recorded in my diary—"Mr. Spencer read Shelley with much gentleness and feeling." The people who had brought him up in their boat so hospitably were not congenial to him, and strange tales slipped out at unguarded moments about betting, drinking, gaming, and sport, in the midst of which it required no stretch of imagination to picture Mr. Spencer with his dour ways, studied utterances, and uncompromising morality, remaining as always a gentleman, but, for those ten days, a very uncomfortable one.

After leaving Karnak we gently sailed southwards, each day with a fresh interest, until we reached Philae.

We are indeed at Philae, near, as Miss Martineau says, the holiest of Holy Islands, but we might be at the Clifton Zoo. The noise of rockets startle me as I write and the flare of blue lights is in our eyes. The fact is there are many river neighbours, tourists, and English is the ascendant language. Our neighbours would add to their sensations and so they are letting off fireworks. We think you would like to know this, as it will make you feel how much in the world we are, but by the time you receive this we shall be on our way back. We often talk of getting home to you at Clifton, and giving you what we can of our Nile trip.

As the Cataract no longer exists, the letter describing its ascent is of special interest.

PHILAE, *January 18th*, 1880.—If I were to write a volume I could not say even half that which is in my mind. On Sunday I wrote to you from Assouan and since then we have passed up the Cataract. The descriptions you have read I cannot, of course, improve on, but oh! how insignificant, how poor they seem to us who have just experienced the reality. A new crew came on board with young Nubians who were captains. One who had a black surplice and a yellow kerchief about his turban seemed to be chief. Our sail filled and soon we found ourselves amid the rocky islands of the Cataract. We steered against the current towards a pool under the rush. All was going well; suddenly there came a snap, down came the little sail and bump came the boat on a sand-bank. Now began a din which for some hours did not cease. Men swarmed on board and on the bank. Everyone gave orders. The black surplice being discarded disclosed a little figure in drawers and "shimmy." Above the din he raised his voice by dint of turning his whole

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being into a voice. He would crouch as if to fly and would seem as if he would follow the sounds of his mouth.

Then the men on the bank formed the strangest crew; some were naked, some were clad in stately garments, some in rags. Through gate after gate of rocks, up hill after hill of water, we were dragged by these men. The excitement, the gestures were extraordinary. Perhaps the grandest moment was one when, having been dragged up a slope, the noise ceased while the great sail was loosed. For a moment the boat seemed to halt, she struggled as with a temptation, gathered force, and then majestically moved onwards into still waters. Our old Rais was by our side, he was quivering with feeling up to his fingertips, and when by some mishap the boat touched land he rushed down literally wringing his hands aloft.

It was very interesting. My wife entered fully into the excitement, her spirit joined with the spirit of daring which the excitement of the men and the majesty of the ship produced. The medley of voices, the mingling of figures, the play with danger, as men, water, and wind worked together, roused her strangely, but poor Spencer was simply bothered. "Did you ever see such bungling? Why don't they go that way? Why don't they hold their tongues? Why is there not one master?" The scene had no power to excite or interest him; ideas can only enter into him by one avenue, the narrow avenue of his creed. He saw therefore in the scene, where artists would have seen revelations of form and colour, only another example of the ignorance of primitive races.

Later we walked into Philae, a long walk, for the first hour a scramble over rocks, pools, watercourses, granite débris, and deep loose sand. We were followed by some twenty or thirty impish boys. Mr. Spencer got furious. and it was not the least of the curious sights of the day to see him, with coat tails flying, and umbrella lifted, scramble like a cat over the rocks after the boys, shouting:

"Confound you, Impsi, I say."

Indeed our distinguished fellow-traveller's treatment of the natives kept Mr. Barnett very anxious, for it was such that at any moment he might have got into trouble. He allowed his annoyance with the people to increase until it grew into fear. He only learnt a few words of Arabic, and those were words of refusal, banishment, or contempt, which he frequently used with provocative brandishments of his sturdy umbrella. When we found how much this attitude was due to nervous illness we were sorry, yet at the time it was difficult and vexing.

One such incident is described:

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We rode across the desert to Assouan and lunched in the open air. Spencer was in full force. Ali had engaged donkeys for us on the other side of the river. As we crossed in the boat Spencer sat silent, but when we neared the shore he showed signs of agitation. The boat touched and he made a furious rush, treading on Kate, and pushing aside the sailors to make an onslaught on a boy on the bank.

"Be off," he shouted, "we don't want you."

"Hullo, Mr. Spencer," I said, "don't. He is one of our donkey boys."

So we got him off the lad, the sailors being astonished. At the top of the bank the donkeys waited.

"Those donkeys," said he, "they are too small. I shall walk," and out into the desert he walked. All alone, he lost himself, and by an equal accident found himself. Perhaps in that big life's desert into which by the same fault he has taken himself, and where he is now lost, something which he will call "chance," and we a bigger name, will find him and bring him home. He is verily a philosopher in a desert.

At Philae Mr. Spencer again became ill, and suffered so much that, as Cook's steamboat had Professor Sayce on board, it was decided that our fellow-traveller should return with him to Cairo, doctors, and civilisation. It was better so, for as Mr. Barnett put it in one of his earlier letters:

I have not yet got peace enough to enter into the speaking peace around me. I am too anxious about my wife's health, and too irritated with Spencer.

PHILAE, *January 17th*, 1880.—Spencer is packing up to go, and my wife is teasing him. He has strong views about the need of women's subjection, so she has just "drawn him" by pulling me off my chair, ruffling my hair! calling me names, and drawing attention to the fact that for the first time in my life I have not given up my pen at her demand. He has held forth in long sentences involving an equal amount of platitude and prosiness.

Sometimes Miss Margaret's chaff and teasing brought Mr. Spencer genuine amusement and pleasure, but they were not always successful. I remember on one occasion after we had received a wearying discourse on the necessary subservience of art to use, the men were sent on shore to pick every sort of prickly vegetation, with which during his afternoon's rest we profusely decorated the saloon and its furniture, leaving nothing but a hard divan by a draughty window to sit on. We planned that Miss Margaret should

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receive Mr. Spencer, and that as we assembled for tea, we should come in one by one and warmly congratulate her on the beauty and originality of her scheme of decoration. My husband was a bad actor and the philosopher bore his feeble comments serenely, but when they were followed by my enthusiastic admiration, and Kate's warm sisterly appreciation, and when, the chairs being occupied, we all had to sit close together on the divan, Mr. Spencer became very angry, and scolded us all at great length for not having understood his previous lecture, whereby we were kept indoors, prevented from seeing the golden sunset, and after all he never saw the joke.

It was a tribute to the previous tourists on the Nile that when our boat was moored near a village, the people came or brought their sick children for advice. To these poor creatures Kate and I would offer simple remedies, bathe bad eyes, and explain, with Ali as interpreter, the common laws relating to wounds and cleanliness. It is true they were often repulsive, but their pitiable condition only annoyed Mr. Spencer, from whom we had to conceal our ministrations. He seemed to think that to increase the health or preserve the life of anyone who was "barbarous" was not worth while.

His last day at Philae was spent in athletic effort. At breakfast he said some huge stones, which seemed just balanced on the summit of the rock, ought to be pushed over and that he wished to do it. So a group of sailors was selected, who, with the two Miss Potters, accompanied him to perform this extraordinary duty. They toiled up the rock in the heat, but on arrival found the boulders firmly wedged in their places. But Mr. Spencer was determined to upset them and formed a queue of sailors to hold him and each other, he selecting the most dangerous spot. What a comic picture! The tall, lean, elderly man in black clothes, his long coat tails held by an Arab, pushing a rock in order to hear the splash of its fall, and dividing his strength between scolding Miss Margaret, who laughed, and shouting at the Arabs, who in their fear that he would go over when the rock gave way, held him so tightly that he could not push with effect.

Perhaps all this sounds rather severe and as if poor Mr. Spencer had had no pleasure in the tour, and that we had not been good to him. But this was not the case. Miss Kate Potter was unfailingly kind and patient with him,

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and Miss Margaret, who was both witty and audacious, teased him ruthlessly to his great delight. To my husband he was truly grateful, and I annoyed him so much that he liked being with me.

"Good-bye, Mrs. Barnett," he said as he climbed down the steps of the dahabéëh into the small boat which was to take him ashore.

"Good-bye, you are the most irrational woman I ever met," a conveniently simple generalisation of all that he did not understand in my unconventional mental attitude. This unique farewell was delightful to us then, and as a memory.

On our return to Whitechapel he cared to come and see us, and we introduced him to our neighbours, and to some scientific men, neither of which efforts were quite successful, as he considered the first "barbarians" and refused to hear from the second of progressive knowledge; but to us he always remained in kindly relations. Indeed his intimate friends said that he was so attached to Mr. Barnett that, had he asked him, the philosopher would have sung in the choir, a test of his fealty which, however, was never demanded.

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CHAPTER XX

EGYPT

"I get more and more a believer in the value of holidays in life, and of the way in which they are wasted. A man in fact is what his holidays make him."

AFTER Mr. Spencer left us, we continued our journey towards the second Cataract. Of these peaceful days Mr. Barnett's daily letters spoke with genuine pleasure:

NUBIA, *January 21st*, 1880.—There is no wind, the Nile like a mirror reflects the hills and burning sand. The air is full of the sounds of the sakias which are pumping up the water for the land. At last the weather is really warm, and it is luxury to lie on the couches under the awning.

We like these quiet days. There is enough to do in watching all that the light does for the scenery. If the men were not so busy pulling us I should like it better. Nine of them are at present yoked, going one mile an hour, on the slope of a bank like a railway cutting, and which forms the cultivated land of Nubia. The bank here is planted with lupins, the seed of which they eat. Now and then there is a plot of castor-oil plants. Right up to the edge comes the yellow sand of the desert.

The "Hedwig," Sunday, January 25th, 1880.—It is our last day's sailing. A fair and gentle wind is carrying us on to Wadi-Halfah. We shall be there, Ali says, at twelve o'clock. It is pleasant when epochs thus come on Sundays. We try to mark them outwardly by putting on best clothes, by making Ali dress in white, and by some special reading, but it is nice when something to remember happens on them.

To-day we shall come to the end of our journey. We shall look right on into Africa, towards the mystery of its mountains and lakes; we shall see the waters of the Nile fading into its distance. To stand before such a view will fix the Sunday of our wedding week in our minds.

Then we shall turn round, the boat's great sail will be taken down and every minute will bring us nearer to you.

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My husband's love for his mother was almost the biggest thing in his life, but even I, knowing and rejoicing in it, had hardly realised what pain this absence would cost him, nor how he longed to share all his pleasures and interests with her.

PHILAE, *January 22nd*, 1880.—We are always wondering how we shall tell you of our strange life here. My wife sketches away, hoping at any rate that *you* will like the sketches and see something of what we see. When we sit together before some striking view, we shut our eyes and analyse our sensations, hoping to discover some means of describing photographs and specimens of dresses to make you understand. What a time we shall have in talking and showing our curiosities! You shall give another "At Home," and if at the end of your invitation you say you are going to introduce your Egyptian son and daughter, even you won't say "no one will come." . . .

It is no trouble writing, in fact I like it for many reasons. Don't think therefore you are doing nothing, you are doing a good big part to make me enjoy our holiday, but it is painful to think that in this pleasant summer's heat you have cold and ice. . .

As we were drifting on we heard a shout from the bank as to whether we would like a telegram. We asked the name, it sounded like Baron. This was enough to excite us, so we both started with Ali in the small boat. We were soon relieved to find there was no news for us. The sense of distance often comes over me and has to be put away. It was a strange sight to come upon the lonely stone hut telegraph station in the solemn desert, and to feel that it was linked by a continuous wire with all the bustle of London. The world is one, and town and desert are linked by seen and unseen bonds.

Mr. Barnett's letter on our last walk before we turned again northward is characteristic:

NUBIA, *January 27th*, 1880.—Our visit to the second Cataract mountains we should have been sorry to have missed. We were able to climb to the top. There was much in the view, there was more in our thoughts to make the moment memorable. . . The Nile has now for us a kind of life, it seems like an old friend. Its birth, its struggle with obstacles, its progress on to light awaken our deeper interest. . . As yet we know we have not learnt to understand the desert, but we never see it without resenting the talk that condemns it as "barren." The desert has borne fruit in some of the best thought of the world. In the desert men have learnt and can learn of the deeper things of life. It will be a good thing when some of the leaders, politicians, poets, and painters are sent to school in the desert.

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. . . I don't quite know why it is so striking; perhaps it appeals to that side of human nature which is grim, which rejoices in ruin, which would strip off all covering to face fearful reality. . . . It appeals to us too by its silence, giving one a greater sense of personality than one has elsewhere. In the desert one is an atom it may be, but still an atom in a great chain of things. I think I should like to be utterly alone there; I daresay I should not enjoy it, but at any rate I can imagine why Moses and Elijah went there.

We two trotted along in the silence with our men behind. It is not for such as us to be apt pupils in such a school, but we hope something of its atmosphere may cling around us. To-day is a lovely day and I see Ali crossing the river. If he has your letters we shall be off.

The next letter tells how our graceful "Hedwig" had shed her great white wings and assumed the appearance of a huge Oxford barge, with the addition of many oars:

ABOO SIMBEL, *January 30th*, 1880.—Motion is no longer the beautiful experience it has been. At Wadi-Halfah we took down the big yard—100 feet long, ten feet longer than the boat—and rolled up the big sail. Pits have been opened in the deck, in which the sailors stand, and oars have been fitted. The men give three strokes in one. Each stands and gives one pull, a further one as he sits, and a third by dragging his arms down. All is done without taking his oars out of the water. A kind of dramatic performance goes on to keep up time and courage. The work is not hard, because it is not continuous. The most of the time we drift and the boat turns round as in a waltz. The question of the day is, "Which way are we going?" It is not pleasant and tends to giddiness.

No! it certainly was not "pleasant," and as the seasonal wind was strong, being from the north, and always against us, my husband, who was a bad sailor, often had long periods of discomfort, only relieved by the interest of our frequent land excursions.

February 6th, 1880.—The temple at Aboo Simbel cannot fail to impress any man, it is so very human in its grandeur. Let me try and tell you of it. Fancy the rock at the sea-wall at Clifton as it was when it faced down the river. Suppose some King of Britain 4,000 years ago had cut in this rock a smooth, level face reaching up more than a third of the rock's height. Then on this face had carved four great sitting figures, more than sixty feet high, to sit before a temple he had hollowed out in the rock. If you can imagine this you can imagine something of the first appearance of Aboo Simbel.

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It is impressive, first as a bit of natural beauty. The great human figures have their own relation to the mountains above, to the river beneath, and to the desert around. The spectator does not say "what big figures"; they are not remarkable simply for their size, but because they exactly fit their surroundings. The whole view becomes a picture illustrating what men and Nature have to do with one another. They are equal powers in the world, and should meet equally. They take one from another, and serve one another. It is not for the man to look either mean or puffed up before Nature; it is not for her to overwhelm man as if he were a speck in a sand-storm. At Aboo Simbel we look and learn what is our place with the rest of God's creation.

The figures are impressive on account of their historical associations. Year after year leaders of the world have come to their feet—Greeks, Romans, French, and English. We think of the vast chain of the world's history, of the men who have made the history; like Moses when covered by God's hands we see the "back part" of God, the one guiding purpose which has bound together forces so different, passions and purposes so diverse to make one divine event. At Aboo Simbel through the eyes of the colossi we see the unity of history. If the slow progress, if the irony of some old hopes make us sad, we are yet encouraged because we learn that all things are linked together, that our age has issues in the far future.

In the faces, in the postures, of these figures we may realise what the wisdom of the Egyptians thought ought to constitute the life of man. According to them, man's life is calm; he should be unmoved by passions which would lead him either to love or hate, unmoved either to save his friend or kill his enemy. He should be calm in the serenity of his own greatness and should be unmoved to worship anyone greater or seek anything higher. Men should be as gods; not gods as the lotus eaters imagined, who loved pleasure and change, but gods because of their power over men, over nature, and over themselves. The true man is he who, resting secure in his own place, has no fear, no wants, is calm. The thought of this foolish struggling crowd just draws his lip into a smile of half contempt but has no power to disturb.

I think I might have told you more about the temple, but just at that passage my wife, who is in splendid health, came in and has been with me ever since. She has opened and shut the windows, begun and ended three philosophical, two artistic, and four moral discussions. She has also ruffled my hair, dragged me back in my chair, and done something to my face which seemed to be like a concentration of flies' feet on one spot. My mind is somewhat distracted. Flies are the curse of Egypt. They swarm and they have a loving, trustful way of settling on one.

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Then to this letter I added: "Dear mother, I only kissed him, for he is *such* a dear!" So his mother learnt no more of that particular temple, but my own belief is she liked the end of the letter better than all the rest put together, for in spite of her son's seventy-five epistles, I did not find she took the slightest interest in the opinions of the ancient Egyptians, or made any inquiries about the latest discoveries in the Forum, or questioned the grounds for ascribing the work of old Florentine Masters to some other artist, on all of which subjects my husband wrote her interesting treatises.

At Aboo Simbel we spent our wedding day, and its simple celebration is described:

The captain came with a wonderful speech, expressive of a hope that he might take our children up the Nile. Ali brought me his best robe, with which he clothed me and hoped I would keep it in memory of him. Pharaoh adorned the table with sweetmeats and flowers. The cook surpassed himself at dinner. All was very nice and we felt as much at home as it is possible to feel. Four other boats were at Aboo Simbel, so we had some society, including the Mileses and Miss Lennox. It was a real tropical day. The sun was brilliant, we rejoiced in lounging and drinking water in the shade.

My wife invented a game which became fashionable. Between the hills like a snow-drift is a slope of golden, soft sand. The game was to climb up—a half-hour's hard work—and then, holding each other tightly, fly down in five minutes with giant strides. It was fine exercise. She induced Mrs. Miles to play it, and we all fled down supported by sailors. It would have been difficult otherwise to get exercise, for our men would not let us walk on the desert above for fear of a hyena said to be wandering there.

To his brother, but recently married, Mr. Barnett wrote:

January 25th, 1880.—It is our seventh wedding day on Wednesday; may your seventh come as happily. Married life has certainly a power of growing; a proof, if one is wanted, that it is the real life.

As we descended the Nile with the wearying monotony of drifting, the nauseating motion of twisting round and round, and the unprincipled tossing of which only flat-bottomed boats are capable, we often landed to ride or walk, and had some amusing experiences in our efforts to purchase native handiwork.

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February 4th, 1880.—The temple at Kalábshee was very interesting, and would have kept us long had not the natives bothered so. You can't imagine such people. Very sparsely clothed, very ugly and reeking of castor oil, they pressed round. We took refuge in our boat. At once on the bank they formed a bazaar. Now, fill the air with the wild shrieks, see the sun glaring down on a field green with wheat, and you have the surroundings. Along the top of the bank are some men, crouching like wild beasts with spears and knives they tempt us to buy. Below are women with hair in narrow oily plaits, ears, nose, and fingers loaded with rings, arms, necks, and ankles with jewellery. They sit still over baskets of henna, which grows here and which our men buy. Every now and then by a sudden action a woman snatches off a ring, or a bracelet, and gives it to an imp who comes and offers it to us. The water therefore, between us and the bank, is crowded with naked children and half-naked youths. They offer beads, jewellery, everything for sale. Some silver beads, some characteristic clothing is bought, then the noise becomes unbearable, and I give the order to push off.

February 28th, 1880.—On Tuesday we came to a place near which we heard there were some tombs. We stopped the boat, and waited till three o'clock looking at the people who came to look at us. Then we started with an escort of six local men. Two wore flowing garments, which, though only rags, they bore with dignity. One had an iron pike. "What's that for?" "In case of danger." "What danger?" "Danger of Bedouin Arabs." On we stalked across the lonely desert, a good hour's march. Our position came upon us strangely. Two insignificant people, with such a bodyguard, in such a place.

Delightful was our excursion to Abydos, best told perhaps in my letter to Miss Townsend:

NEAR ABYDOS, *February 20th*, 1880.

DEAR FRIEND,—Leave the vestry, shut your eyes from the blue wall, semi-dusted pictures, and tattered girls, and come to Egypt. Hear! "Pharaoh" is at my door. "Six o'clock, Mees Barnett, you get up, you not sleep back." No, no "sleep back," for we are to go to Abydos, and the sun is already getting up. Breakfast over, we bravely face the yelling, fighting mob around our donkeys on the bank—this is a bad village which revolted five years ago, and to which English people can only just go. Do you hear my umbrella thumping on the backs of the imps who deafen me with "Baksheesh?" and on the men who lay hands on me? Queer sound that, Mrs. Barnett beating Arabs! Well, forget that sound and the demoniacal voices, and come, follow me into the wide country. Corn already in ear, miles of beans with their sweet scent, fields of lentils and lupins shining in the sunlight. Beasts too in plenty, buffaloes, camels, sheep, goats, donkeys all browsing together in concert

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—the big clumsy buffalo led by the six-years-old child, the cross snarling camel held by the stately priestly Arab.

On we go. "Is your donkey good?" Mine has a turban for a bridle and no bit. Samuel's saddle has neither girths nor stirrups and he has already rolled off on to the ground, for it is circus-like work this to balance yourself on your saddle and the saddle on the donkey. What a sweet scent! Is it the beans? and look at that boy standing on that mud pyramid slinging stones. "Ente kumumin kumumin," "servah baksheesh," and away he slings a handful of black mud over the corn, and the tufted larks, white ibis, crowds of sparrows, and pretty hoopoes rise and fly away. Oh! no, not away, only for twenty yards, for they have heard that sling crack before.

Ten miles done. Are you tired? If so, stop here on this raised dyke and sketch the village with its mud huts, pretty pigeon-houses, clumps of palms, and see! that Egyptian wonder, a pond. Not tired? well, get on again then, for really these folk are rather too aggressive to sit amongst.

Abydos at last, three hours' steady riding. Oh! how did you get through that last village? I got on very badly, quite forty people followed me, and my donkey-boy went off somewhere and bridleless donkeys are difficult to guide in a town. So my umbrella came into use again. Here is a rough ground-plan to help you understand.

The dots stand for pillars, the squares for beautiful chambers each dedicated to a different god. "It is quite impossible to extricate the ideas from this confused labyrinth," so reads Mr. Barnett from Marriette's guide-book. Then let us look at the pictures and enjoy them, their colour, their drawing, their wonderful delicacy of execution. This lotus, there is not a line in fault—and the tenderness of that half-open bud. The sign of life is here joined to the signs of power and stability held in the god's hands outstretched to the king. What a gift! Did you ever see such gorgeous and delicate colouring as in that sacred barque and the animals? Certainly these old folk reverenced life whether in human or animal form, and the animals seem joyful at being sacrificed to the gods. This bull is running with quite a look of willingness to be offered. The young Rameses has a nice face, and with what close companionship he lives with his father; reigning together meant mutual love in those days. I like that old Setti. He had such a wide interest in things. He is not nearly so prominent in this, his great temple, as Rameses is in his. Perhaps he spoilt Rameses, and made him egotistical. More temples beyond. What does Murray say? "Oh! nothing, they can't make it out," but this is the temple where the list of kings was found, and here is the corridor. Walled up well—that is good, for such a tablet is too precious to be exposed to the scrawls of tourists or the ignorant greed of the Arabs. "Impshi, Ali, impshi tout le monde." Whack, whack, a general scuttle, a cloud of dust, and now begin again, friend. You can look at the old Egyptians without the sight of the poor leprous creature, or that blind man to whom you can do no possible good by your chance coppers or even your silver piastres. See that goddess nursing the king. Divine motherhood again, and Setti here kneels before Osiris. That is unusual; Rameses, Amenophis, etc., have always stood upright before the gods. How old a thought it is that the gods guide, punish, and give life. Here Osiris and Ra both hold the crook to guide, the flail to whip, the life to give or withhold.

Luncheon! Ready for it? Quite? Well, now, sit on this rug, here is a stone for your back. "Ali! you old scoundrel! what have you got?" "Me double scoundrel or half?" "What have you got?" "Eggs, poulet,

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jambon, beurre, fruits, café. Double or half?" "Oh! half, Ali, or *pas du tout*." Well, let's begin. I am glad you have chosen a pretty painted chamber for our dining-room! Had enough luncheon? then let us go and paint. Will you do that avenue looking through the two halls of pillars into a chamber? and there is Mr. Barnett posed for his portrait. Come, begin. He is not so graceful or so well coloured as the gods, but never mind, we know more about him."

"Time up." What, already? Oh dear! Good-bye, Abydos. Farewell, tender pure temple. Now to face the natives and the sun and to enjoy that lovely ride. "Antiquas! antiquas!" "Ali, buy antiquas for me. I can't manage it." This plain is lovely, really lovely, just see how the afternoon sun brings out those colours of the straw hut, and that baby buffalo—pretty ugly thing, and the kids. Bah, baah, baaahh. "Oh! Ali, buy me a kid, three piastres." "What will I do with it? Why! keep it in the backyard and play with it when I have time." "Nonsense! Ali, don't buy madam a kid," says the Vicar. "If you are ready, let us walk now, shall we?" Half way, that will make seven miles home. How delicious in this air. Egypt is the very place to walk in. Sunset already and we four miles from home. What an afterglow, pale blue-grey over the mountains, crimson here fading into yellow which (greenless) fades into blue, and this is the east. In the west yellow-orange, with soft greens till the arch meets overhead, a perfect symphony of colours. Gone! and how dark. Don't tremble, dear friend. Take my arm. The donkeys seem to get worse, but here comes a light. "Eh Ho Ayenah!" It is Hassain and "silly man" come to fetch the Howayas. Well, lanterns are undoubtedly helpful in the paths in Egypt at night, and then there is the dahabéëh, dinner, and bed.

Now, here is Mary Prout and Louisa Skinner and Sarah Marshman and Ellen Lidcombe all waiting for places, and you have actually left them, poor placeless girls, left them and been to Egypt for the enormous length of time of almost ten minutes.

Your affectionate friend, HENRIETTA O. BARNETT.

Every opportunity was taken for learning about the people, how the government affected them, and the influence of their religion, land-laws, and education, but it is almost impossible to ascertain reliable information when there is no common language. We spoke French to Ali, but his translations of our questions to the people and their replies were not always trustworthy, so it was a special pleasure when we came across those who knew.

We have had the good luck to meet Professor Robertson Smith, who seems to have a charming character, full of strength, moral purposes, and tenderness. He likes the Arabs—thinks them far removed from degradation. Most of them can read, many have minds stored with poetry and memories of a grand past. History, he says, is their strong point. He holds, too, that their religion has little influence. Few comparatively say their prayers, though most believe in God and a future life; they keep sober and are resigned, more from habit than from obedience to the Koran.

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After watching some potters repeating without deviation the same patterns as seen in the tombs, my husband wrote:

December 26th, 1879.—The people seem unable to exercise their minds. Years ago they reached a certain stage, and at that stage they still remain. I expect the best thing which could be done for these Arabs would be to publish cheap editions of old Egyptian and Arab literature. It is absurd to send them translations of European literature. Their development must go on from the stage at which it stopped, and this would be helped by familiarising them with the old literature. . .

With all the misery which Western people are fond of noticing here and which is forced on their notice, I still deliberately think that the people are happier and cleaner than ours. They are certainly more honest and peaceable, though of course this may be at the cost of those qualities which make our people push and strive. They have not our divine discontent.

The letters concerning the last fortnight of our life on the "Hedwig" are delightful, full of the spirits of peace, irresponsibility, and piety, but the weather was abnormally bad; rain, wind, fog, and thunder are all chronicled. On reaching Cairo we were joined, to our great pleasure, by my sister and Mr. Ernest Hart, and with them we saw the sights which Mr. Barnett's illness had compelled us to miss. Of our visit to the Pyramids Mr. Barnett wrote to his mother:

CAIRO, *March* 1880.—There's not much need to describe the Pyramids, but what struck me in seeing them was the pervading evidence of their human source. They are high as hills, but never for one moment can the thought be absent that men made them. They had learnt the lesson of the desert, and their work harmonises with the surroundings. Standing as they do they add to the sense of motionless repose, of grandeur without effort, which belong to the desert. They are far off from other buildings as is the desert from all other land, and in their presence a man thinks of his littleness and his greatness as he thinks in the desert. In the strong sunlight their solemn grandeur, their proud self-assertion, awe one, but in the moonlight they seem to mingle with sky and ground. It seemed as if God hushed the protest and made man's work His work.

I wonder if this will give you any idea of the humanity—weak and strong—of the Pyramids, and what I felt on Friday which I had never felt before. We took luncheon under the shadow of the biggest at midday, not more than three feet wide, and then we prepared to enter. The sheikh told two of his wild Arabs to look after each of us, and supported by these strong arms we entered the dark passage. Above and around was solid masonry,

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the blocks of stone so joined that not even a penknife could be put between. The floor had become so slippery that without Arabs it would be impossible to stand. Through the dark, through the heat, down one hill, up another we crept, the Arabs whispering,

"I good and strong: give me good baksheesh."

At last we came to the central chamber. A great room with its black walls and empty coffin in the middle. It was impressive to stand in such a place, to wonder, as some think, whether these passages were made to act as great telescopes for watching the stars, or only as hiding-places for the bodies of the dead. No one can understand the Pyramids, but they are at any rate monuments of human effort, and we who crawled about the passages could only feel ourselves to be very small children of fathers who did such things. Finally we came back to light. We had seen nothing but a dark passage, but we were both glad we had been. Passages so made are something more than mere passages.

Now we prepared to go up, a mighty effort to lift one's legs up on about 200 dining-room tables and sideboards with no banisters. Again the Arabs bore our weight, but even so it was such exertion that Hart and Alice turned back. We reached the top and for the last time saw the view over the desert.

Then we turned to go down, facing the giddy height, and again trusting to the men's arms. We arrived safely. I shall never go up again. The ascent has given me an idea of the greatness of the work, and the danger was a pleasant stimulus, but there is neither view nor knowledge to be so got.

Ali gave us tea and we were off to see the Sphinx.

"What a shapeless mass," said we as we saw the rock in the distance, but as we draw near the mass takes form, and soon we see that terrible face which has fixed itself on the world. Hacked as it has been by destroyers, there is still to be felt the smile which smiles contempt on destroyer and destruction; there is still be to realised the patience which waits and looks without hope.

For the men of the present day who have little belief and no enthusiasm, I can imagine the Sphinx having a powerful attraction, but for men of older days with faith and enthusiasm I can imagine the irritation it produced and the desire to destroy it.

Now the sun was setting, so we urged our donkeys up a mound, and thence we saw the light making halos around the Pyramids, catching them as with fire and at last sailing gorgeously from sight. We waited watching the sleep which settled around, the desert slowly yielding its colours. I had often wished to see this, to see the passionless, effortless, reposeful desert go to sleep. I saw it now, and it gave one a true type of a peaceful ending.

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CAIRO.—Yesterday Ali came and we finished our money arrangements; he behaved quite like a gentleman and like himself. He brought my wife a bunch of roses and expressed himself very prettily about his pleasure. It is quite an addition to our trip to have known such a dear old fellow. Later we went to pay him a visit. We climbed up the dark stair to find ourselves, alas! in a large European room. Ali with rising fortune aspired to be European, so he had a carpet like your drawing-room carpet, chairs, and wall-paper. When he might have had divans and Persian rugs! As we entered, Alice was seized by a tall Arab woman and vigorously kissed. She was mistaken for Y——. When it was corrected Y—— came in for another similar embrace. Then we sat round and uttered Arabic words, laughed and waited.

A black slave appeared bearing a tray on her head covered with a red and gold cloth. Ali bought this slave and another in Nubia some years ago, he gave them their freedom, but with admirable inconsistency gave one of them afterwards as a marriage-gift to his daughter. The tray's burden proved to be syrup which we all drank, then cigars, then oranges, then coffee came. I took all so as to be polite, and because Hart was by to cure indigestion. Happily none followed. We used some more Arabic and then took our leave.

Ali has a romance about his marriage; he is fond of telling it. Clearly polygamy will break down under the influence of homes such as his.

From Cairo we went to Alexandria, whence we were to sail to Europe. Miss Davenport Hill's cousins[1] had invited us to stay with them.

RAMLEH, ALEXANDRIA, *March 26th*, 1880.—The "Hills" hem us in and support us on every side, and once more we are under the shelter of one. We rode on our donkeys from the Sudi Garber and went up the slope to the pretty house. It was like home to be welcomed on the steps by cheery voices and to be ushered into a room full of oriental treasures and English taste. The Scotts are both nice and have nice children. He is Judge in the Court of Final Appeal and is also *The Times* correspondent. He devoted the afternoon to us and drove us about the sights of Alexandria.

In the evening our hosts had a pleasant dinner party to meet us. Most of the guests invited us to visit them, but we had to refuse. Hurrah for English hospitality, not a Frenchman has asked us. Next day Rowsell met us at luncheon. He is an honest man full of fun. He amused me vastly and seems to have original views on Egyptian business.

I liked coming across the official set, but I still contend,

[1] The late Sir John and Lady Scott.

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notwithstanding Scott's chaff, that civilisation in Egypt should not be European. Egypt should be developed by the Egyptians. As for the debt, there is really no money and I think justice would be done by repudiation. After luncheon we met Alice and Ernest and got on board the "Achille"—Austrian Lloyd—where we all have delightful cabins.

On leaving Alexandria we went first to Smyrna, and then through the Greek Isles and the Dardanelles to Constantinople; from there to Greece, where we met Miss Octavia Hill and Miss Yorke, and saw Athens, Corinth, Olympus, and many more of the marvels and beauties of Greece. By small and extraordinarily uncomfortable boats we visited the Dalmatian coast, Corfu and the Ionian Islands, and reached Brindisi safely. Both my sister and Mr. Hart were capital travellers, and by their learning, kindness, and enthusiasm added much to the knowledge and enjoyment of our homeward journey. Mr. Barnett's daily letters to his mother are, to quote the Rev. V. A. Boyle, "fascinating, full of poetry, of thought, wit, humour, and deep religious faith, each bearing the impress of a mature and literary style even when written hurriedly and on homely subjects," but Europe is a much-travelled continent and so all these letters are omitted.

My sister was ill at Athens, Mr. Barnett at Corfu, we were wearied of travel and my husband was longing to get back to his mother; but Rome, Florence, and Milan could not be missed and we saw them with intense pleasure. Indeed it was our pleasure that was the parent of the idea of co-operative educational travel. We were standing under the great dome of St. Peter's confused with the multitude of impressions, of the antiquity, the beauty, and the power of Rome, when the realisation of Whitechapel, its ugliness, smells, poverty, and degradation, overwhelmed me. Amid it all I saw our splendid body of workers—the teachers, the students, the mission-women, the officials of all sorts, and the faithful few among the very poor, who still living there were struggling to reach the light on the foundation of self-respect.

"Let us have meetings through this next winter to tell them all about it," I said. "Then let us start them on saving, and one day when they have got enough we will bring them all out here to see Italy's wonders and be glad."

"What a good idea," said my husband, but he so often said that when my fancy flew; and yet it was he who

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cherished the thought, and it was his inspiration which resulted in eighty-one people, over seventy of whom had never been abroad, starting with us for Italy in April 1888, after spending the winter evenings in studious preparation for the tour. A small beginning which grew into the "Toynbee Travellers' Club," and later into the Co-operative Travelling Society. In saying this I am quoting Sir Henry Lunn, who in generously offering us free passages on one of his delightful tours, refused thanks, saying he owed his success to the example set by our first travelling party. So do great things grow from small, and one is thankful.

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CHAPTER XXI

"We should remember more consciously their ideal selves—the Christ in them."

On November 6th, 1880, my husband's mother died. There was no illness, no suffering. She had spent the day as usual, and had been to church and for a little drive. After dining with her husband and Frank, she said she was tired and went to bed early, and during the night her kind life ended in her sleep. It was as she would have wished it to be. She could not bear to give trouble. The shock to my husband was overwhelming, for his devotion to his mother was great. Every day he wrote to her, but she always destroyed the letters, except when we were travelling. This is the last one she received:

ADVENT, *November 4th*, 1880.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—It is this day year that we left you. How fast the time has gone and yet how much has been done in it. It was a bit hard to go, but the going was wise and I don't regret it. We have more in us both of knowledge and of health.

Your new house must be almost Egyptian in these bright days. Even here in Whitechapel, everything is full of light and beauty.

This morning I have been at a sermon; we are going to make the first Sundays somewhat special and I am trying to make sermons more simple. Simple sermons, though, are not in my line; I have a clumsy way of saying my say and always think people are content with the thought and won't care about its dress. This afternoon I am giving to F—— and private business. I prefer public, I must say.

Yesterday after dinner we went to see the unveiling of the portrait of Mr. Corkran.[1] His scholars had subscribed for his picture to hang in the schools, and they were all there delighted to have a memorial of the good old fellow. I made a speech.

I am glad you are going to All Saints'. They have a fine subject and one on which most of us agree this week. To-morrow we go to lunch at Greenwich to Lambert. I will try to send up my shoes.

With dearest love, S. A. B.

[1] A Unitarian minister doing fine and unadvertised work in East London.

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Many friends wrote, to express their sympathy, letters which my husband kept among his sacred treasures, those from Arnold Toynbee and C. S. Loch perhaps being specially valued.

OXFORD UNION, *November 20th*, 1880.

DEAR BARNETT,—I am afraid that this is a heavy blow to you indeed. Your relations with your mother—from the little glimpses I caught of them, and from the few words you have occasionally said upon the subject—always impressed me as having that deep and sacred character which stamps one's whole life, with—shall I say?—inexhaustible possibilities of love and hope. I have always attributed a great deal of what I love in you to your mother's influence. I can only say how much I sympathise with you in this loss—how much I wish I could help you with something better than words written painfully at a distance.

We could not think of asking you to come just now. We have put off our Conference, perhaps till next term. Best love to your wife,

Ever yours affectionately, ARNOLD TOYNBEE.

CHARITY ORGANISATION OFFICE, 15, BUCKINGHAM STREET, *November 9th*, 1880.

DEAR BARNETT,—I am so sorry to hear of the sad cause of your unexpected absence from Council yesterday. But I hope it is one more of those deaths, to which, so far as the dying are concerned, we cannot attach regret, though we feel the loss ourselves. To them it is going home and taking their wages. To us it is sobering and sad to find those we used to look to for support withdrawn by death to leave us in the forefront of the race.

With very kind regards, yours truly, C. S. LOCH.

At the end of two weeks we returned to Whitechapel and work; and then followed depression, so enwrapping that it almost paralysed power. Through it all Mr. Barnett's belief in personal immortality never failed, but faith seemed ineffective to assuage pain and the wheels of life dragged heavily. The wound was also kept open by his frequent visits to Clifton, for his father, unloved, lonely, and losing health, demanded his son's constant attention. Again and again he would summon my husband, sometimes at the shortest notice. Meekly Mr. Barnett would leave his work and engagements and travel to Clifton, only to find conditions normal. As often as possible I went with him, but frequently I had to stay behind and carry through his obligations, and sometimes his father would declare himself unfit for the society of ladies and refuse to receive either of his sons' wives. Poor old man! We all four pitied him, but little could be done. His one dominating fear was the

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condition of his health. During those frequent visits my husband wrote me many letters, always trying to see brightness through the gloom, and those which show that circumstances had depressed him too much, he would not wish to be remembered. He always blamed himself if his flame of hope burnt dimly.

11, VICTORIA SQUARE, CLIFTON, *March* 1883.

MY DEAR WIFE,—When I arrived the father had that hunted look as if he had been pursued by demons of nervousness. I think even the thought of my coming had been made into causes for fear and grievance. . . I am alone while the father reads *The Times* before dinner; yet I am not alone, for you are with me. My thoughts go to you and to the bright life you make around you. Here life ever seems grey, and I am a grey man in a grey world. . . Read the sixty-second psalm aloud to yourself. We never find a Worship Hour reading equal to it.

May 1883.—Yesterday I found the father waiting for me. He is tender and speaks with warmth of the doctor's kindness. He does not tell me quite how ill he was, but he lives according to Dobson's will, and faced dinner without eating any of the things he should not, with as firm a will as yours. Frank seems very well and full of life. He wishes you were here to understand a joke, which no one else does! . . .

Magnus[1] is the light of this home. I have just had a good game with him. He shouts his orders, makes his uncle crawl to play elephants and hide-and-seek. The latter game was fun. When he had hid the marbles and I was seeker, if I said "Oh, *where* are they?" then he could not resist but shouted with unrestrained excitement, "Here they are!" . . .

The father does not seem so well this morning. I believe indolence to be the central force of his character. I trace all to it. God save me from indolence. I believe it is fear of it which makes me hold to work sometimes in a way which tires you. . .

August 14*th*, 1883.—Here I am spending the evening alone with father. He is better than I expected—he is gentle and tender, inclined to be depressed, but he talks much as usual. . . He won't hear of my leaving to-morrow, but I think I shall if he is as well as he is to-day. I will let you know by an early telegram. If I have to stay, will you come? You will decide and do what is best for all things. . . Your sympathy reached me as I sat down

[1] His eldest nephew, then a tiny child, who died at twelve years of age.

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in the carriage and I hoped sorrow would help me. He is just talking about you and seems to be glad at the thought of your coming.

October 1883.—Another day has come and I am one day nearer you. How one gets more and more conscious of the Battle with the Inevitable. I suppose as we follow Pilgrim we shall find how he met it. Here am I bound to be away from you, here is the poor old father bound to face growing weakness. He is not quite so well this morning—at least he complains of breathlessness, but I see it yields to any interest.

At Christmas the call on his devotion ceased, for his father had an apoplectic stroke, and after days of unconsciousness died on December 27th, 1883. My husband mourned for him as dutiful men do mourn at the death of their parents, missed him by the release of a great weight, but the loss was not touched by grief, and indeed his work and plans had been so seriously interrupted that to return to Whitechapel and take up his responsibilities was an immediate duty. For his mother he never ceased to grieve, mentioning her in the delirium of his last illness, and November 6th was always kept by us both with some evidence of reverence to her memory.

St. Jude's Vicarage, Whitechapel, *November 6th*, 1886.

My dear Frank,—The date has come round to the same day and I can't help thinking of the Saturday six years ago when we hurried to Clifton. How fast the six years have passed and how much has been done which she would have enjoyed, how much too which she does condemn! There is no thought more terrible than that loving eyes see our secrets and know our hearts. God help us to pull up. . .

Love for ever, S. A. B.

It was from his own experience in the valley of pain and his journeys along the dull roads of patient watching, that enabled Mr. Barnett's words to comfort others who grieved. Some of his letters may help "those who mourn," and who have not yet seen the blessing behind it. The three following were written to a man whose dearest one was dying of an awful disease:

3 Little Cloisters, Westminster, *January 22nd*, 1908.

My dear Friend,—All I can say is that my heart beats with yours in your anxiety. We cannot help the cry "Let this cup pass." There is no reason why we should not so cry. There is

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comfort in crying in company with one another and with our Lord. My wife is not well to-day so I am not showing her your letter. I will to-morrow, so that she may join her prayers to ours. God help you.

I am, with love, yours, SAML. A. BARNETT.

THE CLOISTERS, *June 11th*, 1908.

MY DEAR, DEAR FRIEND,—We often talk of you and I was just about to write when your letter came. Would we could help and comfort you. The will—powerless though it be—is evidence of the Will which is powerful, and so our poor words have behind them the love of the Almighty whose cross has been the way to glory.

I have told Mrs. Barnett of your letter, and you can imagine how her sympathy beats for you both.

Give your patient our deep love, and tell her we will pray as she asks that she may feel herself still God's fellow-worker as when full of life she went about St. Jude's shedding life around.

God bless you both.

Lovingly yours, S. A. B.

WESTMINSTER, *June 14th*, 1908.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I came from the Abbey, where I had been thinking of her sharing the Lord's suffering, to find your telegram telling us she is sharing His peace. Thank God. I know you do even in your sorrow, and Death which seems to hide is also a revealer, and to-day in a sense you know her better than ever.

How bright—how true—how keen at seeing good—how full of joy and praise—how faithful—how simple! We and you possess her together, and through her we are nearer. Shall I come on Wednesday? I will of course if I can be of any comfort, but it is a full day with us. Mrs. Barnett puts in "Let him come to us." Will you? we shall be at the Cottage and you can be very quiet among the trees and before the far view.

With our love, ever yours, SAML. A. BARNETT.

P.S.—Yes, please come to us at the Cottage. We understand and have been through it all. Only this morning I wrote to her, having been much with her during last night.

Your fond friend, H. O. BARNETT.

Written to a man who mourned the loss of his brother:

January 11th, 1903.—The news of your sorrow has reached us. I did not know your brother, but I can imagine the sense of loss which weighs on your family circle.

I would in quiet friendship take your hand and help you to

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feel the brotherliness which is left in the world. I would do so quietly because words would seem impertinent as you commune with the living memories of the dead. I would rather commend you to those memories. There is comfort in the past even when it forces tears, and mourners often make a mistake in trying to forget. It is the love which has been which is the promise of the love to be—it is the goodness which seems gone which is the assurance of the goodness which is. May you—old friend—have this comfort and meantime feel assured of the sympathy and friendship of

Yours very faithfully, SAML. A. BARNETT.

Written to a friend who had lost his small child during the journey from India:

May 24th, 1896.

MY DEAR RITCHIE,—We shall not easily forget the morning we heard of Theo's death. The news broke up a memory and a hope in which we had unconsciously rested. Darjeeling has always been pleasant to think of because of the family circle we were allowed to enter, and we had looked forward this year to again enjoy your home.

The news that Theo was gone seemed to take something out of our lives and we felt ourselves sorrowing with you.

What can I do? What can I say? I can only assure you of friendship. We know together of the child whose beauty—whose trusting love—whose lively interest—gave us a glimpse into the Kingdom of Heaven. We believe together that there can be no lost good, that what has been shall be and that all our love is treasure laid up in heaven. With this common knowledge and this common belief let us offer you the comfort of our friendship.

Let us do something together. You spoke in one of your letters of taking some work in Whitechapel: let us do it now with Theo, helped by her presence and inspired by her memory. It is hard to say so now, but I think as years go on you will bless God more and more for His gift of the child, and gratitude will be greater than sorrow. She is in heaven, but we are on earth with earthly duties to do—with earthly loves to enjoy.

May we all do and enjoy soberly and faithfully with the sense of heaven about us.

I am, affectionately yours, S. A. BARNETT.

To his brother Mr. Barnett wrote about the sorrow of a friend who had been his fellow-worker since his early curate days:

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HARROW COTTAGE, HAMPSTEAD, *April 12th*, 1884.

MY DEAR FRANK,—Dear old Polyblank has lost his wife, and she is to be buried to-day. I am going down to Whitechapel because many who love the man are coming to church to meet him in his sorrow. I shall return here and spend to-morrow morning in quiet repose with my wife.

The spring day with its birds and flowers will preach the Easter message that there is no such thing as lost—no lost good. Do you know Clough's poem "There is no Easter Day"? We sometimes forget what a blank there would be if we had not learnt that good sown in dishonour must in the end be raised.

Lovingly yours for ever, SAMUEL A. BARNETT.

Written to Sir William Markby, whose long and active life was nearing the end:

ST. JUDE'S COTTAGE, HAMPSTEAD, *September 7th*, 1912.

MY DEAR, MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—It is good to know that you feel the comfort of coming into God's presence with words. Thank you for writing to me from your heart. We who have learnt life's lesson of love come closer together as we say our prayers to God the source of Love. We touch in our deepest parts, we become more sure that nothing can separate us because we are united by our common kinship to the love which never fails. We know that we cannot be lost, that sin and death have no dominion over us, that through Jesus Christ we belong to God.

Dear friend, pray on; every prayer gives strength to faith, and faith reveals what no voice can tell. Pray, thinking of the love you have known, thinking of the love which takes form in Jesus Christ, till you feel His peace, and rest in the knowledge of the love of God.

Would indeed that I could come that we might talk together, but for the present it is impossible. If I am to preserve longer my life and cherish my little strength into greater strength, I must go very quietly. A journey to Oxford—separation from my doctor and nurse—the emotions of intimate talk—are all out of my reach.

I am indeed thankful that we are in communion and that in prayer we may be together in God's presence. May you indeed be blessed with that knowledge which is eternal life!

I am, always affectionately yours, SAML. A. BARNETT.

Not only to those in sorrow was my husband's tender strength helpful. His aid was often claimed by those in difficulties, and the reason may be found in the following words:

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1889.—In our dealings with individuals, we should remember more consciously their ideal selves—the Christ in them. . . Few realise that in the individual there is a buried life, a life which can think and love, and that the only end worth achieving is the release of this life from beneath its load of selfish, mean cares. . . If we would remember the Christ which is in all men, the memory would largely affect our dealings with them. Respect for others implies taking them at God's valuation, and they who see others as God sees them, speak of them and to them in a different language. . . The self which aspires, loves, and thinks, though it is hidden, is the real self of each one of us.

To a friend who, rich, cultivated, and liberal-hearted, had yet allowed an indulgence in solitude to warp his life, Mr. Barnett wrote:

I am sorry you are not going to join us at Advent, sorry because I am certain that in cutting yourself off from men, you are depriving yourself of the best training which God provides. I can speak plainly. We learnt to know one another at the age when friendships are formed. Both from what I know and hear, I believe you are losing grace, and I think the cause is your self-isolation. You isolate yourself, I know, from high reasons such as those urged by Thomas à Kempis. I appreciate those reasons.

On the other hand, there is a selfishness in loneliness. We soon get to like it and we commune with the echoes of our own thoughts and wills. Man was not made to be alone. Our Lord lived in company, and the dangers of company are no reasons for its avoidance. . . We are here both to teach and to learn. The law was given by Moses from the loneliness of the mount, the Gospel came through Jesus Christ from the centre of a company of men.

All this means that you should reconsider your resolve to avoid society. I ask you to do so, because I believe your own soul needs that which God provides through the life of others. We are all members one of another, depending on one another not only for food but for teaching. There is terrible danger in society, but it is out of danger that the best is won.

You still have it in your power to hold friends, and without going into "Society" to know those who would help you. My friendship you have plainly shown you do not care to keep. I would however still be true to duty, and would use the right of the past to warn you, lest you let other friendships go, which may be more valuable.

There, I have delivered myself at some cost, and I would only ask you to consider your life in the light of the gentle loving life of Christ.

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The following letter was written to a young woman whom in her need we had taken into our household during her preparation for emigration. She had repaid us by rifling the plate-chest, and was so scornful of her sin that she sent us her photograph wearing some of my jewels. After she had been told that we knew of her wrong-doing, she wrote a letter that was both false and flippant, and to that my husband replied:

WHITECHAPEL, *March 27th*, 1884.—Your letter expected very anxiously disappoints me. There can be no real repentance when there is still a lie in your mouth. You have now confessed to a theft which has put you in the power of the police, but you have not yet told the truth. We know of other things that you have stolen. I appeal to you to write and tell the truth. It is for your own sake—it little matters about the jewels, for they now can give us nothing but pain—it is for your self's sake you should confess, and make such reparation as you can. Your self is not the wretched, lying creature you now seem; your self as God made you is something good, and it is to your real self I urge you to be true. Be true; dare to tell me everything.

I am sending your money as you direct. Your conscience will tell you how it should be used. Often and often are you in our thoughts, and our prayers may have reached you many times. As the girl you write of who died on board, was buried, we were kneeling in the dining-room overwhelmed by the discovery of your guilt, and praying that God would break the hard, cold crust about your heart to make you sorry and repentant.

Very deep was the pain we suffered as slowly the real character of a girl in whom we had trusted revealed itself. On this I wrote to Miss Paterson:

ST. JUDE'S VICARAGE, WHITECHAPEL, *November 23rd*, 1883.

DEAR CHILDIE,—Thank you for your letter. A hundred times a day I feel sick and weary, a hundred times a day I beg the Strength greater than my weakness to compel her to repent, but repentance is often slow and in a shallow person not sure. To-day the Vicar wrote, and I copied all the five dreadful letters, and now for a while we will banish thoughts and plans which had to be thought and planned for the sake of wise, right action.

The deed is done, and now we must wait and hope.

Mr. Barnett has had to go to Clifton and I *may* follow to-morrow, so come very early please.

Yours, H. O. BARNETT.

Last week I placed the whole correspondence into her hands, and she wrote:

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March 1*st*, 1916.—It especially strikes me, knowing —— and remembering her trivial empty-headedness and conceit, that he should have written to her as one capable of understanding his expectation of her. . . He did indeed give his best to every one of us. MARION PATERSON.

Men who cannot do what the world calls big things, initiate movements, organise societies, often busy themselves with individuals *faute de mieux*, but Mr. Barnett held that in personal relations lay the best work. Indeed, it was this conviction growing in strength that caused him to determine to make in 1892—see chapter xxxviii—the greatest renunciation of his life.

The following extracts from two of his letters to me will illustrate his feeling :

April 18*th*, 1882.—I have had another day with individuals and have fought the souls of Mr. —— and Mr. ——. I did not do the latter well, but I think I touched him : we shall see. Perhaps I ought to have told him that I had heard reports, I only dwelt on what I had myself seen. Well, the kind of work made me think of you because that's what you do with your girls, and it is better work than public platforms.

December 11*th*, 1882.—The Communicants were really refreshing to oneself. Distinctly I feel better for the meeting with human souls. Mrs. G—— asked for an interview afterwards in which she opened to me her anxieties of life. You would have been struck by hearing her say she had left St. ——'s Church because Mr. —— did not preach Christ as I did. His was a selfish religion and did not make them think of others. I take this as a real good sign, showing that some are getting to feel the bare rationalism of the ordinary Evangelical.

People's acceptance of his standard for them often surprised Mr. Barnett and rejoiced him by its humility. The following letter was written by an honoured father keeping an honoured shop :

March 8*th*, 1878.

DEAR SIR,—In reference to the Confirmation about to be held in the district on Sunday next, my daughters returned last evening from your Instruction Class under the full conviction of their unfitness to receive either Confirmation or Communion according to your opinion. I therefore return you the tickets. But as their father, and a communicant, I can say that from their earliest time they have been brought strictly and religiously to the Church, but as you have so instilled into their minds that their whole time has not been spent to a good purpose, they have positively declined to take upon themselves that which has been my desire.

I have a strong attachment to the parish in old family connections,

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and I trust that by the time the next Confirmation is held, if I am spared to see them, they may be found better fitted, under advice, to take upon themselves the responsibility.

I am sorry it should have given you pain or anxiety. I can find your wishes have seriously affected them both in mind and body.

Yours very faithfully, X. Y. Z.

For forty years friendly relations have been maintained with that family, and as I admire their upright conduct I wonder whether the Vicar demanded too much of them, or whether the extreme step of delaying Confirmation caused them to adopt a higher standard of dutiful industry.

Sometimes people found causes of personal offence where only general terms were used. The following letter from a prominent member of the staff is an example :

DEAR BARNETT,—If I am supposed to be one of the people you preached against, who indulge in bad tempers at Christmas time, I can only say I am not in any such temper, and I believe the idea of learning in this way gives me more pain than the temper can possibly give you, etc., etc.

With strong gentleness the Vicar dealt with such characters, often decoying bad temper out of its fastnesses by persistent refusal to allow that offence could be meant or would be taken.

The depth of Mr. Barnett's relations with most people with whom he had personal contact brought the painful experience of being mixed up with no less than three *causes célèbres*. He had to give evidence in court to promote justice, the incriminating correspondence having fallen into our hands ; he had to break the news of his wife's faithlessness to a broken-hearted husband ; he had to tell of another lady's past to an infatuated lover ; he had to deny the helpful white-wash of an appearance on the Toynbee platform ; he had to refuse his public support to a repentant public sinner. It was very painful and often very puzzling, and the bundles of correspondence—which will now be burnt—bring back sad memories. Sometimes the letters were drafted by him and corrected by me, or *vice versa*, but they all show earnest desire to deal tenderly with the wrong-doer, while upholding the noble standard of conduct that human character demands. To deal with people face to face was his unerring instinct, and very terrible were some of interviews.

"How could you tell him, or her, such things ?" I would say, when he repeated what had taken place.

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"I did," he would reply,—"remembering our old principle, Hold a man by your right hand while you hit him with your left, or, in other words, Show love to be stronger than force."

But however he managed it, those he hit loved him. He always spoke as if the wrong complained of was a cause of sorrow to the wrong-doer, whereas most of us make the latter feel as if their wrong action had annoyed us.

To the border-land cases and those slowly going mad, both he and I always appeared especially attractive. There was one dear old man in Whitechapel who always tramped to Colney Hatch "when I feels it coming on, for there I'se safe," he would explain. To many we were their Colney Hatch. In early life we used to take them in, believing that moral force and plain living could "calm their fears"; but sad experience taught us that expert control and discipline were necessary to restore sanity—or, anyhow, that to us an equivalent moral force had not been given.

Just as one sends for the doctor when one is physically deranged, his friends sent for Mr. Barnett when they or theirs were morally deranged. To his gentle, piercing eyes family tragedies were revealed, and how surprising they often were! I recall one household in Hampstead when the illness of the mother, which had evoked much sympathy, was revealed as secret drinking, and my husband's triumph when, after weary weeks of moral output, he safely launched her in a home for dipsomaniacs. He was powerless, however, with a young and beautiful woman, who, surrounded with every luxury and interest, had yielded to the drug habit. To him, so daintily sensitive on sex relationships, were brought at different times no less than four cases of unnatural vice. One sinner he drew to repentance, another to justice, a third he comforted in his crippling sorrow, the wife of the fourth he induced to remain with him.

It was the enormous pains he took over his friends' difficulties which made them turn trustfully to him. The following letter will illustrate this point. It was written when summoned to two friends who, though unable to agree, dreaded to break their marriage union. The wife is designated by A. B.:

Here I am—a poor cripple who, instead of having lost an arm or a leg, has lost his head or his heart. ——— This line represents a long day full of the most distressing talk. A thousand times have I wished for you and your downright loving guidance.

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A. B. began by suggesting that I knew of things from you. I took up the parable and discussed the position as if it were possible by influencing him to make things right. We went on for a long time thus, then she said "Shall I leave him?" and added that she had almost determined to do so, had written him to this effect ten days ago, and further had told him this morning that I had come with a view to action being taken. This took me aback. . .

Under the circumstances there are three possible courses. 1. That she, by threatening to leave him, should control his life. 2. That she should leave him. 3. That she should let him do as he likes, living still by his side.

The last course seems to me to be one unfaithful to right, and so I have gone strongly against it. I felt for you before I advised and think I spoke in your strength. The second course, I think, would result in his wreck, moral and intellectual. A. B.'s sister had been to me and strongly urges that separation is necessary. She has a low opinion of him, says he is a clever child, with no principle.

I am inclined to think that A. B. takes little things to be great, and has no sense of proportion. Of course I don't know and without you I have poor eyes. What should I do without you? I could neither see nor speak. All the evening I have felt powerless as one does in a dream when one finds oneself in the street without one's clothes.

If A. B. could bear the burden and could make herself his master, then I could be happy in forcing him into obedience. "Take the helm" is the advice, but how to do it will need guidance and help which only God can give. Patience, firmness, joy, and seriousness will all be necessary. I half fear, though, that love is gone. Oh dear, oh dear! The impasse is one at which one's heart and head dash in vain. I must wait and hope.

The fraudulent were perhaps the hardest to deal with, for the repentance of the dishonest is so genuine while it lasts, and yet evanescent if saved from its legitimate punishment. How vividly they stand before my memory, though some have gone to their last account: Miss W. the rent-collector, who persuaded the thrifty tradeswoman to entrust her with her savings—£200—because "it seemed all right as she was from the Church"; Mr. X. who, as my husband's co-trustee, stole his faith and his client's money; Mr. Y. the rate-collector, who had been so honoured in our midst, and whose defalcations were to him of so little consequence that he could not remember them; Mr. Z., who while still young had shown such calculating devilry that, in spite of his broken-hearted, self-respecting parents, Mr. Barnett set

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the law in motion to ensure penal servitude for his reformation.

Requests often came for my husband's presence from the dying or those lingeringly ill. I do not mean those terrible demands from the frightened friends of disreputable sinners, who think the parson can give them an insurance pass into Heaven. Every clergyman with a shifting population knows those midnight calls, usually delayed till the poor creature is beyond the reception of conscious comfort. No; the sick visiting which came to Mr. Barnett was that by calls from those who had known him in times of health and well-being. He went every fortnight for more than three years to one fellow-worker, slowly dying of cancer; he wrote over sixty letters to a learned friend; a Russian lady came to London, years after he had met her abroad, to endure a dreaded confinement, so that Mr. Barnett might give her courage; and the Workhouse and Hospital frequently admitted him to visit patients who would be content with no one else. He was specially tender to the old or those who are what is called "breaking-up," helping them to face bravely, if not to rejoice, in the coming change.

As he saw each one alone I cannot tell of what happened, but I know that the regulation Scripture reading and expected prayer were often omitted, and that the talk was always led away, even when difficult, from the troubles of the illness, to the sorrows and sins of the suffering world, or to the higher hopes encircling the eternal verities.

In their religious perplexities many sought Mr. Barnett's guidance.

"He that doeth His will shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God," was often offered as a light to those who were walking in darkness; while for others he adopted the principle which dominates Japanese pictures —the art of leaving out.

Sweeping aside the confusing and the non-essential, he brought the seekers after Truth face to face with the bedrock of Humanity and Divinity. Faith in the power of love; dependence on ideal good; reality of spiritual life; freedom of perfect service; the eternity of righteousness; Love of God, Grace of Jesus Christ, Fellowship of the Holy Spirit, these were the eternal facts on which he rested and to his mind religious truths were ever evolving and developing. He wrote:

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Where two or three are gathered together, there Christ is. Where two talk earnestly, as did they who walked to Emmaus, of the "things which have happened," and commune together of all their meaning, a third is always present though their eyes be holden. The third is the Ideal of the age, the Christ that is to be. I can imagine how the Ideal of this age might be declared, how the one purpose to which all things move might be shown, how human life might be transfigured, and the future made manifest as the image of Christ, full of knowledge and love. Among us, as we sit at ease and count them great who are served, once more appears the figure of One that serveth. When we acknowledge Him to be our Master, and follow Him, then we shall eat and drink at the table of peace and sit on thrones of knowledge.[1]

[1] *Worship and Work*, published by the Garden City Press, Letchworth.

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CHAPTER XXII

" Worship is the loss of self in the contemplation of what is greater than self—the utter abandonment of all other longings in the one longing to be like God—the unselfconsciousness of praise."

In the autumn of 1881 the following poster appeared in bold type on the hoardings of East London:

THE BURIED LIFE

There is a poem on " The Buried Life," of which I am often reminded. Your lives are busy, useful, honest; but your faces are anxious, and you are not all you want to be. There is within you another life, a buried life, which does not get free. In old days it got free through old forms of religion, and then men had peace, and were not afraid of anybody or anything. We cannot go back to the old forms—they are gone with the old times and in presence of the new learning of our days. Many, therefore, have given up religion altogether, and carry about a buried life. It is buried, but it is not dead. When it really hears God's voice it will rise. Men will live spiritual as well as honest lives. They will rest on some One greater than themselves and have peace. I don't think this life will be stirred by excitement or by irrational preaching—and not always by rational preaching; I believe that in the quiet of a place full of good memories, in the sound of fine music, in the sympathy of fellow-seekers, we may better wait God's call. St. Jude's Church in Commercial Street will thus be open from 8.30 to 9.30 on Sunday evenings. Will you come and give yourself even ten minutes? It may be that, as you listen to the silence, to the music, or to the worship of others, God will speak, that the buried life will arise, and that you will have peace.

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The poster made a little stir in the locality, the newspapers commented, and many people stood and read every word of it, some rejoicing, others scoffing or wondering.[1] Into the new service I put my whole mind and heart, for had it not come into existence at my insistent demand, I being one of those unfortunate people who, while passionately spiritually hungry, cannot find food in the old forms and time-hallowed words, which have to me lost their significance by a reiteration which pays no regard to changing conditions? My husband did not share this view. He found satisfying sustenance in the forms of the Liturgy, but he deeply grieved over the failure of the Church ritual to attract the people.

1881.—Thinking of the position a church might hold, I cannot at the present time but speak with sadness of that which ours occupies . . . and we have no reason to grieve as if our church were exceptional. The people have simply ceased to find in the ordinary services an expression for their religious feelings. . .

1883.—The main cause which paralyses progress is the want of Spiritual Life. It is the want of conscious union between the thought within and the Thought without; between our love which burns so fitfully and the eternal Fire of Love; between man and God which puts this narrow limit on results and makes men content with a life unworthy their manhood. If, therefore, there be some who say "What can I do?" I answer that above all things it is necessary to develop the Spiritual Life. An object must be set before men so grand as to satisfy their reason and to kindle their powers of sacrifice. The Church exists for the purpose, but it is trammelled by its organisation. . . My

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[1] The following letter was written years after the poster was issued:

LEYLANDS, WOTTON, NR. DORKING, *June 6th*, 1894.

DEAR MR. BARNETT,—

Personally I am a stranger to you.

Years ago, more indeed than I care to recall, I became a parishioner of St. Mary's, and I remember the occasion when you first came under my notice. In a dirty alley in Whitechapel, a crowd was gathered reading your appeal to Whitechapel working men which was pasted against a wall. I stopped, fascinated by your language and thoughts. I read it to the end.

Years have passed since that day, passed in the midst of the sorrows, misery, and despair with which Whitechapel is so familiar, but your name and the work you were doing there continually crop up amidst it all. The Church has bestowed an honour upon you, but you have a name and a remembrance in the hearts and minds of those who love their fellow-men that no earthly title can embellish.

Accept my esteem for yourself and your able coadjutor, Mrs. Barnett, and with every good wish, believe me, yours faithfully,

A. BROOKE.

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one desire is to make the Church serve the need of the soul, the need which all have for the wider, fuller life, which is called eternal life.

The reasons of the Church's failure he fearlessly stated :

1887.—The Church's failure is due partly to the modern spirit which rejects the use of forms, and partly to the clergy, who, being responsible for the means of worship, have not cared to fit those means to the needs of a new age. The rejection of forms by the young people of England is a mistake, but it is in one sense a noble mistake and worthy of their puritan ancestors. The mistake will work its own cure, and meantime it is for the clergy to cease from blaming men for rejecting a mediæval liturgy, and to consider how by forms they may give expression to that humanitarian instinct, to that passion for action, to that hatred of shams, and to that love of fact, which mark the higher spirit of our days.

The Church might offer out of its resources means of worship which would capture minds fed on the food of the nineteenth century and subdue their vanity.

Personally my husband would have wished to have explained and adapted the old service forms until they met the modern needs ; but finding that this did not succeed, he acquiesced with characteristic sympathy in the new service or "The Worship Hour," as we decided to call it.

Before it could be started, Bishop Walsham How had to be consulted. He did not sympathise with Mr. Barnett's attitude to Church reform, but he was so shrewd and generous-minded that he recognised the value of all his clergy, and helped them along the paths which in their vision led to righteousness. He often came to see us and enjoyed telling his good stories. One of his experiences he was especially anxious to relate—"So good for *you*," he said, nodding mischievously at me. He was, he told us, holding a Sunday-school examination, and among other disconnected questions he asked :

"Who was the meekest man in the Bible ? "

"Moses, sir," was the quick reply.

"And who was the meekest woman ? "

A prolonged pause followed, "during which," said the Bishop, "I began to get a little anxious, running over in my mind the female celebrities of the Bible and trying to select which of them had most of that high virtue. Presently, to my relief, up went a small hand :

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"'Well, my little man,' I said, 'who was she?'

"'Please, sir, there never wawr one,' said the boy.

"I pursued the matter no further, thinking it wiser to leave it there," added the narrator.

On being made Bishop of Wakefield he left East London, when Mr. Barnett wrote:

1888.—East London's loss in the Bishop of Bedford is our loss. Although the policy of dividing the diocese did not commend itself to me when Bishop Jackson brought it before our deanery, its effect in the hands of Bishop How has been immeasurable. It is hardly too much to say that the whole neighbourhood has been softened by the touch of his refined piety. As clergy, we were again and again refreshed by his words, and were taught winning ways as well as working ways. With the people he was distinctly the most popular man in East London; the one person among the crowd of rival politicians and philanthropists whom they thoroughly trusted.

In 1882 he wrote a brochure containing twelve short poems on twelve of his clergy, among whom was my husband. In sending it, he wrote a delightful and whimsical letter, apologising for bringing me, as the only woman, into a company of twelve men, explaining that he had twice tried to write the poem without me, but that, "like King Charles's head, there was no keeping you out."

In 1881, when we were desirous of starting the "Worship Hour," my husband asked the Bishop to come and see us, and then laid the plan before him.

Very seriously was the proposed innovation discussed, its relation to the rubrics, its effect on the existing Church services, the danger of religious curiosity, and of "divorcing feeling from reason." The conclusion of so earnest a conversation by the Bishop's words—

"On the whole, Barnett, I think the best thing I can do is to wink," seemed to suggest so ineffective and so inappropriate an action for a Bishop that we all three burst into laughter.

Neither have I forgotten the reality and fervour of his quiet episcopal blessing as he left the Vicarage. Later, when the hail of criticisms fell on the Worship Hour, the Bishop showed his wisdom and his strength by "winking" still, and by maintaining silence, refused to hinder this effort to reach men's sleeping souls.

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Thus began services which went on for twenty-four years, and were so various that it is difficult to describe them. In each was a progressive thought, indicated by the mottoes surrounding the order of service paper. To illustrate that thought, the hymns, solos, readings, were all selected, and the extempore prayer expressed the aspirations encompassing it. The pauses for silent meditation and the organ or violin solos were so arranged as to be in harmony, and the cordial gravity of the group of earnest men whose duties were to hand service papers, find hymn numbers, and show the diffident into seats, so set the standard that no one doubted, even though to some it appeared to be like a concert, that they had come to the House of God to unite humbly in His worship.

The gentlemen who named themselves the "Chuckers-in" began their labours in the street, where the people aimlessly wandered up and down, shouting, singing, and indulging in bally-ragging, which not infrequently slipped into real fighting. The main entrance to St. Jude's Church was at the west end and, as the railings had been removed, it opened straight on to the pavement. During the hymns or when the music was loud enough not to require quiet, Mr. Willie Paterson, who for seventeen years acted as "door-keeper in the House of the Lord," would open the door and at once rough people would stop and gather round in curiosity, anxious yet fearful to come in. It was then that the unaffected invitations were effective, and for years and years the two or three men who took this duty never failed.

"It is free. Go and try how you like it,"

"There are dark places where you can sit and no one can see your clothes,"

"Yes! come out, when you've had enough of it," sent in many and many a poor "buried" soul who perhaps left with an awakened longing. In the centre of the church sat the regular congregation, self-respecting, thoughtful folk, hard-headed workmen, elderly men, or young critical people, with occasional church-goers or eccentric personalities. The side pews held the casual comers, in summer the dirty wayward tramps, the lawless tawdry girls; in winter those who were clemmed with hunger, dizzy with cold, or desolate with hopelessness—but all, as the Canon often told us, more or less dimly conscious of a "universal Father Who demanded of them their best."

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Order of Service.

Penitence.

"O God, whatever griefs disturb my breast,
While sin remains grant that I find no rest,
How dark soe'er my state or sharp my pain,
Oh, let not sorrow cease and sin remain."

Hymn 184. "How can I seek Thy Presence, O my God?"

Prayer General Confession, to be said by the congregation.

Solo . . "Vouchsafe, O Lord!" . . *Handel*

"Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin. O Lord, have mercy upon us; let Thy mercy lighten upon us as our trust is in Thee."

Reading "Janet's repentance,"[1] by "George Eliot."

Sacred Music . Violin and Organ . . .

Prayer . That we may feel sorrow at sin . .

Anthem 50. "If with all your hearts ye truly seek Me." *Elijah* (*Mendelssohn*)

Hymn 183. "Sinful, sighing to be blest" . .
to be sung by the congregation kneeling

Reading . "Desire," by Matthew Arnold . .
Psalm li.

Solo "O God, have mercy" *St. Paul* (*Mendelssohn*)

"O God, have mercy upon me, and blot out my transgressions, according to Thy loving kindness; yea, even for Thy mercy's sake, deny me not; O cast me not away from Thy presence, and take not Thy Spirit from me. Lord, a broken and contrite heart is offered before Thee. I will speak of Thy salvation, I will teach transgressors, that all the sinners shall be converted unto Thee. Then open Thou my lips, O Lord, and my mouth shall show forth Thy glorious praise."

Pause for silent Prayer. . . . . .

Hymn 224 "Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go" .

Anthem "Comfort ye My people". *Messiah* (*Handel*)

Benediction

"I am a sinner, full of doubts and fears,
Make me a thing of love and tears."
H. Coleridge.

[1] The story was told and extracts read.

"I have sinned, and now I lie in bitter shame and all my sin deplore."

"If we cannot at once rise to the sanctities of obedience and faith, let us at least resist our temptations."

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From the day the "Worship Hour" was started until the day the services were abandoned, the whole of the work they entailed was given voluntarily. The choir and organist were unpaid, the professional singers sang without fees, the bell-ringer, the door-keepers, the organ-blower, one and all united in joyful co-operation. The result was the importation, into a corner of the Established Church, of some of that deep and noble spirit which has flourished most among the influences of the Free Churches.

It will be seen from the order of service that the readings from the Bible and the modern writers express the same thought, that the sequence of the service leads from the idea in the first motto to that expressed at the bottom of the page, and that the words at the sides of the paper support the main theme.

When the readings were difficult or likely to be of permanent value, we printed them with easy explanations, and before me now lie many dainty coloured leaflets—for colour was ever refreshing in drab East London—the subjects ranging from Browning's *Abt Vogler* to simple poetry such as Bishop C. W. Stubbs's *I sat alone with my Conscience.*

The two aisles of the Church were always kept dark, so that the saddest and dirtiest should not fear observation; the chancel was brilliantly lighted and the font laden with flowers, which Miss Paterson and I gave to all who cared for them as they left the church. The clergy officiated unrobed.

My husband rarely conducted the "Worship Hour," for after four services and a Sunday-school teachers' training-class, he was often unduly weary, but I sometimes permitted him to come in by the back way just to take the extempore prayer. Was it because he did it better than Mr. Boyle, or Mr. Wragge, or Mr. Aitken? No! and yet they, as well as I, often begged him to come. Perhaps it was the humility that unconsciously escaped from him that constrained us to pray.

The following prayer was taken down in shorthand. How surprised and helped Canon Barnett would have been that anyone thought it worth while. The subject of the service had been "Growth from sorrow for sin to confidence in God in Christ Who can make us triumph over it"; and the reading was from Kingsley's *It is not the will of God* and Mazzini's *Duties of Man.*

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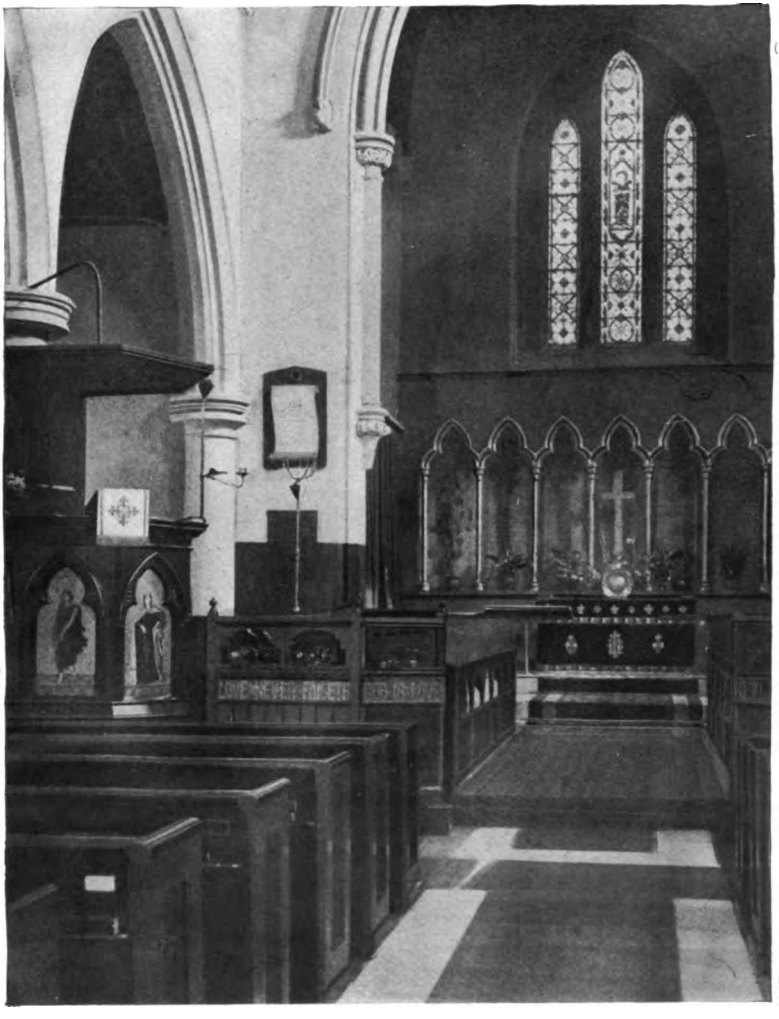

ST. JUDE'S CHURCH, COMMERCIAL STREET, WHITECHAPEL,
AFTER ITS RENOVATION.

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1885.—O God, in Whom we live and move and have our being, we are here to-night with a confession of failure and sin. It is Thy purpose that we should be strong and free. We confess that we have been weak and slavish. We have sinned against Thee in thought, word, and deed. In our *private* life we have followed our lower nature, yielded to base desires, failed in our endeavours after good. Because we have not trusted in Thee, therefore we have been base and indolent, thoughtless and mean, faithless and forgetful. In our *public* life we have sinned against Thee, we have shrunk from responsibility, from our duty to our brother man. We have preferred our own ease to doing justice. We have looked on at oppression, passed by on the other side, and given no help to misery.

We have sinned against Thee in our *national* life. As a nation we are in trouble, poverty, want. It is because we have not trusted in Thee that we are in trouble. O God, as a nation and as individuals, forgive us our negligences and ignorances, our levity and thoughtlessness. Give us time to think. O Father, the giver of life and health and order, Who manifested Thy Son that He might destroy the works of the devil, order our unruly wills and fitful affections, give life to our failing aspirations; strengthen us with Thy strength, purify us with Thy purity, make sin more impossible for us.

Here followed a reference to the elections, and the aspiration was expressed that we might elect the pure man, the meek man, so as to give victory to love.

As an example of the union of my husband's and my work, the following prayer has a double interest. It is in my handwriting, and kept as few such things were treasured, but whether I wrote it for him to use, or from memory after the service was over, it is not possible to say.

Holy Father, we know we are not worthy to come to Thee. With the people we meet, we do not half what we might. We neither act, speak, think, feel, nor pray as we should do. Amid our repentance it comes to us that Thou hast called Thyself Our Father and said that we are Thy children, inheritors of all that is holy and eternal.

Holy Father, in the search for principles, help us to see and hold on to some of Thy eternal truths, and to shape our life on them. Help us to teach that, and that only, which is true to us. Forbid that we should teach in words what our lives contradict; forbid that we blaspheme in delivering Thy great message. Father, we long to teach, and our gratitude makes our hearts leap in determination to declare that God He is Lord. . . Burn out all that is wrong. Crush out all that hinders us.

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Awaken our souls till they shrink at the approach of sin. Create in us a fierce hatred of the false, and let us be Thy children, Thy pure messengers, fit to serve Thee, and worthy to render Thee thanks for Thy great mercy to us. In the name of Christ. Amen.

Of the effect of the service after it had been established seven years Mr. Barnett wrote:

1888.—The changes which mean growth in righteousness cannot be marked. All that can be done is continually to examine how the means provided—the forms of worship—may best help the man of the nineteenth century. The old forms are helpful, they are loaded with memories, they seem in some way to express the many moods of mind through which we have passed, to be at once the fullest expression of what is inexpressible, and to be the link which binds us to those who are separated from us by time or character. The worshippers who feel the charm of the old forms have need to remind themselves that their feeling is not shared by the majority. The demand of the time is for accurate expression, for change upon change, and men are too hurried to look for a meaning which is not on the surface.

Scholars and artisans do not therefore, as a rule, use the old forms of worship, and it is for us to find other means by which they may be helped. Worship in which they may themselves take part—prayers in the language of daily life and weighted with the thoughts of the day—music to express aspiration or sorrow not to be put into words—lessons from those scriptures which the Holy Spirit has never ceased to write for our learning, these are the means by which men of the nineteenth century may be helped to bind their failure with God's success, their weakness with His strength, and these are the means we have tried in our Worship Hour.

That service is now seven years old, it is evidently valued, and it is hard not to believe that some in that silent crowd of those who listen and pray have found themselves in that Presence where they may learn to be good and find peace for their souls.

When I had to be away, from ill-health, Mr. Barnett always wrote to me about the "Worship Hour."

1886.—Your Worship Hour service was very nice and well attended. Levitus sings well and caught the people. . . Miss Beavis' singers were strong and Statham was delighted with the anthem. Boyle read beautifully. *Rabbi Ben Ezra* always carries the whole lot along. . . Everything went well and everyone did his duty. One solo from *The Elijah* was very fine, lifting me right out of myself. The people listened intently.

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May 4th, 1889.—At the evening service my sermon went better, but the congregation was unusually poor. At your service the congregation was better and the choir singing was good. Rossetti, Clough, and Carlyle made the readings.

WHITECHAPEL, *January 1st*, 1883.—The day is over, your service was good and well-attended. Whitechapel did it all. Miss Hale sang, our choir chorussed, and Fred Rogers "chucked-in." . . .

I have seen and talked to many people. It is slow work to build up a spiritual house "one by one." It is no wonder that you want to do it to the sound of perfect music. Whichever way it is done, the model of Solomon is good, that the house should grow in silence.

The following extracts will show what three other men thought of the Worship Hour. Canon Horsley wrote:

ST. MICHAEL'S CLERGY HOUSE, FINSBURY.

MY DEAR SIR,—Permit me, though a stranger to you, to bear my testimony to the value of the work that was being carried on in your church last night. I knew nothing of it till I was attracted like other passers-by by the open doors, but once entered the sight was very striking. I was in a position where I could observe all the congregation, and I was most pleased and edified by the reverential demeanour of all. The men, as far as I could count, exceeded the women in the proportion of three to one, and were chiefly of the costermonger and low labouring class. But observing them not only in their seats but as they went out one by one, no one could fail to observe the air of solemnity and decorum with which they behaved.

Such a work is one from which visible results are least likely to be traced, but I am sure that the majority would have gone away much influenced for good. May you find it to have been so.

I am, yours faithfully, J. W. HORSLEY.

One who had often officiated at the services and who knew the people well reported:

1891.—The inner life can be stirred. . . A few simple words, a well-known hymn, the sight of flowers, the sound of music, above all the solemn prayer, draw the soul into the eyes of men and women in whom the life of the lodging-house and the street would seem to have killed down all capacity for deeper feeling. . . At the Worship Hour, instead of choosing a text only for the sermon, a text is chosen for the whole service, and thus prayers and hymns, solos and reading, fall into their natural place, and feeling and intellect are together called into play to drive home the truth, now of God's greatness, now of Christ's love, now of the place which faith, or hope, or prayer, or forgiveness plays in the Christian life. . . It is encouraging to hear from one and another, and especially from some who have left East London to work in other parts of England, how real has been

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the help which they have found in the stern struggle of life from coming Sunday by Sunday to the Worship Hour at St. Jude's.

The following is from a man who did much to make the services what they were, but who prefers to be anonymous:

1902.—One of the congregation, speaking of the help the service had been to him, said, much as he appreciated the readings and the music, there was nothing equal to the time of silent prayer. When the people had been solemnised by music, Mr. Barnett would say, "While the church is silent, let us draw near to God in prayer," and in the silence that followed "souls became still enough to hear God speak." At the close of the period for silence the Vicar gathered up the aspirations and petitions by reciting the Lord's Prayer, in which by his emphasis on one clause or another he brought out the intention of the service.

It was a very great pleasure to me to prepare the services, to select the governing thought, find suggestive mottoes, choose the readings, and invite the singers. Mr. H. Heathcote Statham gave generous help in all that concerned the music. Sometimes he added severe criticism, but he had a high standard, and our deathless principle of "the best for the lowest" demanded fine music. When Mr. Boyle joined St. Jude's in 1885 his well-furnished brain enlarged my literary horizon, and a book which he kept, numbering no fewer than 334 pages, on each of which is the record of a separate service, makes interesting reading.

It was essential for the "Worship Hour" that hymns should be both rational and reverent, but no such collection seemed to exist, until Miss Townsend made one and presented it in manuscript to Mr. Barnett—following her Christmas gift to him by a birthday gift to me of 500 copies subscribed by many friends.

1886.—The new hymn-book represents the thought of one friend whose sympathy has been proved through many years, and the publication represents the generous good-will of many friends. The very presence of the books in the pews is thus an evidence of the Unseen Spirit of Love which broods over all, and the book contains words which must be helpful to those who would think as well as sing. The words of hymns are answerable for many of the misconceptions which lie at the root both of superstition and infidelity. For the sake of tune, false sentiment and morbid fancy have been allowed a place in worship. It is no light gain that St. Jude's has now a book of poems which the thinker may study and which all may sing with understanding.

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After Mr. Barnett became Canon of Bristol—1893—and the Rev. Ronald Bayne Vicar of St. Jude's, the "Worship Hour" still continued; Miss Paterson and Mr. Bartholomew giving the time its preparation entailed; but as the succeeding incumbent, the Rev. E. C. Carter, did not recognise the value of the service, its standard dropped and the large and earnest congregation gradually faded away. But the seed of the idea took root both in the provinces and in America, and we have learnt from many correspondents of helpful services started on the lines of the St. Jude's Worship Hour.

It was only last night, March 8th, 1916, that the Vicar of St. Jude-on-the-Hill, Hampstead Garden Suburb, the Rev. B. G. Bourchier, announced that after a year spent with His Majesty's Forces teaching eternal verities to men facing the perils of war, he felt convinced not only that the Church must become more "simple in its worship and real in its devotion," but also that some of the "great thoughts which had been accorded by God to His present-day servants" should be used in the services. He had decided therefore, with the Bishop's consent, to say Evensong in the afternoon, and to start on Sunday evenings a service which he intended to conduct on the same lines as those of our old Whitechapel Worship Hour.

Thus the new St. Jude's, called after the old one, will walk thirty-five years afterwards along the same path, even though her footsteps will be of different shapes, for it is one of the advantages of such a service that it enables individuality to have play and gives to those who have been so happy as to find Almighty Power, the opportunity of pointing out the path.

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CHAPTER XXIII

"A mind is kept clean not by being swept and garnished, but by being kept full of thoughts about things which are lovely, virtuous, and of good report. It would not be waste of their school life if children accumulated fewer facts, and, instead, learnt the secret of admiration, and found in themselves the way of enjoyment."

EDUCATION occupied much of Mr. Barnett's thoughts, and one of his first actions—1873—at St. Jude's was to open the schools in the ill-designed derelict buildings. One of the then young teachers has described it:

The school was no better and not much worse than most Church schools of that time. Small rooms, each containing a whole department, and one tiny dark cloak-room, and the smell in there was simply horrible! One inadequate door and one narrow staircase, from top to bottom of the building, did duty for admittance and exit both for girls and boys and infants. . . Close to the school was the Vicarage, an oasis in the desert. At the end of the small hall was a tiny sanctum where it was always Sunday—to me at any rate. The house was backed by filthy, festering courts and alleys, and the houses in them were indescribably wretched. I know, because it was the custom to send the pupil teachers every Monday dinner-time to beat up the morning's absentees from lessons. . . The schools were gradually transformed. We began with soap, towels, and *looking-glasses* (unheard-of luxury) for the cloak-room; bunches of flowers were distributed to all the children through the summer months, and by degrees all sorts of nice things were added.

Our schools were started with boys and girls together, because the Vicar held that:

1874.—A fruitful cause of evil in the present day is the inferior education of women. When girls are taught with boys, they will learn much from which they are shut out in "girls'" schools; they will learn also to respect themselves; the boys, too, meeting girls as equals and competitors, will cease to scorn and tease them, while they will themselves learn to be more quiet and gentle. It must be some time, though, before such schools become popular.

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So far from becoming "popular," the next year co-education had to be abandoned, for the girls objected, and their parents for them, to the roughness of the boys, and the size of the small yard which did duty as a play-ground made wholesome recreation impossible. But even in such buildings my husband had high ideals:

1877.—If the Church is to act its part in making the schools of the future, it must now show that the children under its care are not only instructed, but also well cultured and imbued with the spirit of generosity and self-sacrifice. Ours must be the first school in the neighbourhood, and every detail of the management must show signs of thoughtful care.

1878.—Children should be educated, by their surroundings in the schoolroom, to recognise beauty and to love order; educated by intercourse with many minds to find interest elsewhere than in exciting scenes and vulgar talk; educated, to be religious in the sense which implies submission to the righteous God and respect for their fellow-men.

In 1876 the schoolrooms were decorated by using Mr. Walter Crane's coloured illustrations of Æsop's Fables as a dado. This would not be worth mentioning had it not brought us the friendship of Mr. Walter Crane and been the means of starting the Art for Schools Association, whose work has adorned many schoolrooms and raised the standard of pictures provided for the unconscious education of pliant minds. Forty years ago, be it remembered, school walls were left bare for fear that the children should be distracted from their lessons, the only decorations being maps and charts of animals, where the duck was depicted as big as the elephant, and the colour of all was a universal grey.

The co-operation of parents Mr. Barnett felt to be essential; so to arouse their interest, they were invited to breaking-up parties, when little shows of work were arranged and the children entertained their elders. Meetings were also held between the parents and school managers to evoke mutual understanding.

1879.—The meetings give us the opportunity of pressing upon the parents our plans of educating their children, our efforts to teach them method, to cultivate their intelligence, and develop their reverence.

1888.—The parents' Conference ought to make the teachers' work deeper. It is part of an effort to consolidate all the work

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and the interests connected with the schools, so that parents and teachers, clergy and children, visitors and voluntary teachers, may know themselves as members of one another.

It was these parents' meetings which enabled the government of the school to become more democratic.

1888.—The cost of such schools as ours is large, and this year the repair of the drains amounted to over £50. It occurred to us that it might be well if we took the parents into counsel as to the amount of fee which should be charged. A conference of fathers was summoned, and it was pleasant to hear the approval expressed of our methods. After a long talk, it was agreed that every parent should be left to fix the fee he thought he ought to pay. Papers were sent round, and four assessed themselves at 6*d.*, fourteen at 4*d.*, and forty at 3*d.* a week, instead of the old 2*d.* fee. If this plan be persistently pursued, it may be that the deficiency of income will be met.

1888.—*To F. G. B.*—On Thursday we had a meeting of school parents whom we asked to elect two managers. Our mistake was in asking them to tea, or perhaps in asking the women. A good many of the baser sort came whose one idea is "getting," and their presence was not helpful.

With the system of teaching then prevailing in elementary schools my husband was unreservedly dissatisfied.

1886.—The system by which children are every year crammed with facts they do not understand, and by which teachers are led to set more value on results measured by an Inspector than on the growth of the children's minds, is very unsatisfactory. The nation's future is founded on the national education, and such education hardly exists. The first thing essential in teaching is to interest the child's mind, to engage its attention so that its powers of observation, reasoning, and feeling may be developed. One of our plans is to introduce clay-modelling and carpentering on two afternoons in each week. We believe that as the children get interested in doing something, they may be trained to habits of method, induced to reason and even to invent. We believe, indeed, that the time spent in handicraft will better fit them for head work. Their minds during the time, being in a kind of mental gymnasium, will be stretched, become supple, and so they will be more inclined to ask the why and the wherefore. The cost of the experiment will be large, but such an experiment must be tried under the best conditions. Mr. Magnus,[1] Principal of the Guilds' Institute, is most kindly overlooking what is done.

[1] Now Sir Philip Magnus, M.P.

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The enthusiasm of the children and the teachers for the new classes was undoubted, but disappointment awaited them:

1887.—H.M. Inspector gave us the greatest blow: he came expecting to find exceptional intelligence, and inspected in a way which was in itself a lesson, but which was entirely unexpected by the teachers. The children did not do well, and then, to crown our troubles, the Department refused the grant because the introduction of technical subjects into the time-table had been illegal. Doubtless the children will do better, and the refusal of the Department will be got over, but meantime the school is a martyr to a sense of duty.

The next year things looked brighter.

1888.—The schools have won from the Inspector a good report. They are, though, still far below the standard we aspire to reach, a standard much higher than that of the Board Schools. We believe that, even under the cruel oppression of the Code, it might be possible to make learning attractive, and to develop intelligence, and we are determined not to think of passing 100 per cent. if we can succeed in putting life into school work. . . New methods of teaching have been introduced into the lower standards of the boys, reading is taught without books, and the attempt is made to evolve rather than to impose a care for order. Special lessons are still given by voluntary teachers in such subjects as geography, physiology, and French, and the scripture lessons are taken by the clergy.

Indeed it was the freedom to make experiments that was an important factor in my husband's decision to maintain Church schools on voluntary gifts, after the nation had assumed the responsibility of education.

1876.—The examination by outsiders, not Government officials, the intercourse which grows up between ourselves and the children's parents, the opportunities we have of teaching (Mrs. Barnett, my colleagues, or myself give a Bible or special subject lesson every day), are some of the ends for which I think it worth while to keep the school in our own hands, though I do so in no antagonism to the School Board.

Neither did the many disappointments which marked nine years of work quench his ardour to base our schools on a system of co-operation — co-operation between managers, parents, and teachers, and co-operation between teachers

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and children. The latter was obtained by enlisting their interest in their own education, and by giving them a certain amount of selection of their work. Behind the plan lay the hope that they would learn to enjoy using their brains.

1885.—Our schools should be model schools, and by example point to the blot on national education. Acts of Parliament and certified teachers are not making the people intelligent, much less dutiful. . . There is something rotten in the system on which we are resting our national hope. St. Jude's Schools ought, at any rate, to be an experiment in another system. We might try the effect of releasing ourselves from the domination of the Code, and trust simply to intelligent teaching. . . We might give to children teaching which would interest them, tell them of history rather than make them learn dates, reveal to them the life of a country rather than teach them names of towns, and let them enjoy the thought of poetry rather than spell its long words. When there was no education, Church schools led the way till the nation followed; now that there is bad education, it is for the Church schools again to lead.

In the St. Jude's Report of 1886 Mr. Barnett speaks of our night schools at "which boys and girls, whose licence is their shame, are besieged by methods representing the ingenuity of patient love," and then tells of the starting of "what may be called a Play-class."

1886.—The children from homes in which there is no room to play, and whose play-ground is the streets, have few traditional games, and those few are noisy. They are ignorant of the pleasures to be found in quiet, in silence, and self-imposed restraint. Play-classes have, therefore, been started from 5 o'clock to 7 o'clock. Parties of ladies and gentlemen come regularly to act as playmates, to suggest games, and to inspire, if not to dictate, order. Their duty is by no means easy. The tendency of the children to make a wild rush and to change the game every few minutes is difficult to check without the force which would destroy the charm of a play-hour. The playmates may think that, compared with the work of State schools, orphanages, leagues, etc., their efforts are contemptible, but without such "despised and rejected" efforts, other may be vain.

Everyone knows how, under Mrs. Humphry Ward's inspiriting energy, there now exists, in all parts of London, a great network of play-centres, with their troops of salaried and volunteer workers.

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Of the other experiments, that of getting volunteer teachers for special subjects, which included physiology, geography, Shakespeare, history and literature, was perhaps the most fruitful; for it not only resulted in the creation of friendship between the children and cultivated men and women, but in many walks to the Parks—always in small parties never exceeding twelve—excursions to picture galleries, and visits to the Zoo; thus beginning—1876—a series of "pleasures with educational objects" which still grows, and grows to some purpose.

As two little groups of hot happy East London children gathered round the tea-table in my garden on Saturday, July 9th, 1916, their hands full of treasures—for they were a nature-study party—I contrasted them with gratitude with the thin faces, lawless ways, and animal habits that the same sort of small people would have shown in those early rambles forty years ago. But the pathos of town-homes for nature-lovers dwells in the hearts of even these well-behaved little mortals.

"Please, ma'am, need we go home? 'Tis the far-off I want to look at," was politely whispered to me, and the glories of the sunset over my great view made it hard to say,

"I am afraid you must, dear, for it will be ten o'clock now before you reach Wapping."

Among the experiments tried was one of evening classes in the afternoon. At that time the rule was for children to leave school on their reaching thirteen years of age or passing the fourth standard. The girls refused to remain beyond the usual age, and yet careful mothers of the small tradesmen or upper mechanic classes did not wish their daughters to go to factories or take service while they were so young. The result was that they hung about at home "helping mother" in the morning, but idling for the rest of the day. For these girls my husband started afternoon continuation classes under the regulations for evening teaching. Miss Buss, of the North London Collegiate School, superintended them, and the teachers were both professional and volunteer.

1886.—If the plan is approved, our girls will have a great opportunity. They will be able to acquire the knowledge which will make them better able to enjoy both solitude and company, and they will be helped to preserve for the time of womanhood the habits of regularity which they have acquired in school.

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To give reality to the religious teaching in the schools was of deep importance to Mr. Barnett.

1890.—The justification most often put forward for voluntary schools is that by their means religious education is secured. It is a claim to be urged with humility. Far be it from me to say that religious education is impossible in Board Schools. Wherever a teacher lives in the fear of God, there must be religious teaching in his school, and there are, I know, many such teachers in whose presence children learn to know of the God Whose Will must be done. At the same time, it is fair to say that in the Board system there is no care to appoint such teachers. In our school, while we strive to secure that children are instructed in the facts of Bible history, we aim also at getting them taught by those who themselves feel the nearness of God to their own history. For this reason the teachers often meet to strengthen one another by common study of the Bible, and to get strength from God in the Holy Communion.

Of these opportunities, one who was then teaching in St. Jude's wrote:

I love to recall the "family prayers" held in the Vicarage every Monday morning before school began, for clergy and teachers; and the practice also for these same workers to meet in the Church for Holy Communion after every school holiday at 8.15 on the morning of reopening school. I often did not appreciate it then. I would now.

After many years' experience of work begun with prayer, the Vicar wrote as follows:

1886.—The teachers have tried to carry through each term the spirit of the Holy Communion with which it began, they have tried to act as members of a greater whole, and to consider the children as individuals born of God.

To the actual teaching of the Bible he devoted much attention, himself giving the lesson four mornings in every week, to the teachers as well as to the children, but of religious examination he was critical:

1878.—I am sure an examination of religious knowledge is unhealthy, and I am not convinced that an examination of subjects connected with religion is good. . . The visit of the Inspector, though, tends to give a certain order and importance to work which otherwise might seem to deserve less attention.

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One lady, now holding a responsible position under the London County Council, who was then a pupil teacher under the old system of joint training and teaching, wrote of his lessons on religion :

It was our Vicar's broad grand way of reading the Bible that made us feel it to be true, and he taught us cleverly by asking for our ideas. How we strove to come up to the mark by giving thoughtful, and sometimes to us original (?) answers ! I can see his face now all kindled up with affectionate kindness, if we did say anything worth the breath spent upon it. Only once did we see him angry. One of us gave a foolish, thoughtless answer, and the Vicar burst out, "Oh ! you donkey, you donkey." We returned to work submissive and deeply chastened, because of so unusual an occurrence. To think of it afterwards was to contract frost-bite on our imagination !

I delight in that donkey tale. I never liked my husband quite so much as when I had seen him angry.

During the twenty-one years that he kept the school going there were often times of doubt and difficulty, both financial and otherwise, but the staff was splendid. Mr. Polyblank, who has already contributed to this book, left St. Mary's to help Mr. Barnett to start St. Jude's Schools, and he remained with us till the end. Miss Thomas—a member of the household of my girlhood's home—was trained as a teacher on purpose to come to East London with us; and later Miss Jenkins and Miss Davies joined the staff. Of them my husband wrote :

1888.—I have spent an hour in the schools. I believe my two women will vanish like Elijah in chariots of fire. Their sacrifice is unearthly, and I don't know how to make them take adequate pay or limit their work.

That he had done something to promote their "unearthly" attitude the following letter will show :

December 14th, 1887.

DEAR MR. BARNETT,—I cannot let to-day pass without telling you how I thank you, not for your justice only, but for the calmness you instilled into me. Seeing you, and thinking how often I fail in my duty, I could not but realise that the best way to keep from failure was to help someone else, and I now feel that I can help Jessie as her friend to conquer her sullenness. I am more thankful than I can express that my three years' intercourse and friendship with you have helped me to come to this conclusion. If I had not *seen* true religion at St. Jude's now I believe these softened feelings would not have come. I have written to Jessie.

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Whatever happens, I am happy to-night, because with God's help and your example I am able now to feel, that though as Mistress I must, when necessary, insist on obedience, yet at the same time as her *friend* I can help her to do right.

I remain, yours respectfully, A. B. C.

And it was not only the heads of the departments who served with such inspiring sacrifice, the younger members of the staff shared their spirit, often refusing higher salaried posts to stay on in dear, dirty St. Jude's. In 1893, the year Mr. Barnett resigned the parish, he reported :

1892.—More satisfactory even than a good report which we have gained, was the pleasure expressed by the Inspector at the tone of the school and at the manners of the children. Indeed, no one can visit the departments without being struck by the open human look of the children and by the evident interest they take in their lessons.

Mr. Barnett's relations with the School Board were always cordial. He canvassed to get Dr. Elizabeth Garrett [Anderson] on to the first School Board in 1870, and on the first Board school being opened in our parish—1874—he attended the function and gave it a sincere welcome. Both he and I became local managers, and it was the realisation of the limitation of their powers, in conjunction with the magnitude of their opportunities, that caused my husband to lead so persistent and determined a fight to obtain for them official permission to render efficient service. After the Local Managers' Association was formed, he wrote :

1883.—The result has been that both directly and indirectly the managers have more control over the schools. This must be good, if the managers use their powers well, and, by study, qualify themselves for their duties. An adequate system of local management would enable the Board to dispense with some of its officials—its inspectors of inspectors—to manage the schools on a more economical plan, and, above all, to keep up in the schools the sense of the personal supervision and interest of those living in the neighbourhood. The Managers' Association meets monthly under the chairmanship of Mr. Sydney Buxton ; it ought not only to protect the position of managers, but fit them to use their great powers in extending and deepening the education of the children.

The story is too long and too technical to write, but the movement, under the devoted service of Mr. W. H. Pyddoke, has gathered both force and influence, and from the seed of

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its labours can be traced the great tree of Care Committees with its many sheltering and sustaining branches.

More than once in our long working life, we have both been invited to stand for the School Board or the County Council, and at all times Mr. Barnett has been the friend of the officials and the candid critic of their work, employing either pen, platform, or pulpit to rebuke, stimulate, or inspire. In 1896, supported by Mr. Kittle, he attacked the School Board for wasting public money, and repeatedly protested against the multiplication of officials, the perfunctory nature of inspections, the limitations of teachers' training, the inelasticity of the Code, and the large size of classes.

He did not often write about children, whom he gaily loved, especially boys, but from *Worship and Work* these two extracts are taken :

The bright spots in darkest London are the children. Their laughter breaks in on the harsh notes of the street traffic, their freedom lifts for a moment the clouds of care from burdened brows. Their seriousness in play often opens to passers-by visions of a more satisfying pursuit than that of money or pleasure. Children are still images of the greatest in the kingdom of heaven ; they are still apostles of truth.

Children have many God-given capacities, powers of doing, of thinking, and of loving. These, for earth's sake and for heaven's sake, must be drawn out. As gold lies hidden in the mine, so qualities lie hidden in the children. It is on working these qualities, on making the children all that is possible, that wealth and happiness depend.

As soon as Toynbee Hall[1] was occupied, Mr. Barnett formed the Education Reform League—1884. In the early Toynbee Reports its programme is given :

1886.—The object of the Education Reform League is to enlist the co-operation of the working classes in the effort to infuse more life into the dry bones of State-aided Elementary Education. Its aims include—

1. University education for teachers in primary schools.
2. Equal opportunities for all children to attain their highest

[1] This is one of the instances referred to in the introductory chapter on The Plan of the Book. Although no mention has yet been made of Toynbee Hall, it is necessary to introduce it here, for in this chapter all Canon Barnett's work in relation to elementary education is dealt with.

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capability by continuity of training—technical, physical, and intellectual.

3. Improvements in the system of inspection.

4. The more general employment of school buildings and playgrounds for the people's benefit.

The policy thus adumbrated is a wide one, and those who have set their hands to the plough are conscious that it will be a long and arduous task to give effect to any considerable portion of the desired reforms. They will be little likely to be attained until the parents are themselves educated to be in earnest to demand them.

Mention will be made of the methods the Warden adopted to help Toynbee Hall to realise itself as a whole, and of these the Education Reform League was the most important. To consider its course of action, not only was every Resident invited, but he was asked to bring his friends among the artisans, tradesmen, and teachers, and thus a splendid body of working reformers were gathered together. The League had sub-committees in Stepney, Whitechapel, Mile End, Limehouse, Bow and Poplar, but its house of call was Toynbee Hall. Deeply interesting were the meetings, and apart from its work, it served, if I may so put it, as a class on education for University graduates, its teacher being the Warden. To it every new Resident came, and got some glimpses into this vast subject of national importance. It is not often that my husband allowed, even to himself, the credit of success. So the following extract from his paper in the *University Review*, published twenty-one years after the Education Reform League was established, may be pardoned:

June 1905.—Twenty years ago primary education was much as it had been left by Mr. Lowe. Some University men living in a Settlement became conscious of the loss involved in the system, they talked with neighbours, who by themselves were unconscious of the loss, till inspired and inspiring they formed an Education Reform League. There were committees, meetings, and public addresses. The League was a small affair, and seemed to be little among the forces of the time. But every one of its proposals has been carried out. Some of its members in high official positions have wielded with effect the principles which were elaborated in the forge at which they and working men sweated together. Other of its members on local authorities or as citizens have never forgotten the inner meaning of education as they learnt it from their University friends.

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In pursuance of No. 2 of the aims of the Education Reform League, Canon Barnett demanded that—

The children should be kept in school until the age of fifteen or sixteen, and maintenance be provided. A universal free education with necessary board need be no more degrading than is the provision of the scholarships now enjoyed by only a few.[1]

He also urged that—

There should be a chain of continuation schools at which attendance should be compulsory up to the age of eighteen or nineteen. These schools would aim at the further development of the children's tastes as well as capacities, always remembering Lord Goschen's dictum that education should prepare people not only to earn a livelihood, but also to enjoy life.[1]

It would have been a joy to him to welcome Mr. Fisher's Bill.

One has to live in a densely populated neighbourhood to realise that holidays are certainly not happy days nor holy-days. To remedy the evils of long summer days spent idly in crowded streets, my husband advocated the extension of the holiday months. In 1901 he wrote to his brother :

November 30th, 1901.—Yesterday I went to interview the School Board authorities about extension of holidays. It is quite reasonable but opposed to the interest of officials whom it would disturb. We shall see.

But the realisation of his hope has not yet come. Nearly eleven years after that first interview he wrote :

May 1912.—It is assumed that holidays must fall in the month of August. Now there are many parents whose occupation keeps them in town during that month, and who cannot therefore take their children to the country. August, too, is the period when all health resorts are most crowded and expensive. And lastly, if holidays are taken only in this autumn season the country of the spring and summer, with its haymaking, its flowers and its birds, remains unknown to the children. The obvious change—so obvious that one wonders why it has not long ago been adopted—is to let some schools take their holidays in the months of June and July. But I myself would suggest the best plan would be to keep all, or most, of the school in session during the whole summer, establishing for the three months a summer

[1] *The Daily News*, January 21st, 1913.

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curriculum, on the lines of those adopted in the Vacation Schools. The children would then be able to go with their friends, or through the Children's Country Holiday Fund for their country holiday, without any interference with the regular school regime; and all, while they were at home, would have those resources in the school hours which have proved to be powerful to attract them from the streets.

The teachers, free at last to take some of their holidays in June or July, would be able to benefit by the lower charges, to get, perhaps, a recreative holiday in the Alps instead of one at the English seaside in the somewhat stale companionship of a party of fellow-teachers.

The proposal to keep the schools in session during the whole summer was one which met with scant encouragement. The Press admitted Canon Barnett's articles, but they were usually followed by angry protests. Each year, however, he repeated the proposal, arguing it not only for the children's sake, but from the point of view of the teachers and parents. In the meantime, Mrs. Humphry Ward had carried out her scheme of Vacation Schools, and in them there was always a splendid object-lesson. In *The Daily Telegraph* my husband wrote:

July 18th, 1911.—During the three summer months the curriculum might be like that of the Vacation Schools, in which the children, hearing about nature, paying visits to "sights," and using their hands, find a new pleasure in school. The buildings—often the only pleasant space in a crowded neighbourhood—would thus be in continuous use, while the children and teachers could get away for their country or foreign holiday without breaking into any school routine. . .

The teachers could have not four, but six weeks' vacation, in which there would be time for a foreign visit when the hotels were least crowded. The children, at the end of their fortnight in the country, would return, not just to loaf about the streets amid the dirt and the noise and the degrading temptation, but to take their places in the open and pleasant surroundings of the school, with its manifold interests.

Among the advantages to be gained by the longer period available for holidays was that of school journeys, to the first of which Canon Barnett gave much help. Perhaps few early documents of movements can possess more interest than the first journey's Album, which showed not only most careful preparation of the district to be visited, geologically, geographically, historically, and botanically, but also the

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art of stimulating intellectual curiosity by leaving much to be added by the boys' efforts.

My husband also advocated the interchange of visits between English and foreign children, and urged that the advantages were not only those of learning each other's languages, but those of enlarged horizons and increased sympathy between nations.

Side by side with these reforms, he waged continual war against the sin of prostitution of holidays, the monster day-treats falling specially under his clear-sighted condemnation.

> At such treats the pleasure, such as it is, is that which is given by drink. The children lose their self-control, they shout and scream, they quarrel and fight for the best places in the carriages, they ill-treat the donkeys, the frogs, and the crabs, and they return home dishevelled, cross, and ashamed. They do not by their day in the country accumulate memories which will draw them to a country life, and they do not get pleasures which will furnish their imagination with new scenes in which to act.[1]

On the results of these "happy days" he was equally severe.

> Children's monster day-treats are, I believe, harmful charity. These "days in the country" do not, as their supporters imagine, promote either health or real enjoyment. The long day in the hot sun, the noisy journey, the unwholesome food of pies, cakes, ices, and sweets, the air laden with the breaths of a thousand children huddled together in the corner of a field or beach, the excitement of the day, and the prostration of weariness so affect health that many children are ill for two or three subsequent days, and all are made more liable to disease. The teachers of schools in this neighbourhood give a record of results which, if it could be realised by parents, would soon put a stop to the practice.[2]

It was one of his gracious habits never to condemn without indicating a more excellent way, and therefore entwined in the condemnatory letters there were suggestions for various methods of helping children in small groups "to wander in the fields and woods, make friends with strange playfellows, obtain excitement by new revelations of country ways, dare the elements, and learn to understand the beasts." Every year the storm broke from aggrieved parsons, who asserted that

[1] *The Church Times*, July 31st, 1896. [2] *The Times*, July 1896.

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Mr. Barnett's letters prevented the opening of purses; from sentimental journalists, or from people who can imagine nothing to be better than what is; but he was supported by Mr. Brooke Lambert and a few others who really cared for child character, and so he continued to protest against monster day-treats to the end of his life.

He also realised that the problem of fruitful holidays is not confined to the children in the elementary schools. At conferences and by articles he faced the difficulties in secondary and public schools, holding that the vacations were too long both for scholars and teachers. For the latter he advocated a closer adherence to duty with a year's vacation and a travelling scholarship every seven years. For the boys he hoped to see organised educational travelling, or camps with agricultural duties, a system which during the last few years has come to effective realisation under the able leadership of Mr. J. Howard Whitehouse, M.P.

On the feeding of the children in the elementary schools my husband held strong opinions. In one of his articles, after summing up the disadvantages of giving dinners to selected children, he wrote:

1914.—May I submit a more excellent and a more simple way? Let an ample breakfast of porridge, milk, and treacle—the food which experts declare and which experience has proved to be the best for children—be provided at 8 a.m. every morning in some central school hall, and let all children be free to come. There would be no need of investigation with its expense and its heart-burning. The meal could be served without making the school unfit for use, the children of careless parents who are now sent to school with a bit of dry bread or a penny with which to buy something, which is generally unwholesome, would get the early morning support for which their bodies crave, the children with good homes would not come, and on the mothers would remain the obligation of preparing some dinner. This obligation is a tradition of family life, and many mothers who will not get up in the morning to give their children breakfast often do manage to give them a dinner. The obligation would not be weakened by the provision of a milk breakfast, in the value of which the average mother would not believe.

A further advantage of the breakfast system is that when children are found by the doctor to be underfed and have not come to the breakfast freely provided, there would be a *prima facie* case for charging the parents with neglect. The children

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might then, if it seemed advisable, be adopted and, either in this country or in the Colonies, be placed in a family where they would have—not just a meal a day—but the continual care they need.

The public breakfast would, in a word, put within the reach of every child, without any loss of self-respect or any fear of reproach from fellow-pupils, the nourishment necessary to enable him to learn his lessons and play his games. There would still be private funds which could provide dinners for exceptional cases; but under a reformed poor-law when widows have their children boarded out to themselves and when seasons of unemployment are met with greater foresight, it may be hoped that such exceptional cases will be few.

It has already been shown that St. Jude's schools lost their grant in 1887 because of Mr. Barnett's desire to teach handicraft, an incident which merely whetted his determination. In this matter he was not isolated, and the National Association for the Promotion of Technical Education was supported by many leading brains.

June 17th, 1887.—Yesterday I went to a meeting at Devonshire House about promoting technical education. Oh these houses! there, within a stone's throw of crowded courts, was a park like a desert, a palace which was desolate. I was shown through pillared halls, up a sweeping marble staircase into a gilded silken room. The meeting contained Huxley, Roscoe, Lubbock, Samuelson, Playfair, and a half-dozen more well-known people under Lord Hartington. He is an honest piece of wood, too honest even to be humble, too wooden to take in any new idea. I saw why he is popular, he is what Englishmen used to think themselves. The meeting was strangely ineffective and made one feel that cabinets are no better than other committees. A small committee of five—none aristocrats—was appointed to do everything. Of this I am one.

Many years after this meeting, when Lord Rosebery's persistency had achieved its object, he wrote one of his one-sentenced letters to my husband, whom he hailed as "the parent of this Charlottenburg."

No mention has been made on his views on, or work for, the various Education Bills which were conceived, amended, rejected, or passed during the fifty years of his working life. The omission is made, partly because the subject is too technical to be of general interest, and partly because merely

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to record the facts of his work would take too much space. It was dull and laborious too at the time, and would be duller and more laborious to read now that the interest of personal dealing has gone by.

After we left Toynbee Hall in 1906 Canon Barnett had no executive relation with schools, but his interest was unabated and his pen very active. Indeed, the great amount of his output on educational matters is what necessitates this abridged summary of those labours. Many of his articles have been reprinted in the three volumes of *Practicable Socialism* (Longmans, Green & Co.) and *Towards Social Reform* (Fisher Unwin), while others were on current educational topics, written always in the hope of awakening the public to care for the subject. As I re-read those articles, recall meetings, speeches, conferences, debates, I realise with gratitude how many of the early reforms Mr. Barnett demanded have been accomplished. But his ideals widened as his years increased, though they were all based on the words we had adopted as a guiding principle and often quoted to each other—"The best for the lowest."

In the Toynbee Council Report the following words occured:

1892.—The past year has been signalised by the return in July of Mr. and Mrs. Barnett from their journey round the world, and the Warden sounded at once the dominant note of the impressions that he had gained in travel. "Educate, educate, educate, is the voice which the traveller hears as he travels round the world. The spirit of the age is too strong for the minds through which it has to work. . . All of us have our ideals, we dream of a perfect city, a perfect state, a perfect life. Whatever be those ideals, they are impossible until people have both knowledge and intelligence, until by some means human character is raised to the level of that of the Son of Man. With all the energy roused by the sight of the world, and with all the love kindled by the return home, I would enlist old and new workers in the cause of education."

That he held the end of education to be the fuller knowledge of God is clearly put in an article written in 1907:

For thirty-four years my wife and I have been engaged in social experiments. Many ways have been tried, and always the recognised object has been the religion of the people—religion, that is, in the sense which I have defined as that faith in the Highest which is the impulse of human progress, man's spur to loving action, man's rest in the midst of sorrow, man's hope in death.

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With the object of preparing the way to this religion, schools have been improved, houses have been built and open spaces secured. Holidays have been made more healthy, and the best in art has been made more common. But, viewing all these efforts of many reformers, I am prepared to say that the most pressing need is for higher education. . . There is no activity which more surely advances religion than the teaching which gives insight, far sight, and wide sight. The people, for want of religion, are unstable in their policy, joyless in their amusements, and uninspired by any sure and certain hope. They have not the sense of sin—in modern language, none of that consciousness of unreached ideals which makes men humble and earnest. They have not the grace of humility nor the force of a faith stronger than death. It may seem a far cry from a teacher's class-room to the peace and power of a Psalmist or of a St. Paul; but, as Archbishop Benson said, "Christ is a present Christ, and all of us are His contemporaries." And my own belief is that the eye opened by higher education is on the way to find in the present the form of the Christ Who will satisfy the human longing for the Higher-than-self.

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CHAPTER XXIV

"The ideal leader of the day is a mystic who can be practical."

Two years after our marriage we paid out first visit together to Oxford, a visit never to be forgotten, not only for the great pleasure which it gave my husband to introduce me to his beloved University, but also for the many consequences that followed that spring visit.

In our parish, we were confronted by some of the hardest problems of life. The housing of the people, the superfluity of unskilled labour, the enforcement of resented education, the liberty of the criminal classes to congregate and create a low public opinion, the administration of the Poor Law, the amusements of the ignorant, the hindrances to local government (in a neighbourhood devoid of the leisured and cultured), the difficulty of uniting the unskilled men and women in trade unions, the necessity for stricter Factory Acts, the joylessness of the masses, the hopelessness of the young—all represented difficult problems, each waiting for a solution and made more complicated by the apathy of the poor, who were content with an unrighteous contentment and patient with a godless patience.

In those days these difficulties were being dealt with mainly by good women, generally elderly; few men, with the exception of the clergy and noted philanthropists, as Lord Shaftesbury, were interested in the welfare of the poor, and economists rarely joined close experience with their theories.

"If men, cultivated young thinking men, could only know of those things they would be altered," I used to say, with girlish faith in human goodness—a faith which years have not shaken; and in the spring of 1875 we went to Oxford, partly to tell about the poor, partly to enjoy "Eights Week" with a group of young friends. Our party was planned by Miss Toynbee, whom I had met when at school, and whose brother Arnold was then an undergraduate at Pembroke. Our days were filled by the hospitality with which Oxford still rejoices its guests; but in the evenings we used to drop quietly down the river with two or three earnest men, or sit long and late in our lodgings in the Turl, and discuss the mighty problems of poverty and the people. How vividly my husband and I can recall each and all of that first group of "thinking men," so ready to take up enthusiasms in their boyish strength—Arnold Toynbee, Sidney Ball, W. H. Forbes, Arthur Hoare, Leonard Montefiore, Alfred Milner, Philip Gell, John Falk, G. E. Underhill, Ralph Whitehead, Lewis Nettleship! Some of these are still here and caring for the people, but others have passed behind the veil, where perhaps earth's sufferings are explicable.[1]

[1] "The Beginnings of Toynbee Hall," by Mrs. S. A. Barnett: *Practicable Socialism.*

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We used to ask each undergraduate as he developed interest to come and stay in Whitechapel, and see for himself. And they came, some to spend a few weeks, some for the Long Vacation, while others, as they left the University and began their life's work, took lodgings in East London, and felt all the fascination of its strong pulse of life, hearing, as those who listen always may, the hushed, unceasing moans underlying the cry which ever and anon makes itself heard by an unheeding public.

What the friendship of that first group of undergraduate friends meant to us both it is impossible to exaggerate. They were "so young, so strong, so sure of God," and caring for us, they again and again swept us out of the darkness and pain of Whitechapel when it threatened to paralyse our powers, while we swept them out of the sunlight of the happier world, when it threatened to blind them to the sins and sorrows of those who too silently suffered.

Incidents of that first visit are still fresh in my memory, Gertrude Toynbee, so pretty in her white gowns and lilac ribbons, and alertly interested in all things "lovely and of good report"; her sister Rachel, with her masses of black hair, provocative smiles, and wilful mischievous ways, so discomposing to her young chaperon; her brother Arnold with his earnest eyes and strong face, eloquent silences, scorn of trivialities and passionate interest in war, its tactics and traditions; Alfred Milner,[1] tall, dignified, and grave beyond his years, weighing evidence on every subject, anxious for the maintenance of absolute justice, eager to organise rather than to influence, and fearful to give generous impulses free rein; Arthur Hoare,[2] with his blue eyes, flaxen hair, laconic utterances, dogmatic certainty, and glorious capacity for unstinted service; Lewis Nettleship, that dauntless brave soul with his shy manners, deceptive exterior, and jerky utterance, so great in his humility and humble in his greatness, asking questions which seemed almost foolish until replies had to be attempted—What could one say to such a query as "Why are the poor poor?" but it left one thinking!—John Falk, glad, laughter-loving youth, eager for social schemes and ready to worship as heroes or heroines those who propounded them—I can see him now leap out of the boat into the river to fetch the rose that Rachel, now his wife, threw in and dared him to get out—A. L. Smith,[3] Fellow of Trinity, the almost unique figure

[1] Viscount Milner, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., LL.D.
[2] House Master at Haileybury College.
[3] Master of Balliol.

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in those days at Oxford of a learned man surrounded by children, joining his wife in tending them as she joined him in wider interests; a man with a rare persistency of penetrating spiritual vision, with humour to win the undergraduates and earnestness to hold them, with a humility that both retarded and exalted him, an inconsistency born of frequent additions to his information, and forgivable undependableness resulting from too many interests; Leonard Montefiore, whose complicated character delighted while it mystified his friends, and indeed his brilliant intellect, his mad escapades, his passion for the beautiful, his devotion to children, his nonsense talk, his tenderness for the weak, his scorn for and acceptance of wealth, his dominant demand for social equality, made up a personality that was fascinating, lovable, and yet annoying; W. H. Forbes, the tall spare diffident man, whose shyness hid both his learning and his public spirit, whose dainty tastes made him shrink from the degraded, whose sense of duty drove him to pay them many visits, and whose personal financial habits were parsimonious and public gifts munificent.

We were all young together, Mr. Barnett being only seven years my senior, and I only two years older than the undergraduates, all young enough to face truth fearlessly and hold the social faith of the mountain-removing quality.

From that visit in the "Eights Week" of 1875 date many visits to both the Universities. Rarely a term passed without our going to Oxford. Sometimes we stayed with Mr. Jowett, sometimes we were the guests of the undergraduates, who got up meetings in their rooms, and organised innumerable breakfasts, teas, river excursions, and other opportunities for introducing the duty of the cultured to the poor and degraded.

Our introduction to the great Mr. Jowett lives in my memory. It was I think in 1875, when our friends in Oxford had arranged a meeting in one of the Balliol common-rooms. During the day the numbers of those who were intending to come increased so largely that from Mr. A. L. Smith and Mr. T. H. Green and Mr. H. W. Forbes permission was obtained to use the hall. The Master was away, but the speeches had hardly begun when he unexpectedly returned, walked through the crowd of boyish supporters, and sat down by the Chairman. Would he object? Would he scatter their infant enthusiasm by a few incisive critical words? Would he think that the duty of undergraduates was to study and not to consider social problems? Would he

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REV. S. A. AND MRS. BARNETT.

Taken at the time when Toynbee Hall was founded, 1883.

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be vexed at the use of the hall for a propagandist cause? We felt like conspirators or children caught out in their naughtiness; but after listening to the speeches, the Master rose and with a warmth that surprised even those who knew him best, supported our aims, touched on the need of improving the conditions of the people, and advised each of his listeners to "make some of his friends among the poor."

When the meeting was over, Mr. Jowett invited us to drink coffee in the Lodge, and as we crossed the quad, I asked him a question, the audacity of which appals me still, but which so delighted him that from that hour he gave me a deep and priceless friendship.

As usually I went to Oxford with my husband, there are but few letters about his visits, but here is one:

MERTON COLLEGE, OXFORD, *December 7th*, 1881.

I have looked at Jupiter, confided to the Warden my idea that you were looking at him too, but I did not get any sympathy from his bachelor heart,[1] and I am now sent to my room to prepare my speech. I can't do that better than by writing to you, loving you and thinking of you. So here goes. . .

I found the Warden alone in a great house, with galleries, passages, and halls. I have two staircases to my room and everything else in proportion. Such a room, but without you it looks empty. We dined in Hall—a party of dull men sat round the table. I talked to the Warden on Church Reform and Egypt. He had met Spencer on his way home from Egypt. We retired after dinner to the common-room, a place to encourage port wine and ghost stories. Again talk was dull, marked with Oxford satisfaction, but without Oxford brilliancy. The Land Bill is condemned all round. At 7.30 we walked across the quad and here I am.

Later the letter goes on in pencil:

My speech is over. It was a bit too eloquent and had not quite the coolness of Oxford thought and language. However it went—though I had to look at notes. Brooke Lambert was diffuse and wanting in point. T. H. Green's was halting, full of doubts with drops of real thought floating in its midst. It is a mistake at a public meeting to show all your mind and suggest your doubts. T. C. Horsfall followed rather "Kyrleish." Advocated Boards on which all are to unite. He wants us to go to Manchester on the 2nd. We will go if you like. I have said

[1] This of course was chaff. He was never sentimental.

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"I'll ask at home." You have to say. I do nothing you don't like. Stubbs is now going on. He is speaking like a scholar and a gentleman, but he has not "got" the men. He is too good style. We must all cultivate the Harcourt style! It is hard to judge of the meeting. There are about a hundred young fellows, inclined I should say to liberalism, possible curates.

Later still:

Alfred Robinson is now up and about to give his personal experiences. He is dull and very good. Now good night. I shall see soon what is to be done to-morrow. Married men get spoiled; they get to think no one so good to talk to as their wives.

From Oxford the men came to us, and we put them to such work as was possible during the vacations. Leonard Montefiore did the flower shows, B. F. C. Costelloe talked in men's clubs, Arthur Hoare boxed with boys, and all helped at the parish parties, or visited for the C.O.S. or the C.C.H.F. Arnold Toynbee stayed with us rather oftener than the other men, and once for a few weeks during the "Long" he took rooms over the C.O.S. office in Commercial Road, but his health was too fragile to bear the pain and strain of residence in East London, and the experiment soon ended. Usually he would persuade us to go away with him; and the cliffs of Fairlight, the cornfields round Margate, and certain Surrey lanes still seem redolent of our talks. With him our friendship ever deepened and sweetened, and for him we had high hopes. His letter about his engagement is too beautiful and characteristic to be unshared:

OXFORD, *December* 1*st*, 1878.

MY DEAR MRS. BARNETT,—Congratulations are generally hollow enough, but yours had a reality about them that touched me. I did not mean to deceive you in my letter by that prose version of my love. Now I will be plain with you and hint a little of the poetry of my love. That silent, unnoticed little lady about whom you could learn nothing is the wisest and most lovable human being it has ever been my lot to know; I love her with all my heart and soul; without her I know not how my life would end; with her I know all will be well with me.

May I thank you for your affection to me? I shall always strive to be worthy of it. I do not think I will say that you have too high expectations of me—that would be treason to my love.

Please give my love to your husband and tell him I thought his sermon the best I have ever heard from him. The man he asks about is a good fellow—not very clever or very well educated, and easily excited, but he

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has, I fancy, been thinking of these subjects for some time now, and counsel from your husband would be of great service to him.

My reckoning has all gone wrong. Is it Wednesday the 11th or Thursday the 12th that I dine with you? Will you let me have a postcard to make sure?

Please take care of yourself.

Ever yours affectionately, A. TOYNBEE.

After their marriage we often stayed with them in their tiny dainty home, and once they joined us in South Wales during one of our holidays, and we had a glorious time. Sadly short, however, was Arnold Toynbee's relations with East London, for he married early in 1879—three years after his first visit to Whitechapel—and on March 10th, 1883, left us all sadder by succumbing to the results of his efforts to give lectures in opposition to Henry George's *Poverty and Progress*, to unsympathetic audiences. It was in Oxford that his influence was chiefly felt, "where with his subtle force of personality he attracted original or earnest minds of all degrees, and turned their thoughts and faces towards the East End and its problems."

Very varied were the men who came to us, but that spirit was the same—the spirit of learning not teaching, the spirit of comradeship not patronage. Indeed among the happy chaffing catchwords which spring up wherever young people get together, was one of warning often laughingly given,

"You are not to do him good, you know."

This may be misunderstood, so I will give some of my husband's words to his undergraduate friends.

1883.—Inquiries into social conditions lead generally to one conclusion. They show that little can be done *for*, which is not done *with* the people. It is the poverty of their own life which makes the poor content to inhabit "uninhabitable" houses, and content also to allow improved dwellings to become almost equally uninhabitable. It is the same poverty of life which makes so many careless of cleanliness, listless about the unhealthy condition of their workshops, and heedless of anything beyond the enjoyment of a moment's excitement.

Such poverty of life can best be removed by contact with those who possess the means of higher life. Friendship is the channel by which the knowledge—the joys—the faith—the hope which belong to one class may pass to all classes. It is distance that makes friendship between classes almost impossible, and, therefore, residence among the poor is suggested as a simple way in which Oxford men may serve their generation. By sharing their fuller lives and riper thoughts with the poor they will

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destroy the worst evil of poverty. They will also learn the thought of the majority—the opinion of the English nation—and they will do something to weld Classes into Society.

After they had graduated, some of the men who had visited us came to reside in East London. They lived together in twos and threes in lodgings or in the model dwellings; and under the sunny government of the Rev. T. G. Gardiner, who was then curate of St. Jude's, one group of five took a disused beer-shop in Leman Street, where they established a delightful bachelor household and termed it "The Friary." Often these men—among whom were Mr. B. F. C. Costelloe, Mr. James Bonar, the Rev. Charles Marson, Mr. Ronald Bayne, Mr. F. C. Mills, Mr. Dick Francis—went to Oxford to tell the undergraduates "that the wealth *of* England means only wealth *in* England," and that "the masses of the people live without knowledge, without hope, and often without health."

Much fresh interest was awakened, and new recruits gathered round Arnold Toynbee, Mr. A. L. Smith, Mr. Phelps, Mr. Arthur Sidgwick, and the Rev. H. Scott Holland. But it was to Mr. Sidney Ball, whose alert mind, wide sympathies, powers of organisation, and fervent practical idealism made him then, as ever since, a strong force for progress, that my husband increasingly turned to introduce thoughtful men. It was his discernment which discovered powers in undergraduates worthy of being put to public uses. It was his energy that organised innumerable meetings, among them a memorable one at the Union when the abolition of the poor-law was debated, March 8th, 1877. And therefore it naturally followed that it was in his rooms that the meeting was held on November 17th, 1883, when Toynbee Hall was born. It was by his invitation thirty years afterwards, November 17th, 1913, that Oxford friends who mourned my husband, met and founded Barnett House, for the advancement "of economics and social studies," "of the work of University Settlements," and "of the higher education of the industrial classes." It is a worthy memorial, and the friendship which inspired it a sacred offering.

In June 1883 we were told by Mr. Moore Smith that some men at St. John's College, Cambridge, wished to serve the poor, but were not prepared to start an ordinary College Mission. Mr. Barnett was asked to suggest some more excellent way. The letter came as we were leaving for Oxford

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and was slipped with others into my husband's pocket. Soon something went wrong with the engine and delayed the train so long that the passengers were allowed to get out. We seated ourselves on the railway bank, just then glorified by masses of ox-eye daisies, and there he wrote a letter suggesting that men might hire a house, where they could come for short or long periods, and, living in an industrial quarter, learn to "sup sorrow with the poor."[1]

Just at this time public opinion was much stirred by the writings of Mr. Henry George, a series of newspaper articles by G. R. Sims on "How the Poor Live," and a tract by Mr. Mearns called "The Bitter Cry of Outcast London." "It was then," said Mr. T. Hancock Nunn, "that those of us who had been stirred to shame and pity by these pictures of poverty, became aware of a gentle and a powerful spirit that came among us." Of the influence on Oxford of that "gentle and powerful spirit" who for eight years had been preaching "communion between the cultivated and ignorant" until he was laughingly called "the unpaid professor of social philosophy," Canon Scott Holland[2] wrote:

Barnett came down and preached in our College Halls, and the whole University laid hold of his idea and understood. He came as a prophet just when it was wanted, and men saw in his Settlement proposal exactly the opportunity which their gathering interest in the problems of poverty demanded for its exercise and fulfilment. He surprised us by his quiet common sense. He had nothing about him that excited us. He sometimes spoke with awe and bated breath about things that seemed to us commonplace enough. Once for instance in Balliol Hall he had described to breathless undergraduates all that might be possible to them if they came to work for the poor in East London, and then he mentioned as a culmination to their dreams and aspirations that possibly at last they might become poor-law guardians! There was rather a sudden fall in the excitement for the moment, at this vision of the East End, but we saw gradually that this meant that you would have got to the very heart of things in a way that really touched the life and needs of the poor.[3]

It is difficult, records Mr. Alfred Spender,[4] after thirty years to realise the shock of novelty with which revelations of the condition of the poor came to comfortable people in the seventies and eighties, or the sensation which such a pamphlet as *The Bitter Cry of Outcast London* made when it was first produced. The separateness of the poor life and the rich life had hardened to a point at which mutual ignorance and repudiation of responsibilities threatened to become fixed in English thought. Social legislation was declared to be outside the sphere of Parliament, and most philan-

[1] "The Beginnings of Toynbee Hall," by Mrs. S. A. Barnett.
[2] Canon of Christ Church, and Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford.
[3] *The Commonwealth*, July 1913.
[4] Editor of *The Westminster Gazette*, June 19th, 1913.

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thropic schemes were denounced as pauperising the poor. Barnett's effort was to break down this separation of classes and enlarge the idea of social responsibility. He had a prophetic zeal which kindled his fellow-workers.

The Archbishop of York, in his reminiscences of Canon Barnett, referred to the meeting in Mr. Sidney Ball's room, and said :

Our conscience felt the rebuke of the contrast between the wealth of inheritance and opportunity stored up in Oxford and the poverty of the life lived amid the mean streets and monotonous labour of East London. In a vague way we felt the claim of that poverty on our wealth. Could anything practical be done to meet it? The answer to that question was important. If it had not come, the movement might have drifted into mere vague sentiment or academic talk. It came that November evening. The Vicar of St. Jude's, Whitechapel, Mr. Barnett, then in the prime of his life, in his fortieth year, read a paper in which he sketched the plan of a "University Settlement in East London." "Something," he said, "must be done to share with the poor the best gifts." Let University men become the neighbours of the working poor, sharing their life, thinking out their problems, learning from them the lessons of patience, fellowship, self-sacrifice, and offering in response the help of their own education and friendship. "This," he said, "will alleviate the sorrow and misery born of class division and indifference. It will bring classes into relation; it will lead them to know and learn of one another, and those to whom it is given will give."

I well remember the effect of those words, or rather of his personality. There was no gush, no exaggeration, no claim to provide a solution of the social problem. There was simply the quiet and earnest appeal of an Oxford man busy in the service of the people to other Oxford men to "come and see," to learn the needs by sharing the life of that, to us, strange and dim outer world of East London.[1]

It was in the rooms of Mr. Cosmo Lang[2] that the undergraduates first gathered to support the founding of a Settlement to "enable men to live with the poor," and among the undergraduates who pledged their aid were Mr. Bolton King,[3] Mr. P. Lyttelton Gell, Mr. J. E. Kelsall,[4] Mr. F. S. Marvin,[5] Mr. J. A. Spender, Mr. E. T. Cook[6]—men whose generous hearts rose to meet the call, and whose gifts of years of patient service have laid the foundations of the Settlement movement all over the world. The committee

[1] *Stepney Welfare*, July 1913.
[2] Archbishop of York.
[3] Author of *History of Italy*; Director of Education, Warwickshire County Council.
[4] Rector of New Milton, Hants.
[5] His Majesty's Inspector of Schools.
[6] Sir Edward Cook, author of *The Life of Ruskin* and *Miss Florence Nightingale*.

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formed out of Mr. Ball's and Mr. Cosmo Lang's meetings soon grew in size and importance; an Association [1] was formed, money was invested, and a Head sought who would turn the ideal into the real.

Here was the difficulty. Such men as had been pictured in Mr. Barnett's article in *The Nineteenth Century Review* of February 1884 are not met with every day; and no inquiries seemed to discover the wanted man who would be called upon to give all and expect nothing.

Mr. Barnett and I had spent eleven years of life and work in Whitechapel. We were weary. My health-stores were limited and often exhausted, and family circumstances had given us larger means and opportunities for travel. We were therefore desirous to turn our backs on the passion and poverty of East London, at least for a year, and take repose after work which had aged and weakened us. But no other man was to be found who would do the work; and, if this child-thought was not to die, we must undertake to try to rear it.

We went to the Mediterranean to consider the matter, and solemnly, on a Sunday morning, made our decision. How well I recall the scene as we sat at the end of the quaint harbour pier at Mentone, the blue waves dancing at our feet, everything around scintillating with light and movement in contrast to the dull and dulling squalor of Whitechapel, which our new decision would make our home for an indefinite spell of labour and effort. "God help us," we said to each other; and then we wired home to obtain the refusal of the big Industrial School next to St. Jude's Vicarage, which had recently been vacated, and which we thought to be a good site for the first Settlement, and returned to try to live up to the standard which we had unwittingly set for ourselves in describing in the article the unknown man who was wanted for Warden.[2]

Neither was Cambridge behind Oxford in taking up the new movement, and the splendid work of the men she sent to Whitechapel is told in Chapter xxxi. My husband wrote a great deal on the future Settlement, and we both lectured often on it, for it was difficult to explain what we meant. In the Memorandum of Association its objects are stated as follows:

To provide education and the means of recreation and enjoyment for the people of the poorer districts of London and other great cities; to inquire into the condition of the poor and to consider and advance plans calculated to promote their welfare. To acquire by purchase or otherwise and to maintain a house or houses for the residence of persons engaged in or connected with philanthropic or educational work.

This sounds prosaic, and perhaps it is better explained as—

An association of persons, with different opinions and different tastes; its unity is that of variety; its methods are spiritual

[1] Incorporated under Section 23 of the Companies Act, 1867.
[2] "The Beginnings of Toynbee Hall," by Mrs. S. A. Barnett.

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rather than material; it aims at permeation rather than conversion; and its trust is in friends linked to friends rather than in organisation. . .

On another occasion Mr. Barnett wrote[1]:

The men who settle may either take rooms by themselves, or they may associate themselves in a Settlement. There is something to be said for each plan. The advantage of a Settlement is that a body of University men living together keep up the distinctive characteristics of their training, they better resist the tendency to put on the universal drab, and they bring a variety into their neighbourhood. They are helped, too, by the companionship of their fellows, to take larger views of what is wanted their enthusiasm for progress is kept alive, and at the same time well pruned by friendly and severe criticism.

But whether men live in lodgings or in Settlements, there is one necessary condition besides that of social interest if they are to be successful in uniting knowledge and industry in social reform. They must live their own life. There must be no affectation of asceticism, and no consciousness of superiority. They must show forth the taste, the mind, and the faith that is in them. They have not come as "missioners," they have come to settle, that is, to learn as much as to teach, to receive as much as to give. There is nothing like contact for giving or getting understanding. There is no Lecture and no book so effective as life. Culture spreads by contact. University men who are known as neighbours, who are met in the streets, in the clubs, and on committees, who can be visited in their own rooms, amid their own books and pictures, commend what the University stands for as it cannot otherwise be commended.

On the other hand, workmen who are casually and frequently met, whose idle words become familiar, whose homes are known, reveal the workman mind as it is not revealed by clever essayists or by orators of their own class. The friendship of one man of knowledge and one man of industry may go but a small way to bring together the Universities and the working classes, but it is such friendship which prepares the way for the understanding which underlies co-operation.

If misunderstanding is war, understanding is peace.

The manifold nature of the new Settlement made it all the more difficult to find a name for it—one that would suggest thought and yet not designate a policy. My article tells why we decided to call it Toynbee Hall:

[1] *The University Review*, 1905.

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The 10th of March, 1884, was a Sunday, and Balliol Chapel was filled with a splendid body of men who had come in loving memory of Arnold Toynbee, on the anniversary of his death. Mr. Jowett had asked my husband to preach to them, and they listened intently, separating almost silently at the chapel porch, filled by the aspiration to copy Arnold in caring much, if not doing much, for those who had fallen by the way or were "vacant of our glorious gains." . . .

As I sat on that Sunday afternoon in the chapel, one of the few women among the crowd of strong-brained, clean-living men, the thought flashed to me, "Let us call the Settlement Toynbee Hall." To Mr. Bolton King, the honorary secretary of the committee, had come the same idea, and it finding favour with the committee, our new Settlement received its name before a brick was laid or the plans concluded.

On the first day of July, 1884, the workmen began to pull down the old Industrial School, and to adapt such of it as was possible for the new uses; and on Christmas Eve, 1884, the first settlers, Mr. H. D. Leigh of Corpus, and Mr. C. H. Grinling of Hertford, slept in Toynbee Hall, quickly followed by thirteen residents, some of whom had been living in the neighbourhood of Whitechapel.

From that day until the duties of war scattered the Residents it is true that—

The succession has never failed. Men of varied opinions and many views, both political and religious, have lived harmoniously together, some staying as long as fifteen years, others remaining shorter periods. All have left behind them marks of their residence; sometimes in the policy of the local Boards, of which they have become members; or in relation to the Student residences; or the Antiquarian, Natural History, or Travelling Clubs which individuals among them have founded; or by busying themselves with classes, debates, conferences, discussions.

Their activities have been unceasing and manifold, but looking over many years and many men it seems to my womanly mind that the best work has been done by those men who have cared most deeply for individuals among the poor. Out of such deep care has grown intimate knowledge of their lives and industrial position, and from knowledge has come improvement in laws, conditions, or administration. It is such care that has awakened in the people the desire to seek what is best. It is the care of those who, loving God, have taught others to know Him. It is the care of those who, pursuing knowledge and rejoicing in learning, have spread it among the ignorant more effectively than books, classes, or lectures could have done. It is the care for the degraded which alone rouses them to care for themselves. It is the care for the sickly, the weak, the oppressed, the rich, the powerful, the happy, the teacher and taught, the employed and the employer, which enables introduction to be made and interpretation of each other to be offered and accepted. From this seed of deep individual care has grown a large crop of friendship, and many flowers of graceful acts.

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CHAPTER XXV

" When two or three meet together and, in the presence of the higher ideal which appears in their midst, see the ignorance or the suffering or the sin which is round, they cannot help starting the machinery by which that goodwill may become effective."

In March 1884 Mr. Barnett wrote to his brother:

The event of the week has been the settlement of the Settlement. The premises have been bought for £6,250, a committee has been formed, and one Oxford Fellow has given £1,000. . . We shall have rooms for 16 men, a class-room for 300 students, large dining-room, conversation-room, and drawing-room. It will be fun doing the architect work. I inherit the father's delight in building. . . Hoole's plans are attractive, and we shall have put up a manorial residence in Whitechapel. . . Do not be anxious. The Settlement will not add to the hardness of life—in some ways it is likely to bring ease. We shall live in space, comfort, and quiet, and we shall have about us the salt of the earth in the shape of Oxford men. I am not at all frightened for myself and go at it eagerly. I am more anxious about my wife, on whom the burden of housekeeping will fall, and more entertaining, and whose sympathies will be strained by a still larger circle of those making demands on her. More and more I think depends on her.

In Miss Townsend's reminiscences she said:

Perhaps the most memorable holiday I ever spent was with Canon and Mrs. Barnett in Yorkshire in 1884—for it was during our long walks on the moors round Ilkley that they planned the future of Toynbee Hall. In the intervals of this epoch-making converse, we went picnics in their quaint little two-wheeled carriage drawn by Miss Shaw Lefevre's fat pony "Tommy." As far as I remember we walked up the hills and down the hills, and Tommy drew us (also walking) along the few stretches of level road. . .

Such simple pleasures as these " seasoned by sweet converse " were the best relief from the toil and weariness of Whitechapel, and make happy memories for old age.

Indeed we had many subjects for hard talk as well as "sweet converse." My husband believed whole-heartedly

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in democratic control, and meant that Toynbee Hall should manage itself; but in a pioneer scheme the direction of the lines had to be indicated, the goal visualised, and so the standard of furnishing and staffing, the uses of the rooms, and many practical matters had to be decided. As soon as the thirteen Residents came in, they and the Warden formed what was called in irony the "Grand" Committee, and to it every subject was referred, from the acceptance of Residents to the taking of *Punch*. By its members "with power to add to their number," separate committees were formed for entertainment and finance, while the old education committee of St. Jude's got fresh life and was added to the Toynbee organisation.

Very odd were some of the decisions of "Grand" Committee. No one was to have soup who did not appear at dinner while it was being served, and I have seen learned professors and "double honour" men run up the long dining-room, and the Warden linger over the ladling with mischief in his eyes, to enable them to scramble into their seats before the tall parlour-maid whisked the tureen off the table. Three breakfasts were served hot at stated hours, and then a comic flag was solemnly hoisted, after which no one was allowed breakfast except on payment of a prohibitive fine. Dinners and luncheons were taken at a long table, but "Grand" decided no one was good enough to breakfast together and so small separate tables were used for the first meal. The arrangements were often altered. Spartan rules were occasionally issued on early tennis, hours for lights out, or limitation of service, and then "Grand" would be leavened by a more lenient spirit, and votes were passed for greater laxity, and another course added at dinner. Through all the twenty-two years, 1884–1906, that my husband presided over "Grand," there were, however, two matters on which the decisions were never reversed. One was dancing and the other was Sunday lawn tennis. Every year the latter came up and every year it was vetoed—a curious decision by a body of men who during those years included Churchmen, Roman Catholics, Nonconformists, Jews, Quakers, and Agnostics.

The planning of the Residents' work was greatly enjoyed by Mr. Barnett, whose powers for discernment of character and organisation of capacities and effort had full play. Once a week every Resident came for half an hour's "talk" with the Warden in his study, half-hours in which ideals

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were conceived and schemes born. How some of the men thought about those "talks" can be best told by themselves.

Mr. Alfred Spender wrote:

I look back on years spent in Toynbee Hall in the early days, and think with admiration of his wisdom, kindness, and good sense in dealing with young men. How easily in unwise hands the thing might have become priggery and absurdity! But Barnett had qualities of simplicity and directness which made the life natural and neighbourly, and banished all self-consciousness and superiority. You were encouraged to go on with your profession, if you had one, and to give what time you could to the work of the Settlement. It was somehow made impossible for you to think that you were doing anything out of the common or conferring any obligation by living in the East End. The Warden, with his ripe experience and wide influence, treated you as an equal, never preached or scolded, listened tolerantly to the crudest ideas, and found unsuspected cores of wisdom in them. He dropped little aphorisms which penetrated, but never hammered them into commonplace. . .

Barnett encouraged his young men to see for themselves, and, having seen, to form positive ideas of what was to be done. Positive ideas were always his demand. . . His talk was often mystical and sometimes it seemed nebulous; he believed that the need was to "spiritualise life," and "spiritual things," as he conceived them, were beyond definition though within reach of feeling. But always he came back to the practical. . . . The good feeling must materialise in something which it needed a cool brain to think out. There was no better critic living of schemes in the air, and I can see him still in my mind's eye applying that gentle Socratic method—so careful not to hurt your feelings, but so obviously wise and experienced—to the well-meant impracticable notions in which generous youth abounds.

How often in confidential talks at the Warden's Lodge one's eyes strayed to the legend which was written over the fireplace—"Fear not to sow because of the Birds"! I can see it now, as I still see the room, and Barnett in his characteristic attitude, leaning forward and clasping his knee. He was a valiant sower, and scattered his seed with a fine sweep over a wide stretch of country. He had none of the sectarian feelings of the professional philanthropist. He was at peace with Church and Salvation Army, with Socialist and Charity Organisationist. He looked for the right spirit and had faith that the right method would follow. . .[1]

Mr. T. Harvey Darton adds his testimony:

November 23rd, 1917.—I remember so well the mixture of enthusiasm and clearheadedness with which one left his study at Toynbee. I felt myself that the whole world ought to be conquered, and could be conquered, and yet—what was most surprising to a young man as I was then—that common sense and tolerance were at least as necessary as enthusiasm. But it was the enthusiasm that really mattered. . . Everyone, but most of all the newer generations, need that wonderful sanity of the Canon's, which you have so well brought out in *Vision and Service*.

[1] *The Westminster Gazette*, June 19th, 1913.

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TOYNBEE HALL, WHITECHAPEL.

Showing the windows of the lecture-hall, dining-room, residents' rooms, and part of the "quad."

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Mr. T. Edmund Harvey, who lived in Toynbee nearly eight years, during five of which he was the Warden, wrote :

There was something which touched the heart of youth in Canon Barnett's humility of spirit which made him eager to share a young man's thoughts and hopes, to talk and plan with him side by side in the true spirit of comradeship. . .

The kindly name by which he was long familiar to the inner circle of Residents at Toynbee Hall was no idle one ; he was " the prophet " for us, and for a far wider world, in his vision of individual and national needs, of the sundered lives of rich and poor, selfishness and ignorance keeping them apart, of the way of reconciliation through mutual knowledge, sacrifice, and co-operation, in his interpretation of the life and spirit of the Master Whom he served.

Professor E. J. Urwick, who acted as Sub-Warden and lived with us many years, has said :

Men and women of any age and class went to him for counsel. He was their equal comrade always, however raw and crude and silly they might be. And his very powers of mind helped, and did not hinder, this sympathy. Perhaps the greatest of his powers was that of crystallising in a phrase the feeling and thought which most of us spend pages to express. . . But this power he used most to help the thoughts of others. We went to him in a tangle, hardly knowing what we felt or meant. We came away clear, our decisions focussed by his simple yet profound suggestions.

Another characteristic added both to his power and to his lovableness. He was always young, and met every change of condition, every new combination of circumstances, with the vigour, freshness, and elasticity of youth. He was not afraid, therefore, to be inconsistent. His social and political views were not fixed, except in their normal foundations ; he was a progressive as naturally as some people are conservatives.

My husband's methods of dealing with individuals may be illustrated by a talk between two Toynbee men.

" Is Barnett sincere ? " asked the elder, a man about thirty years old, who had recently come into residence. " He seemed to flatter one."

" Did he ? " was the reply of the Resident who knew my husband intimately. " If you think, you will see his ' flattery ' consisted in expecting great things from you."

In June 1913, when the news that my husband had left this world was flashed to all parts of it, that man wrote from a distant colony telling me of his grief, and added,

" He seemed to re-discover all sorts of my abandoned hopes and forgotten ideals and constrain me to work for them."

The critics of my husband sometimes accused him of want of directness, and said he was " all things to all men," astutely perceiving and using the weakness of human

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character to further the ends he had in view. It was one of the little greatnesses of his daily life, that whenever and by whomsoever he had a fault pointed out to him, whether in the Press or privately, and however rudely or unsympathetically, he always said, "Now let us see what truth there is in that." His example I will follow, and recognise that there was a certain truth in his critics' statements.

When we were in Japan we saw in the Temple at Naygoya the portrait of some great man—I forget who it was—in which the artist had, as an act of homage, depicted the surroundings as the great man would see them and not as the spectator of the portrait. This was specially noticeable in the floor-cloth, where the lines reversed all the rules of perspective.

"Husband," I said, "that's how you see things, always from the other person's point of view."

At the time he only laughed, for our object then was to arrive at the Japanese point of view, but the picture was often referred to. In his early manhood he deliberately and with effort of imagination put himself in other people's places when they sought his advice; but later, as more and more people came around us, it became a habit of mind, and very tiresome I have found it. If difficulties arose with the household staff—and during the Toynbee days those for whom I was responsible numbered twenty-seven—he would argue vividly in defence of their delinquencies, and he so absolutely identified me with himself that I used laughingly to tell him that if any one struck *his* right cheek he promptly turned *my* left one—an action which in staff management did not always tend towards the upholding of discipline.

But if he had to rebuke the wrong-doer—which he always did alone—the effect was remarkable. To convict a soul of sin was, he thought, the best help one human being could give to another, and believing, as he did, that the core of every heart turned towards righteousness, and with the trained capacity of understanding another's outlook, he was able to grip their very beings, reveal to themselves their aspirations, and set them in repentance on the road to the attainment thereof.

"How did you manage it?" "What did you do?" I used to ask when subsequent conduct showed a chastened offender.

"Only dealt faithfully with him," was his summary, often followed by a detailed account of all that had passed, with

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unexpected illumination in dark corners, enabling the external stumbling-blocks to be removed. Truth compels me to add that the effect was not always permanent. My husband had, by the force of his longing for the fulfilment of the best in everybody, not only the power of probing, but a stimulating and controlling influence. This was so strong that often, when people were with Canon Barnett, they really were what he wanted them to be, and which he therefore believed them to be.

"You do not know him as he is; you have never seen him when you are not there," I would say, and sometimes he would be startled into reconsideration of the character, but usually he returned to trust in his own insight of potentialities, and would remind me that "He that believeth doth not make haste."

If it is understood that these characteristics were also active when he was dealing with his peers in their joint pursuit of public good, it may do something to explain the objections of his critics. Mr. Barnett never stated what he wanted until he had seen the goal of the other men, and then he usually guided them, often by interjected questions, until someone proposed what he aimed at.

"So-and-so proposed it; he thought it was his own idea," he would tell me.

"But it was not true," I would say. "That man could not have conceived that idea."

"He has got it now, anyhow," he would reply, "and will work for its realisation more, if he thinks he originated it."

Again, he was entirely free from jealousy, and quite indifferent as to who obtained the credit for his good deeds or original thoughts. This did not lessen the difficulty, because when the Toynbee Hall work became well known, to him was offered the appreciation due to the work of many men. This also did not trouble him, not because he wanted the honour and glory tendered to accomplishment, but because he felt them to be of no consequence. More than once, when smaller people have remonstrated on not being recognised, he has striven to tender to them public thanks, but sometimes so clumsily that his words evoked suspicion. He was offering what he himself felt to be valueless. This may be elucidated by some words in the *Survey* of Mr. Robert A. Woods, who lived in Toynbee before he began his work as Director of the South End House, Boston, U.S.A.:

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All that Toynbee Hall has achieved and suggested was the clear result of the ever-pervasive influence of a character placid, almost artless; far-sighted, clearly convinced, soundly discriminating; forgetful of self to the extent of forgetting that he had forgotten, but seeing the dignity of all his work in the largest bearing upon the nation and, almost from moment to moment, in its meaning to men as sons of God.

Many organisations grew from those "talks in the study" with Residents. Indeed the hundreds of Journals and Records that stand on my book-shelves but very inadequately report their conception, growth, development, success, or failure. The purposes of them all were the same—to increase knowledge and to create friendship; in short, to learn about God and to love men. The methods were diverse, so much so that the purposes were sometimes hidden; but Mr. Barnett did not believe in frontal attacks, and people had been so preached at, that direct teaching was shunned.

In the 1889 Report it is stated:

In the recently published work on the *Labour and Life of the People of East London*, Mr. Charles Booth illustrates the "amount of life set and kept in motion at Toynbee Hall" by giving the actual "bill of fare" for a single week "taken haphazard." It occupies nearly two pages in his volume, and includes ten Lectures (of which four were connected with the University Extension Society), nine Reading Parties, the meetings of two Literary Societies, 35 Classes of various kinds, a concert, a party to Boy Foresters, another party to those attending Recreative Evening Classes, the Annual Meeting of the Pupil Teachers' Association, and, as a standing dish, the Library. From October until Easter "something of the kind goes on every week." The character of the engagements changes somewhat during the summer months; out-door excursions, for instance, are more frequent, the open-air concerts in the Quadrangle take the place of concerts in the Lecture Hall.

Some words of the Warden show what he felt to be more important than work which could be tabulated:

If, however, a list could be given of all that has been done, a very inadequate idea of the work of the Residents would be left. "One by one" is the phrase which best expresses our method, and the "raising of the buried life" is that which best expresses our end. Of method and end it is as yet too soon to judge, but I would ask that no one should either praise or blame us on account of what is seen. Our real work lies below these classes, systems, and entertainments, as our real object is far beyond the success which is measured by numbers and comfort. The Residents have all alike felt it to be a privilege to come in

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close contact with those they have been able to serve, and they have been humbled by the welcome they have met. . . A man teaches what he himself knows. Of those who use the same means some have breathed the spirit which rouses the spirit of others to know and love God. . .

And through all his work ran the permeating thought—

"'Tis just the many mindless mass
That most needs helping."

The magnitude of the responsibility which was borne by one man will be better realised, when it is remembered that to Mr. Booth's summary must be added the Warden's interest in all sorts of educational activities, the work involved by the Art Exhibitions, his position as a Guardian in the Poor Law administration, the Children's Country Holiday Fund, and housing reform, as well as the ever-ramifying machinery of the parish, with its degraded population. That he felt not only its weight but his inability to do justice to all the branches of the work, some extracts from his letters to his brother will show:

October 6th, 1888.—A very busy week is over and we are both well. . . All things are going fairly, none of them climbing. Some more workers were yoked on, but none, I fear, with the wings which assist bodies along the upward plane. On Wednesday we received people all day long; we are going to revive our weekly "At Homes." As it is, many come on every day, and often neither of us get out. As we look back on this week we are conscious that any one thing which has taken one-hundredth part of us might have absorbed the whole. Schools, institutions, the individuals, want all our thought and time to make them even what we see they might be. Heigho!

TOYNBEE HALL, WHITECHAPEL, *October 3rd*, 1896.

To F. G. B.—Here we are settled down as if we had never tossed on the sea or walked about Moscow. It is pleasant to come home, but even friendship's weight is heavy. Y—— is again better to-day and so far ready to receive our 1,500 guests. Lord Peel, and Sir Charles and Lady Elliott from India, dine with us. It is tiring to come home and try to get one's shoulder under all things while they move. One feels as if the burden were not all on, and one expects to hear of losses. However, I think all seems right. I had a long pull with all the Committees on Monday. . . Strange is the weariness which follows home-coming. I don't know if it is the different air or the sense of endless affairs which seems to be attached to

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everyone we interview; anyhow, we have felt very tired and my wife's good looks have gone! . . .

It was the Warden's plan to arrange that the men, as they joined us, should see many branches of the Toynbee and St. Jude's organisation, before they decided where they would be most useful, by sympathy as well as by service, and as they told of their experiences he was able to appraise qualities, tastes, and powers. Some records of their work, written by three early Residents for the 1886 Report at the request of the Chairman of the Council, Mr. Philip Lyttelton Gell, are interesting, but as the writers wished to preserve their anonymity, I cannot add to the interest by giving their names, some of them now both great and celebrated.

1. The first week at Toynbee Hall is always, I imagine, attended by a feeling that one is out of regular work and reduced to jobs. Such at any rate was my experience when I arrived last October, and was sent to play whist at the "Whittington" Club, to canvass for the School Board election, and then handed over to the "Sanitary Aid" to learn the nature of bell-traps and dust-bins. When, however, I began to feel my feet, my energies were transferred to the Charity Organisation Society, and my weekly programme began to shape itself into definite form.

2. My mornings were devoted to reading and private coaching, but my afternoons till Friday were spent in visiting in Limehouse. Monday evening was first set down for a class at the "Whittington." This was at 9 o'clock, but I generally spent some time beforehand in chat with the boys. Afterwards came Mrs. Barnett's weekly "At Home," at which we have had many most enjoyable discussions. When the Whittington classes were reconstituted I relinquished my elementary class for a share in a dramatic class on Wednesday. Tuesday was nominally my free evening, but actually was spent usually in assisting at the entertainments, conversaziones, at Toynbee Hall, whenever my services either at the piano or otherwise might be required. On Wednesday I have a literature class for pupil teachers, and my Thursday evening is pleasantly spent in assisting at the Boys' Club.

3. What do we do at Toynbee? I should say that we see life under varying conditions and new aspects, and attempt to partake in the life we see. We learn much; we unlearn more. We have too—and this is the most important of all—we have the opportunity not merely of enlarging our sympathies, of gaining broader views and a more catholic standpoint, but of building up a new system of relationship side by side with our old, of forming round the Hall a new world of student-friends and guest-friends, acting and reacting on one another, by whose means refinement and knowledge may pass electrically as from friend to friend, and not professionally as from tutor to pupil.

As years went on and increased numbers of those who cared for social well-being joined us, the performance of

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specific acts of charity took a secondary place, in proportion to the value of accumulated experience and its consequent birth of fresh intentions. The Toynbee Hall Report said:

> The Prime Minister[1] in later days spoke of Toynbee Hall as a social laboratory, and under Canon Barnett's guidance it performed that office supremely well for a large number of young men who were going into public or official life or into journalism, or who were presently to make careers in new countries. They saw and realised at first hand a great many things which other people only know from books and hearsay. A man whose experience it has been to visit and take precise notes of a thousand slum houses condemned as uninhabitable by medical officers, will think or write of the housing question very differently from the man who has only read the details in Blue-books.

As I write, I feel how impossible it is to represent the "go" of the place, the sense of alert, pregnant life, the hopes that glorified mundane action, the scintillating activity that kept all sweet.

It is not easy even to convey the facts, but when I was away ill, my husband always told me all he had done, and perhaps one of his letters will give some idea of his daily output:

As to yesterday:

1. Buckland; talk *re* his own work and entertainment policy.
2. Fagan; talk *re* work with C.O.S. and his reading.
3. Bullock; talk *re* a friend in distress—his work.
4. A French Abbé about a friend who would go into Balliol House.
5. Kemp Welch; *re* a defaulter in Balliol House and county court proceedings, also *re* Exhibition.
6. Peppin; letters *re* Settlements' Conference, scheme for Rathbone.
7. Courtney Kenny; *re* Kittle.
8. Courtneys; *re* young Lionel Curtis—New Coll.—as their possible Secretary.
9. Ball; *re* Sanitary Council and Whitechapel authorities.
10. Miss Coker; *re* pictures and gas lights.
11. Budgett—a new Resident. Right sort—comes on Monday.
12. Hart and Mrs. Lobb; *re* class for former in afternoon school.
13. Miss Turriff; *re* house for Cheltenham ladies.

The afternoon went in seeing:

1. Pond of Chicago. I gave him tea and he drank my cocoa!
2. Jackson, to say good-bye which is put off now till to-morrow. Sorry to miss you.

[1] Mr. H. H. Asquith.

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3. Richards, to say he had passed first class and got his certificate.
4. Important and confidential talk with Mr. Rathbone *re* scheme for Liverpool.
5. Harvey, doing well as cab-driver, earned 10*s*. a day last week—disease no better. Good fellow.

In the evening:

1. I went into Toynbee and dined with Mr. and Mrs. Freshfield. Twenty-three men to dinner—settled plans with Haw *re* George Yard and Biden *re* his scheme.
2. Received Howard Bliss, who has come to stay for a week.
3. Antiquarian party—fifty people, interested in their work.
4. I went into Exhibition and conducted a party round three rooms, and
5. Returned to find your Worship Hour choir in operation. All well.
6. Interviewed Miss Z. It is £200 deficit. She is, I think, getting more conscious that she is wrong.
7. Saw Tourell, who came with news of a legacy of £100 to the Shoeblacks.
8. Saw X., who squeezed my brain until I was tired.
9. Went to bed and slept admirably. . .

I am just going into church, and would, before I go, have a moment's communion with you. . . I feel your love, your truth, your honesty. You are very dear, and I am glad to sit and think of you. Now take care of your body, cultivate stupidity, and oh! I do hope to get good news by Annie. And now I must stop or I shall be late. . . S. A. B.

From Mr. Barnett's letters to his brother can also be gathered some idea of our interesting if sometimes too strenuous lives:

On Sunday I preached for Price Hughes at St. James's Hall. I liked it in a way, and Hughes was paternal in the strength of the fact that when *he* preaches they turn thousands away.

On Monday the Liberal Three Hundred met, a good-looking lot of fellows, more eager about names than about things, lovers of a fight more than of a principle. There is something hollow about politics, and I don't believe myself in this agitation against the House of Lords. A moral agitation is like a war without bullets. When people agitate they mean blows, and when they go to war they mean killing. Lord Salisbury is so far right, but he is making the House the object of blows when the day for blows does come. The Three Hundred put me on all their committees.

On Tuesday Toynbee was very full. We had twenty Cambridge men to dinner—two overflowing concerts—the dockers'

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meeting—a Co-operative Conference—and Z—— holding forth on cruelty to children. He is most effective as a speaker, but leaves one asking, "Is it true?" The relation of Art to Truth is still unsolved. Truth without Art is not comprehended—Truth with Art too often is lying. There must be a means by which it is possible to convey the truth which is bigger than words. We started all, and then went off to a dull party in the West End, in the vain hope of getting pictures.

On Wednesday we dined at the Harts', met Mrs. A—— A—— of Chicago—a beauty in jewels who took philanthropy in vain and "drew" me to tell her that her sort would never help the poor because of the beam which prevent them seeing the poor. A plague on schemes and policies and institutions. If a dozen people live rightly and neighbourly they are worth more than many organisations. Harry Furniss was there and we had some talk about America. He is going to make merry in his sketches over their weaknesses.

Frederic Harrison was also there and we heard how he is disappointed in the Labour members and the County Council. Of course you have seen the Trades Union debate. Oh for backbone somewhere on either side! We went on to Lord Brassey's and met Lord Cross, Lord Aberdeen, Sir H. Cunningham, and some other interesting folk.

Thursday went in daily duty, and as Toynbee is full all my long mornings go in seeing men. The wife went to her Board of Guardians in the afternoon, and in the evening we had two big parties as well as the smoking debate and the usual classes. Sir Harry Verney, who is nearly ninety, came to the debate. Macnamara was also with us. We like him. He is rough, vigorous, uncultured, but he is human.

On Friday we had a choir party and enjoyed the simple pleasure of entertaining our own simple folk, and got late up here [Hampstead].

To-day we have had a four hours' drive in the spring sunshine which did us good. We talked round our plans.

And in order to realise the atmosphere of the place, to the Warden's work must be added that of the eighteen Residents, the ever-increasing group of Associates, and later the fifty-nine inhabitants of Wadham and Balliol Houses, to all of whom my husband gave, not only sympathy but detailed direction and large-visioned inspiration.

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CHAPTER XXVI

"The problem which is haunting this generation is how to spiritualise the forces which are shaping the future . . . how to open channels between eternal sources and every day's need."

WHEN I recall the degradation of the majority of the population of our parish in 1873 I marvel at my husband's faith which compelled him to provide opportunities for higher education in our schools. Before me lie handbills, brown with age, which set out that classes in singing, violin, literature, drawing, carpentering, modelling, French, German, shorthand, book-keeping for women, musical drill, Latin, arithmetic, and English composition, will be held in the schools, and that "teaching on physiology" will be given by Mrs. Ernest Hart.

They were very trying, some of those early students: young ladies whose affectations when "seeking cultivation" made one long to shake them; prigs who quoted Browning on all occasions; excellent persons whose little learning made them mad—with conceit; pretentious youths who patronised all who had not read the few books they had perused, and who killed by bad manners the belief that education made equality. Oh! how difficult they were, and with them all Mr. Barnett was patient, pointing out the heroic determination which made them turn to mental work after perhaps ten hours in the factory or behind the counter, or still longer days of domestic drudgery; and discovering in each qualities which would live longer than the attendant irritations. And he was right, for I count still among my valued friends some of the most annoying; and others recovering their intellectual balance saw themselves in their right perspective, when the Toynbee men unconsciously taught them nobler standards.

Soon after Toynbee Hall was built, the classes were transferred to its care.

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1887.—If it be true that men learn more indirectly than directly, that they pick up more than they are taught, then it must be wise to group together various good and elevating influences. It may be that the student who comes to learn carpentering will pick up from the history teacher or a fellow-student the knowledge which will rouse his sleeping energies, or that one coming "to grind" may stop to enjoy, as he finds in the companionship of books, or in the presence of the cultured, the better reasons which make life worth living.

Of these classes two of the Toynbee men gave accounts:

1886.—My Political Economy class consists of about a dozen of the best sort of working men, steady, thrifty, interested in the improvement of their order. They bring to discussions a good practical knowledge and common sense, and I my book-knowledge of the subject. Between my ounce of theory and their pound of practice we have some very interesting talks. I suppose my wider range is some small contribution to the subject, at any rate we are always open to discuss "any point at any distance from that point." At present the class is going through Marshall's *Economics of Industry*. These men have formed the nucleus of a considerably larger body of working men whom I am interesting in Relief and Education. In both of these lines they have done this year plenty of good solid work that has filled me with admiration.

1886.—As I was engaged all day reading in chambers, my leisure time was the evening. Before leaving Oxford I had arranged to take two reading parties at Toynbee Hall, one in Latin, and another in English Literature. . . . Soon some of the Latin class expressed a wish to learn Greek, so I added a third class. All three classes went on till well into the summer. Of the Latin and Greek class the majority were of the lower middle class—but one was a pupil teacher and one a foreman at the docks. In the Tennyson class I had a journeyman woodcarver, who also joined the "Hume and Herbert Spencer" reading party which I formed somewhat later. . . It is still flourishing with a majority of the same members with whom it started, and is at present in the throes of a final grapple with "Transfigured Realism," and hopes soon to emerge into the humaner sphere of the ethical speculation.

The number of classes increased rapidly, and how to find room for them was a continual puzzle over which my husband, the Sub-Warden, the secretary, and the housekeeper and I "continually did cry." Some of the men solved the problem by taking their classes into their bedrooms, but two chairs were insufficient, and to the weekly washing of counterpanes and the presence of uninvited and wandering guests the housekeeper objected. Then the noises of the respective classes was a real difficulty which could not be ignored, and it was a proud hour when we unanimously voted the Warden "king of domestic organisations" because he thought of

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sandwiching the deaf and dumb class between those for the violin and musical drill.

1886.—Among other classes is that for the deaf and dumb. It would be helpful if those who possess pictures would lend them, and thus send the best message through the eyes to those who cannot hear. These people need specially to be taught the joy of unselfishness; it is one of the privileges of the "hearing" that they can feel more easily for others.

For one term the exigencies of space compelled the band to practise in the church tower, and it was great fun to watch the people in the street. Some passed too sodden with indifference to notice anything, but the expression of others who looked upward with surprised and sceptical wonder seeking the genesis of those heavenly strains was delicious. And some stopped to enjoy it!

On certain occasions our comparatively limited accommodation—and must I add the looseness of our discipline of organisations?—resulted in offence; as for instance when the same room had been lent to two sets of classes, and one group had to retire; or when a party of hilarious children had been unthinkingly allotted the room next to a meeting which needed quiet; but the atmosphere of the whole place was so friendly and hospitable that usually such *contretemps* only elicited good feeling.

I could write many stories of these classes: of the ingenuity of these "untrained" teachers who used their wider knowledge to awaken dull brains, who stirred sleeping public spirit by visions of ideal conditions, who killed self-content by the modesty of real proficiency. I could tell of friendship which transcended all barriers, and human relations too deep to die; I could speak of a hundred acts of kindly neighbourliness between class members, and also of some tragedies; an undue influence and financial dishonesty, a quarrel and the alienation of half the class, an elopement born of broken confidence. Silly and wilful girls sometimes made difficulty, but such behaviour was not confined to one sex among the students. The enamoured youths, the swains who refused to be snubbed, and the appropriated men who allowed themselves too much freedom, had also to be dealt with. To them my husband gave higher standards and nobler goals as they talked alone in his little study. But speaking broadly with an experience of twenty-two years of Toynbee Hall life, I am able to state that there was very little of this class of

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trouble. The whole tone of the place was too strenuous to permit it to take root, and the constant demand for more volunteer help gave outlets for energy.

That all the workers and teachers were voluntary had its debit as well as its credit side. To the former had to be placed some irregularity, and the occasional dropping of a class from inability to find another volunteer to carry it on; but on the credit side must be given the asset of enthusiasm so infectious that it reached to the humblest member of the class, and resulted in a large body of men and women, already over-worked, offering additional evening labour to make the advantages they enjoyed known by a wider circle.

Mr. T. Hancock Nunn wrote:

> We have a staff of volunteers who at the beginning of each term "bill" adjoining blocks of dwellings, places of business, public offices. . .

1902.—It must always be borne in mind that Whitechapel is not peopled by students or would-be students. The ordinary inhabitant has little or no interest in any world outside his daily life. To arouse such interest is not the least of the Education Committee's duties.

When Polytechnics and other centres of teaching arose, my husband and I visited them and were struck with envy at their appliances and facilities, but only to return with renewed admiration of our volunteers who could contrive with so little machinery to achieve so much result.

1899.—Personal and voluntary service has, of course, its weak side, but it is no small matter that by such service it has been possible to organise a system of education with the names of 1,600 students on the register, and a set of reading parties where the attendance has been 90 per cent. . . The volunteers are those who, like the men of Gideon's band, have the zeal which can restrain itself, which can, if need be, begin with a reading party of two persons, and remain faithful till the two bring in ten others, or which will be content to serve on a committee, or act as a secretary, hoping for nothing but to keep up fainting hearts, or strengthen weak wills to regular attendance, and make every-one conscious of his membership. . . When the place hums with activity, as it often does on a winter's evening, the believers in humanity may glow at the reflection that the work is almost entirely voluntary, and that of the very few—not more than five or six all told—who can be called officials, their service is out of proportion to the pay they receive. Receipt of payment indeed is proof neither for nor against a voluntary spirit. It is a test fit

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only for use by "the world's coarse thumb." But anyhow, it is personal service—the life of individuals—which feeds Toynbee Hall, and its one demand is for more lives.

No list can be complete, but the following were among the classes which made the place hum with the activity of which the Warden speaks :

Ambulance.
Ancient History.
Architecture.
Arithmetic.
Astronomy.
Bandaging.
Band of White and Gold.
Basket Work.
Bible Study.
Biology.
Book-keeping.
Botany.
Boys' Brigade.
Brass Band.
Browning's Works.
Browning's Teaching in Music.
Building Construction.
Cadet Corps.
Carpentering.
Carving.
Chaucer.
Chemical Analysis.
Chemistry.
Child Study.
Choral Class.
Citizenship.
Clay Modelling.
Composition.
Cookery.
Deaf and Dumb Class.
Decoration.
Dickens's Works.
Domestic Economy.
Drawing.
Dressmaking.
Economics.
Electricity.
Electric Power and Lighting.
Elizabethan Literature.
Elocution.
Elementary Science.
Embryology.
English History.
English Literature.
English Novels.
English Poets.
Entomology.
Ethics.
First Aid.
French.
French Literature.
Geography.
Geology.
German.
German Literature.
Greek.
Greek Literature.
Guild of Good Endeavour.
Guild of Hope and Pity.
Handicraft.
Health in the House.
Hebrew.
Hebrew Literature.
Herbert Spencer's Works.
History of English Rocks.
Home Hygiene.
Home Nursing.
Human Anatomy.
Hygiene.
Ideal Commonwealth.
Italian.
Italian Literature.
Kingsley's Works.
Latin.
Latin Literature.
Life Saving.
Literature of the 19th Century.
Literature for Boys.
Literature of Victorian Epoch.
Marlowe's Works.
Mathematics.
Mazzini's Works.
Microscopy.
Modelling.
Musical Analysis.
Musical Drill.
Music in the Home.
Music, Early History of.
Napoleon.
National Gallery.

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Natural History.
Needlework.
Orchestral Class.
Philosophy.
Physical Geography.
Physical Geology.
Physics.
Physiology.
Play-hour for Boys.
Play-hour for Girls.
Political Economy.
Politics (Present-day).
Popular Ballad Choral Class.
Plato's Republic.
Practical Histology.
Psychology.
Races and People of Europe.
Reading Clubs.
Recitation.
Repoussé Metal Work.
Rights of Englishmen.
Ruskin's Works.
St. Jude's Guild.
Science.
Scott's Novels.
Sewing.
Shakespeare.
Shorthand.
Sight-singing.
Singing.
Sketching.
Social and Industrial Questions.
Sound, Light, and Heat.
Spanish Literature.
Stretcher Drill.
Swedish Drill.
Swimming.
Temperance League.
Tennyson's Poems.
Violin.
Wood-carving.
Wordsworth's Poems.
Writing.
Zoology.

No mention has been made of clubs, and yet it was the work of Residents in clubs which caused a further development on the educational side. "We hated school work and chucked it when we left, and now we have forgotten," was what, in effect, many men in the clubs said. So when Mr. Wilfred Blakiston arranged classes in reading, writing, arithmetic, and geography, one hundred and fifty working men immediately joined, and for three nights a week laboriously took up dull discipline with the goal of interesting study beyond. It was an interlacing influence, because it was the intellectual curiosity awakened by the Thursday debates and Saturday lectures which had made the men desire to take advantage of the classes and courses. For these, however, they found themselves too ignorant, and so had to begin again with elementary subjects. Great success attended this effort—in which Mr. Patrick Duncan joined with enthusiasm in 1903—though the laborious work in which most of the students were employed often made punctual attendance difficult. Seven years after the classes were begun it was reported:

1905.—The number of men enrolled during 1904–5 was 253, of whom 125 qualified for the grant. . . The work done is of good quality and will lead up to work of a slightly advanced character in 1905–6. Two clubs were opened in connection with the classes in the summer—a Camera Club and a Swimming Club. Both justified their existence, and will be continued in 1906.

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In course of time the plan was copied by the Education Authority, and of this the Toynbee Report spoke.

The London School Board declined to take up our classes for Elementary Education for *men* only, or for Domestic Education for *girls* only. As both of these experiments, however, have proved successful, the Board was induced last winter to give a trial to a repetition of our scheme for Elementary evening classes for men at the Glengall Road Board School in the Isle of Dogs. At these classes, open to men only, the most elementary education is given, and is eagerly sought. This is the first school of the kind that the Board has opened.

. . . . .

Side by side with the classes ran the courses of the University Extension Society, in the work of which Canon Barnett had a great faith. Indeed it occupied so much of his thought that it is necessary to trace his connection with it from our first year in East London.

1874.—About fifty pupils joined the course, and we had a pleasant term's work. This year I hope to be able to take a house somewhat further East, where such classes might be opened on a larger scale. The teachers would be men of knowledge and culture; they would thus give their pupils something better worth having than mere information.

In 1877 a room in Cambridge Road was hired, in which a course was given on "Light," the students paying a five-shilling fee. In 1878 the dissecting-theatre of the London Hospital was the only obtainable accommodation, and ninety-nine men joined for courses of lectures on Physiology, Political Economy, History, and Magnetism, given by "Honour men of the English Universities, who alone are employed by our Committee."

The following year, 1879, Professor Huxley gave the opening address, and

A conversazione of the students was held in St. Jude's School, at which Mr. Goschen[1] was present. He asserted the aim of the University Extension Society to be "to provide people with the means of life rather than of livelihood," and he urged students not to look so much to the end as to the means of acquiring knowledge. . . We must bring about wider intercourse between those variously educated that the best system may be recognised. If some common room in connection with the classes could be established, the intercourse would be more possible.

[1] Later Viscount Goschen.

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In this sentence—1879—lies the seed from which sprang Toynbee Hall—1884.

In practice the intercourse so ardently desired between the East End and West End had already begun, for the Hon. Secretaries were Mr. Fred Rogers, a working book-binder of Mile End, E., and Mr. Alfred Milner, of Claverton Street, S.W. As an outcome of their fruitful co-operation more students had joined and my husband's anxiety was to hold them together.

1881.—Professor Henry Morley gave the opening address in our schools and about 200 students joined, a nucleus of earnest workers. One sign of their earnestness is the formation of an Adam Smith Club, which now meets regularly for the study and discussion of questions of Political Economy. Another sign is the readiness with which a plan for visiting museums, etc., on Saturdays has been taken up. It will be a pity if this beginning is left to perish. I see great difficulty in carrying it on.

The difficulties are not mentioned, for in the Reports care was taken not to wound the parishioners, but the miserable accommodation in the school-rooms, and the rough conduct in the streets, seriously affected the regular attendances of the 200 students. However, nothing daunted the courage of that group of early educationalists, and the next year the Committee decided to reduce the fee to one shilling per course of ten lectures. The effect made a deep and lasting impression on us both. It is so difficult when one has never felt poverty to believe that two shillings can make so much difference, especially when it is to obtain an advantage spread over a whole three months, and the enlightenment saddened us.

1884.—The reduction of the fee to one shilling operated so as to bring over 300 students to the classes, of whom 50 offered themselves for examination. The result is most encouraging to a Committee, which, in the face of disappointment, refused to believe that the highest education was unfitting to God's children because they were poor. If it be the difference between one shilling and three shillings which has kept them so long out of their inheritance, the fact is one to be remembered by those who waste much on what profits no one.

In 1884 Toynbee Hall was opened and the University Extension Society welcomed within its walls. My husband

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had real pleasure in at last piloting the faithful students, whose demand for education had enabled them for ten years to bear so many inconveniences, to more suitable premises. In St. Jude's Report he spoke of his faith in the evangelising force of wider knowledge:

1885.—The University Extension Society has this year carried on its classes in Toynbee Hall. The number of students has risen to 455, a Library of over 2,500 volumes has been formed, and frequent conversaziones have been held, at which the Bishop of Bedford, Mr. Goschen, Professor Bryce, Professor Morley, and Professor Seeley have been present. . .

Although the Committee is encouraged to nourish great hopes, no one is foolish enough to think that any movement can give the nostrum by which all the evils of the time may be cured, but, for my part, I believe that this Society is taking the line of success. If years ago, when the evils were as great, a remedy was found in the mission of those who took the news of the best to the worst, and carried light to the darkest places; if the Revelation of God has been the glory of the Church, a like glory is now within the reach of the University teachers. It is they who may make common the Word of God, the Word which comes through His latest gifts of knowledge, and it is they who preach the Gospel, the means by which those enslaved by toil may move in higher and wider spheres of life. If as yet their work wants the Divine impulse, the touch which would give it power, we may surely wait, seeing what they already do, and knowing that the ways of God are slow.

The advantages of moving into Toynbee Hall included the sharing by the students of its full and pulsating life. One of the early students wrote:

At last we were able to leave the Schools and go into the new Toynbee Hall, where everybody who liked had fresh opportunities. Incidentally I recall a little scene that happened once in the Lecture Hall. Lord Wolseley had dined at Toynbee Hall and was to give a talk to the students afterwards. The corridor doors communicating with the lecture-room were open, and when the Warden and Lord Wolseley reached them there stood old Mr. Stockham as straight as a poker at the salute. To see the Field Marshal acknowledge the salute and then, recognising a former old fighter under him—in the Red River Expedition—wring his hand in hearty greeting and pleasure, did one good, and the Warden seemed lighted up with pleasure too.

From that year to 1906, when we left Whitechapel, every session marks some advance, some disappointment, some fresh scheme, some change, the only unchangeable factor being Mr. Barnett's faith.

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In 1887 the need of co-ordination is faced, for "tit-bits of knowledge are fatal to real mental training." After speaking of increased numbers he indicated the idea on which the Workers' Educational Association is founded:

1887.—It remains now for the University Extension Society to co-ordinate its teaching, to give not only isolated lectures, but to guide students in the choice of courses, and to provide for anyone willing to trust to its care adequate training in Science, Art, or Literature. In hospitals the sick owe as much to nursing as to the doctor's directions, and in our centres of education the students must have not only the direction of the professor, but the constant care of the tutor.

In 1888 the students were invited to fix their own fees. One shilling was charged for registration, and beyond that sum each member decided what he or she should pay. This plan was admirable, for while the lesson learnt by the large addition of the students when the fee was reduced to one shilling per term was not ignored, to those who had more money or desire for self-sacrifice, the opportunity was given to pay towards the expenses of the teaching they valued. On this Mr. T. Hancock Nunn wrote in the *Toynbee Record*:

1888.—It is noticeable that though the number of working men at the lectures has increased, considerably more persons than before have taken higher priced tickets; one-third of the total number have paid either 5*s*. or guinea fees.

In 1890 a note of congratulation is sounded on "the growing solidity of the work," no less than 11 per cent. of the whole number of students having entered for the examination, of whom 98 per cent. had passed and 36 per cent. gained distinction. The following extract is from the report of the examiner in Hygiene:

1890.—It must be very gratifying to find that the patient teaching of science in this centre is bearing fruit in such a solid and comprehensible subject. . . Of those who have acquired marks of distinction, each one is quite fitted to deal with the problems of public health and sanitary science, either as inspectors under the supervision of medical officers of health or as holding situations (such as matrons and masters of public institutions, workhouses, etc., nurses, school masters, school mistresses) in which questions of hygiene would come under their consideration. . . The paper sent in by one of the candidates obtained the highest number of marks I have ever given in any examination for this society; and it does the

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writer of it the highest credit, not only for the accuracy with which she states her facts, but also for the concise and vivid manner in which she puts them down.[1]

Many of us, having attained to that height after seventeen years of work, would have rested, but not so Mr. Barnett. The same year we find him democratising the society. "In the future," he wrote, "the Committee will be elected by the students." He made also the further suggestion that it should become the parent of other centres.

1890.—The 600 students, and the many societies attached to them, set one thinking whether the time for a forward movement has not arrived. It might be possible for this centre to become the mother of other centres, to relate the classes to one another, and so put within the reach of each student the means, not of getting a glimpse of a subject through twelve or twenty-four lectures, but of a thorough mental training. . . To achieve this, courses of lectures would have to follow one another, and a staff of tutors would have to be appointed.

This missionary plan was carried out, and centres started in Limehouse and Poplar with four courses, which were attended "by nearly 400 students drawn from the artisan classes." In 1892 Mr. Barnett reported:

The Committee hope to help in doing something which will want doing, even when Trades Unions have raised wages and County Councils have given technical education. Men must have knowledge; and the means which furnish the present with memories of the past, which develop taste, draw out reverence and aid the powers of expression, are as important as those which increase wages.

The Toynbee Record supplied more details:

1892.—University Extension has made rapid strides this autumn, with eight courses on hand. Professor Gardiner's lectures are the best attended in Whitechapel, the average attendance being 124. Dr. Fison's Advanced Electricity comprises a select 35, who, to judge from their papers, appear to be working hard. Mr. Rudler's most interesting course attracts an average of 67 students. Of our two Literature courses, Mr. Gollancz's class, on the Development of the Elizabethan Drama, meets in Toynbee Hall to the number of 30; the Rev. Ronald Bayne's, on Shakespeare, meets in the Lolesworth Club, and is attended exclusively by members of work-

[1] The lecturers were Dr. S. R. Gardiner, on "English and European History"; Mr. Walter Pye, on "Hygiene"; Professor V. B. Lewes, on "Chemistry"; and Rev. P. H. Wicksteed, on "Sociology."

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men's clubs. The average attendance is 58, and all stay to an informal sort of class at which questions are put to the lecturer.

Of the courses farther east, Mr. Harold Spender's at Poplar on England, India, and the Colonies, and in Limehouse on the French Revolution, have attracted 150 each, mostly workmen; whilst Dr. Fison's lectures in Limehouse on Electricity are listened to by an audience of some 210 students.

To these courses, illustrated by limelight—then an innovation for adults—the fees were sixpence for a course ticket, or one penny for a single lecture. At the inaugural meeting the Duke of Devonshire took the chair, and among our amusing memories is his amazement when, after dining with us, we took him to the Town Hall in a cheap, convenient, but public conveyance. But he liked it, for he came again to distribute certificates.

In that same year—1892—conferences were held on "how to provide technical education that should have for its object the scientific principles underlying technical processes"; the consequence being the formation of the Electrical and Chemical Societies.

A year after this prolific session, Sunday morning lectures in History and Science were started—a step which again raised angry protests; but Mr. Barnett argued that for real study men needed brains untired by a long day's work.

In 1894 not only were there eight courses running—five at Toynbee, three at Limehouse and Poplar—but a summer pioneer course at Millwall attracted 280 men. Indeed that year their zeal carried the students through three summer courses, a still larger percentage entered for examination, "and there were no failures." Three years afterwards the Toynbee Report stated:

1897.—The total average weekly attendance at the University Extension lectures and the various classes during the winter and spring was 916 . . . and during the summer 517 students were in regular weekly attendance.

It sounds delightful and was so, and I can still recall the excitement of first nights, when Mr. Bolton King and Mr. Monk and their train of willing helpers sat by the long improvised table under the stairs and booked students. I can see Bolton running up the stairs to tell us the numbers, what subjects had been taken up, and what had been a "frost," and I can still feel the glow of sympathy with my husband's pleasure when he saw the great body of students welcomed in the splendid Hall of the Drapers' Company, for I knew that he was remembering that little band of fifty earnest souls who had sought higher education in a small

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room up a dark passage in 1873. Fifteen years afterwards he was able to write to his fellow-workers:

1888.—The University Extension Society has now established itself in London, and we must always be proud that one of its earliest centres was in this parish.

But in the zenith of its success those who watched saw a change. It shall be given in the words of Mr. E. J. Urwick, then acting as Sub-Warden:

1899.—There can be no doubt that the conditions with which our educational system has to deal are changing gradually—the centre of attraction has shifted; it is no longer to be found in the lecture-hall so much as in the meetings of reading-parties, societies, and classes. A few years ago a good University Extension Society's course was sure to attract an audience; now the attendance will not be more than two-thirds of what it was. . .

Fortunately, there is no corresponding diminution of interest in the other departments of the work. The attendance at the classes has been better than usual; the short courses of lectures have been very successful; and the vigour of the many societies and educational clubs has been more than maintained. . .

Faced with these facts, Mr. Barnett revived the idea he had outlined in 1887, of tutorial classes, by which he hoped, in small numbers in co-operative study, and by personally directed home reading, to enlist each student's initiation and powers of selection in the development of his own intellectual life. These hopes he had often expressed, but it was not until thirteen years after he had urged the provision of professional tutorial classes that the Toynbee Council reported:

1900.—Important is the experiment of providing tutorial classes . . . which, at the Warden's suggestion, has now been sanctioned by the University Extension Society. Three of these classes have been arranged for the coming year, in Literature, History, and Chemistry. They will be limited as to numbers, but they will provide far more thorough and systematic teaching than is possible in a course of lectures.

How that scheme has grown and become a mighty force in the nation is told in the reports of the Workers' Educational Association, but no one can report on the multitude of deep and wonderful friendships which have arisen between teacher and taught, or the moulding of lives resulting from co-operation in pursuit of knowledge.

In 1902 Mr. Barnett reported a fresh move by the Committee:

Application for a grant was made to the Board of Education for the Tutorial Class, and on the subjects being approved, seven

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classes were placed under Government inspection. It is hoped that this step will have the effect of maintaining the high level of regularity already reached, as well as of easing the financial burden of the Committee.

It was one of the charms of the atmosphere of Toynbee Hall that men avoided rather than sought recognition of their labours, but the determination of his students to honour their veteran lecturer could not be set aside, and indeed it was the recognition of years of devoted labour, not only on dear old Dr. Gardiner's part, but of the large body of men who served the University Extension Society in the same spirit as men serve the Church. *The Toynbee Record* said:

1899.—On April 22nd a crowded meeting was held in the Lecture Hall, and Dr. Gardiner was then presented with a silver bowl, as a reminder to him of the affection and respect that he had stirred among us during his twenty years' association with Whitechapel. The Warden presided, and the Bishop of London was among those who had come to do honour to the guest of the evening. In the course of his speech the Bishop expressed the significant opinion that in the annals of literature there was no more conspicuous example of a man whose life was his work and whose work was embodied in his life than Dr. Gardiner.

"The world generally," added Dr. Creighton, "does not know what a great man Dr. Gardiner is, although some day it will make the discovery."

To this high tribute the fitting counterpart was found in Mr. Bruce's testimony of the friendliness and the "intense simplicity" of Dr. Gardiner's teaching.

Indeed it is not possible to chronicle the gift of the mass of service rendered, but the names of two men cannot be omitted, for my husband was wont to say that to the work of Dr. R. D. Roberts and Mr. J. E. Monk the success of the Whitechapel centre was due. To both he gave warm and admiring friendship, realising that the force of intellect, continuity of purpose, and weight of character that each possessed could have obtained for them coveted positions in the world, had they not in their several ways dedicated their great powers and best years to public progress.

Below all these educational organisations lay Mr. Barnett's deep hope of establishing an East London University. We often talked of it, coveted neighbouring buildings, and visualised Toynbee Hall as the tutors' residence surrounded by many houses filled with students, whose course of higher education would be compatible with self-support.

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1882.—The scheme by which a kind of East London College may be established is fully shaped in my mind. . . It will demand an effort on the part of those who have faith in the power of knowledge to give means of life to working as well as to leisured people. . . Too often has it been said that the best is above the heads of East Londoners. The capacity for the best follows no such arbitrary lines. . . As one of the Beaumont Trustees, I hope to be able to do a little towards establishing that East London College or Athenæum which was in our thoughts when, ten years ago, my wife and I came to live here, and began to realise the needs of our new neighbours.

To F. G. B., 1885.—Seeley, who lectured one night, has been staying here. He shows that with much shrewdness he has any amount of enthusiasm. He enters most warmly into our hopes for Toynbee Hall, and will support it till it becomes a real centre of learning. There is no reason why it should not so become, and further than that be a centre to diffuse warmth as well as light, love as well as culture.

1902.—A scheme for establishing a College of the "Humanities" is floating before some minds, a scheme which will show itself boldly—as boldly as colleges of science or technical teaching—and offer teaching in History, Philosophy, and Literature with an assurance of their value. . . Knowledge which makes for the joy rather than the comfort of life.

Yet lest anyone should think that Canon Barnett had altered his aim, and had put education as an end instead of a means, the following extract from *The Toynbee Record* is reprinted:

1893.—The social problem is at root an educational problem, and they who have been concerned at Toynbee Hall to raise the standard of living have been driven to develop educational schemes. They found that without more knowledge, power might be a useless weapon and money only a means of degradation, and that without more education, local government would hardly be for the local good. . . They realised that no secure position would be won until people were educated to win it for themselves, and that no happiness is satisfactory except that which comes from "the inward eye."

Here then is the reason for the classes. . . Here is the reason for the schemes of study which are set forth as trustworthy guides for those who want their minds fitted to be always learning; here is the reason for all the efforts to put alongside of wage-earning subjects such mind-stretching subjects as the principles of history and of science.

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The danger is lest the development of the educational side of Toynbee Hall may lead some students to think that education is the end in view, and leave them satisfied with the joy they are finding for themselves and with their own growing power to choose the good and refuse the evil. The safeguard against this danger is the memory of the object for which all the teaching has been given. . .

The object is that there may not be so many wretched, homeless people on Commercial Street doorsteps, so many unemployed half-fed in their single-roomed homes, so many neighbours full of envy, hatred, and uncharitableness; that work may not be so destructive of mind, and that the problem of capital and labour may not be settled by bullets. The memory of this object will make students feel in honour bound to become servants. The acceptance of the teaching will be to them as the acceptance of the Queen's shilling by which the receivers are pledged to be loyal fighters on her side.

If any man or woman asks "What can I do?" Mrs. Barnett and I would be ill-fitted for the place we occupy if we could give no answer. The Warden of Toynbee Hall is not a head of an Educational Institute; he is a director of enthusiasm disciplined for the service of East London. Study and service should be the watchword of those who belong to this centre of education.

To me, with a thousand interwoven memories, it has been deeply interesting to give, however sketchily, the story of thirty years' efforts to obtain higher teaching in East London, the success of which justified Mr. Barnett's faith in the appreciation of the democracy for the best. But he affirmed that the best must be supplied before it could be demanded, and to supply it in such attractive forms as to create a demand he worked unremittingly. Indeed, all through our forty years of life together, the only occasions of disagreement arose from his overwork, and among its chief causes was the provision of higher education. Even in the last few years when his health was frail and fatigue brought on a heart attack, he never deserted the committees which strove for higher education, and many anxious times have I spent sitting in the car waiting for him in the great courtyard of University College, where some of the meetings were held.

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CHAPTER XXVII

"Humility is the lowly and true estimate of self; it is acceptance of the place appointed by God, whether it be in the front or the rear."

It gave Canon Barnett genuine satisfaction to place the Toynbee rooms at the disposal of the School Board to enable Sir Edmund Currie's idea of pupil-teacher centres to be accomplished—1885. The centre, which was under Mr. and Mrs. Bannister,[1] did not remain long in Toynbee, though long enough to enable Mr. E. B. Sargant to found the Pupil Teachers' Association for the boys, of whom Mr. P. Lyttelton Gell, the Chairman of the Toynbee Council, wrote in the Toynbee Report:

1886.—These boys, the teachers of the coming generation of Englishmen, are, in what should be the brightest and freest time of their lives, subjected to a never-ending and monotonous round of cramming and being crammed, and have little chance of seeing anything of the brighter and nobler side of learning. They greatly want the friendship of men who have been accustomed to regard the acquisition of knowledge from a more disinterested standpoint, men who can imbue them with something of their own love for literature and science. . . I have read literature with them, first Charles Kingsley's *Water Babies*, which they began with thinking a silly nursery book, and ended with finding too deep for them; then some Tennyson, and lastly More's *Utopia*, which pleased them very much by its anticipation of modern problems of education and politics, though they originally chose it as bearing on the period of history for their scholarship examination, in that thought of "what will pay" which is bound up with all their studies.

The association existed for many years and was productive of much good. On the nights for debates, the boys met early in the Toynbee drawing-room, played whist, and ate teas the size of which left the beholders wondering, and then debated with much vigour questions like "Votes for women," "The House of Lords is useless, dangerous, and ought to be abolished," "Democracy has not failed in France"—1888—"Parliament should interfere to limit the hours of labour"—1889. People such as Sir William Markby, Mr. Lyulph

[1] Still valued friends, and now living quite close to me in Hampstead Garden Suburb.

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Stanley, Lord Londonderry, or Mr. T. J. Macnamara, M.L.S.B.,[1] took the chair, and unconsciously educated by setting standards of worth. The pupil teachers did all the debating themselves and great nonsense they often talked, but they were in earnest and solemnly recorded their decisions. Mr. E. B. Sargant, Mr. G. L. Bruce, or one of the other Residents was always present, though intentionally unobtrusive, and sometimes Mr. Barnett went in and gave them one of his pleasant "touch-the-spot" talks, or took in the public lecturer of the evening to say a few words. I recall visits from Lord Wolseley, Lord Brassey, Lord Monkswell, Sir Alfred Lyall, Mr. Frederic Harrison, Mr. Leslie Stephen, Mr. George Macdonald, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, and Dr. Fairbairn, all of whom were interested in the lads. Of one meeting *The Toynbee Record* said:

1889.—An interesting incident in the evening was the reading by Mr. J. Russell of some passages from a description, by Count Leo Tolstoi, of his village school in Russia. Exclamations of derision and incredulity were provoked by some parts of the narrative, while others were listened to with the closest interest.

Besides the debates and reading parties, Mr. Sargant instituted a large athletic organisation with tournaments, and matches, and shields, and trophies, all of which the boys hugely enjoyed and which, people say, have deep moral significance. There was a rowing club too, vaingloriously called "The Argonauts," which was coached by an Oxford blue and applauded by a Cambridge stroke, but on the one occasion when Mr. Barnett and I went to Chiswick for their gala day I thought they did very badly, and wondered, as I have often done in life, how far truth should give place to encouragement.

Whatever the medium, the boys could not help being uplifted by Mr. E. B. Sargant—a nature so poetic as to be unpractical, so public-spirited as to conquer unpracticality, and all the time tenderly watchful for the spiritual potentialities of every neglected child. He gathered leading educationalists to listen to his ideals and set a new standard for some of them. *The Toynbee Record* reported:

1889.—On February 12th, 1889, the annual meeting of the London Pupil Teachers' Association was held at the Portman Rooms. Although the roads were walled with snow, 300 ladies and gentlemen attended.

[1] Parliamentary and Financial Secretary to the Admiralty.

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Among the speakers were Sir E. Lyon Playfair, Dr. Montagu Butler, Mrs. S. A. Barnett, Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, Hon. E. Lyulph Stanley, Dr. Gladstone, and Mr. E. B. Sargant.

Of the policy of pupil-teacher centres my husband wrote:

1886.—The plan by which the pupil teachers are taught in centres affords them better teaching, tends to give them the sense of corporate life, and breaks the isolation in which teachers are apt to live. In the centres, though, their interests are narrowed by their companionship and by their studies, and it is most necessary that they should come into contact with other men and other thoughts. By such contact they learn their own ignorance, and in humility become more fit to be teachers of youth. Teachers, most of all men, need to be in the attitude of learners, and at present this attitude is somewhat rare.

To help them to this desirable attitude Mr. Barnett formed a Scholarship Committee to send some of the ablest of the pupil teachers to the old Universities. Its first work was to award five scholarships—£25 each—which were provided mainly by the gifts of young graduates. The Warden issued an address to past University men, pointing out that—

1893.—Those who have reaped, perhaps carelessly enough, what pious benefactors have sown, have an opportunity, in the case of these pupil teachers, of rendering to others what has been given so freely to them. By clubbing together to provide £25 a year (this being the cost of the University in excess of that of the Training College) "for three years, groups of men may send their scholar to college, initiate and enjoy his successes, raise the whole tone of elementary education, and through their teachers help to 'educate our masters.'"

The next year twelve more pupil teachers were sent, taking their places both in Oxford and Cambridge under the same conditions as other undergraduates. The men who had gained the first scholarships had worked so well that, when in 1896 they took their degrees, the greater number passed in honours. There were then eighteen men at the Universities and a very large number more anxious to go. It was the money only which stood in the way. At this juncture the Drapers' Company stepped in, and by giving £500 a year made it possible to grant facilities for thirty men to receive the coveted training, and then the Universities took it up. At Oxford, Balliol, Lincoln, and

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Brazenose Colleges offered respectively £50, £30, and £42 annually, and at Cambridge, King's and Christ's Colleges each created scholarships of £25 and Emmanuel one of £40. These, held in addition to the Toynbee grant, enabled the men to live in college while they worked for their degrees and were trained for teachers. The Archbishop of Canterbury blessed the plan and from all parts of England came more applications than could be met.

Year after year the success of the men was chronicled, not only at the Universities but in the high places they took in the Queen's Scholarship list. In all these students Mr. Barnett took living interest, helping many over difficulties, financial, intellectual, or social. The Committee, which included the Rev. Dr. Percival, the Rector of Exeter College, Mr. Oscar Browning, Mr. G. N. Richardson—the Principal of the Day Training College at Oxford—and representatives of the National Union of Teachers, the Teachers' Guild, the Metropolitan Board Teachers' Association, and the Metropolitan Centre Teachers' Association, always met in our house, and sometimes I gave tea to the would-be scholars while they waited, feeling the indignation which so often consumes me that men ready to use their brains for the public service should have to ask for charity to enable them to do so. They worked splendidly, and in 1903 my husband wrote with pride that—

> Ten of the pupil-teacher scholars have gained honours, six in the first class, in the past year, and their predecessors are fast mounting the ladder of the teaching profession.

If I were writing my own life I should want at least two chapters to tell of the Girls' Pupil Teacher Association which arose at the same time as that of the boys. Mrs. Fawcett was the first President, but during our journey round the world—1890–91—the governing body elected me, *nolentem volentem*, to that honourable post, which I held to the last hour of the Association's life, an hour passed in the Council-chamber of the L.C.C., when, sitting in that exalted chair, I was surprised into speechlessness by wonderful gifts with affectionate inscriptions from our 2,300 members.

What good times we had in those twenty years! Twelve centres all over London from Battersea to Poplar, from Woolwich to Chelsea. Twelve hon. secretaries with their

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girl Committees and network of reading parties, and tennis, hockey, and swimming clubs. Twelve lectures, one in each term in the centres, on some literary, historical, or scientific subject *not* in the curriculum. Twelve rambles into glorious Surrey and among Kentish lanes; and then the annual inter-central functions. How splendid they were for girls and ladies alike!

Deep in my memory are many of the twenty visits paid alternately to Oxford[1] and Cambridge, when our hosts included the Master of Balliol, Professor and Mrs. Max Müller, Sir John Gorst, Mr. Phelps of Oriel, Sir John and Lady Burdon-Sanderson, Mrs. T. H. Green, Sir William and Lady Markby, Mrs. Henry Sidgwick, Professor and Mrs. Mac-Alister, Mr. and Mrs. Rackham, Miss Hughes, the Vice-Chancellor, and above them all in the girls' eyes, Miss Clough. Not to be forgotten also are the tennis tournaments, when we were welcomed in our hundreds to large and beautiful gardens, and Sir Spencer Wells, Sir Charles and Lady Elliott, Sir Samuel and Lady Montagu, Mr. and Mrs. Yarrow, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander, and fifteen other generous rich ones regaled girls and their large body of teachers and Associates to unlimited strawberries and cream, and humorous speeches.

Then there were the twenty expeditions to St. Paul's and the Abbey, conducted by Dean Bradley, Canon Scott Holland, the Bishop of Stepney, and that little lady of large knowledge, Mrs. Alick Murray Smith. And it is not possible to count the personally conducted visits to picture-galleries and museums; but we went and saw everything, including the studios of Mr. Watts, Sir Frederick Leighton, Mr. Thornycroft, Mr. Roscoe Mullins, and Sir Hubert Herkomer. Delightful also were the annual musical parties in beautiful houses, among which were Lady Battersea's, Lord Brassey's, Sir Edwin and Lady Durning Lawrence's. So was the sight of the Queen's Hall quite full of young teachers breathlessly listening to the performances of their competing choirs, judged by no less a person than Sir Hubert Parry. Then they learnt to swim. Oh! the noise of those swimming competitions, and the extraordinary ease with which girls learnt aquatic feats!

[1] One teacher, now the head of her staff, has written:
"I have a clear recollection of a day at Oxford, and Canon Barnett, surrounded by young teachers under a tree in a college garden, reading to them that wonderful Russian story *Ivan Ivanovitch*."

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And the conferences at Toynbee Hall! The hum of the 200 or 300 girls can still be conjured up from the recesses where interesting memories live, and their bright, eager faces, as they discussed their winter plans and demanded the impossible, are not likely to fade. Then, too, there was the hymnology competition started by Mr. Aldis, H.M. Inspector, and the honorary members' branch which Miss Townsend worked, of young teachers who, having grown beyond the pupil-teacher stage, yet refused to leave us. The founding of the Magazine—1896—was a great event, and its vellum-bound volumes were one of the gifts that I received when sitting in the exalted L.C.C. chair. The intercentral reading club, too, was very interesting, but of it an old member wishes to report:

Mrs. Barnett's Reading Club held its monthly meetings in her large artistic Whitechapel drawing-room. In the summer we were bidden to the Hampstead Cottage; there we conscientiously carried on the discussion under the elm trees, occasionally taking peeps at the celebrated view through the pines. The nucleus of the Club were the Stepney pupil teachers. Many of us remained members after we had taken our places in the teaching world. There were also West End friends whose education had been obtained in different environments. They were a great addition to the intellectual capital of our Club.

The book was usually a novel, and was selected by votes and perused at home. At the next meeting three papers were read on it—one by an ex-member, one by a P.T., and one by a visitor. After the papers the talk was vigorous. Mrs. Barnett had a rare capacity for bringing out the best efforts of everybody. She sometimes startled us out of conventional lines of thought and compelled us to consider questions afresh. At the end she summed up what had been said. Many of us treasure those speeches. Then ideals were faced, hopes inspired, and brave maintenance of the best insisted on. Our influence on the children was never omitted, and homely illustrations of our difficulties surprised us, but then Mrs. Barnett had taught and loved some sorts of children.

If there was time we persuaded her to read poetry to us. She liked Browning, and though some asked for Longfellow, we got Browning.

"Not understand him?" she would say—"you have not tried. I will introduce you," and she did.

After the discussion we all had tea (out of the best cups), and cakes, and then went home. Mrs. Bannister never missed, and Miss Brooks, and Miss Penstone. We are all grateful. Some of us got a new direction to our views of our profession.

Yes! to tell of the girls' side of the L.P.T.A. would take quite two chapters, but it was my work and not my husband's, and is only mentioned here so that the atmosphere of our home can be understood, and to say of my work, as he so often did of his, that I could not have done it without

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him. We, like the centres, were individual but interdependent. Of the work itself Mr. Barnett wrote:

1892.—If it be remembered that the time of these pupil teachers is divided between teaching at a Board School and learning at a "centre," it will be seen how valuable must be the effort which brings them into touch with sister-women whose lives have fallen in other surroundings and which shows them something of the art, the literature, and buildings which put a past and a future around the present.

To his brother Mr. Barnett often wrote of the young teachers:

March 1885.—On Wednesday we had a party of girl pupil teachers. They are better stuff than the boys, but not very hopeful as the mothers of the future—mothers in more senses than one.

May 1885.—Y—— has just been holding forth to the P.Ts. and is impressed by their inferiority to other girls of the same age. I wish I could rouse someone to run a tilt against education which has the faults of the law which Paul condemned.

July 1888.—My wife is off to Cambridge with 100 pupil teachers. She is very well and has taken great pains in organising the party. I am going with a lot of Toynbee students to Taplow, so we shall not meet till the evening.

I have spoken of the last hour of the Association's life being that passed in the London County Council chamber, but there was yet another, for some of us felt the Association had meant so much to the lives and characters of teachers and taught, that we wished to thank God. So with Dean Robinson's co-operation, a great service was arranged in the Abbey to which our Association members—some grey-headed—came in their hundreds, and to them Canon Barnett preached, saying again in that sanctified Worship House what he had often told us in the Toynbee rooms.

It is not until teachers look into the mystery which ever lies beyond the limits of what they know, that they will truly exercise their functions as guides of those who, more than any others, hold the destiny of the nation.

And after the service came the handshakes and the farewells, and in some cases tears, and so the Association ended: but not so its friendships. They exist still.

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Canon Barnett's relations with teachers were deep if somewhat complex. Believing as he did that the revelation of God to our time came by knowledge, he paid homage to their calling, but was in consequence severe when it had been adopted from poor motives and was carried on unworthily. Of all the sins committed by stumbling humanity he was hardest on self-satisfaction, counting humility the greatest virtue, and conceit the dead wall which blocked progress. To this fault the teachers have special temptations.

For some of his teacher friends, such as Mr. Winkworth, Mr. Widdowson, Miss Hickling, Miss Wild, Miss Penstone, Miss Davies, Miss Jenkins, Mr. Levy, Miss Harris, and Mr. Polyblank, he had unstinted admiration, holding that their devotion to the dullest duty, their self-forgetting ingenuity in initiating fresh methods of developing the characters of the children, made them worthy of every honour. But it was just because these men and women showed in themselves the heights to which members of the teaching profession could attain, that Mr. Barnett regretted the lower plane on which the majority moved and were content to move.

To F. G. B., 1887.—On Thursday we had a party of elementary teachers. They are a set who need culture. We had thirty conceitedly ignorant, comfortably ugly men and women, to whom is entrusted the power once held by students and priests. We brought them face to face with Holman Hunt and other real creatures, people who know and unconsciously teach humility.

To F. G. B., 1890.—On Tuesday Dr. Abbott dined with us and addressed 120 teachers on Bible teaching. He was very good, at once free and reverent, true and tender. The teachers showed a want of earnestness and some who spoke confessed to care only for the emancipation which comes from liberalism. The truth is that life to most is not serious, and so they do not care for a guide-book.

To F. G. B., 1891.—On Tuesday we were overwhelmed by 300 teachers who came to an evening party in greater numbers than they had promised. They came too early and were aggressive in their gratitude. Dear me! the teachers do want to be sent on the quest of the Holy Grail. They are so cocky and so ignorant.

It was my husband's reverence for little children and his limitless faith in humanity, if it were properly educated,

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that caused him to demand sacrifices from those who had elected to teach. Thus the appeal of teachers to the protection of a trade union, when proposals were made for the good of the children, aroused him as few things did, and was among the influences which caused him to advocate the abolition of the School Boards, which he believed were too much controlled by their teaching staff. Perhaps Mr. Barnett's keenest disappointment was the limitation of teachers' interests by the requirements of their profession, and their indifference to knowledge unless it told on their salaries. He used to make many inquiries as to how the holidays had been spent, and be both indignant and pitiful when it came out that enough money had been wasted at Margate or Blackpool in frivolous excitements to have paid for a visit to Brittany or Switzerland, or a tour to inspect castles, cathedrals, canals, or anything that meant intelligent effort.

But if he was severe on the teachers' self-complacency and self-seeking, the moment that they turned towards the land from which they could get wider views and breathe rarer moral atmosphere, it was his hand and voice which helped and cheered them as they mounted the hill Difficulty. For them all he demanded better education and greater liberty.

The first step in Education reform is improved training for teachers, and second is greater liberty for such teachers to use their own methods to reach their own end. Vain is it for anyone to think that by rules and regulations he can secure the real education of the people. Character is the chief element in good teaching, and character is the only product worth considering. When our system is such as to establish as teachers men and women who "think clearly, feel deeply, and bear fruit well," men and women who have the power to teach with authority; when we have such teachers, we shall have people able to choose the good and refuse the evil, taught both how to enjoy the world and also how to enjoy God.

For forty-five years Mr. Barnett's desire to obtain better equipment for teachers never weakened, and when he was relieved from the strain of actual school management he used his pen from the seclusion of the Abbey Cloisters with vigorous frequency. It is impossible to summarise a hundred articles, but the desire to break down professional as well as class barriers, and to open the best to all who would take it, runs through them all.

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Among my treasured though not beautiful possessions is a framed photograph bearing the inscription "Presented to Mr. and Mrs. Barnett by the teachers in residence at Wadham College, August 1889, as a token of their appreciation of the services rendered by them to the cause of education." How they came to be "in residence in Wadham College" can be told by reprinting the leaflet which announced the plan in 1885.

1885.—On the suggestion of the Rev. S. A. Barnett, the Master and Fellows of Balliol College, Oxford, have made arrangements for receiving in College for the three weeks from Saturday, August 1st, 1885, to Saturday, August 22nd, about twenty teachers from the London Elementary Schools.

Lectures on various subjects will be given by members of the University; they will also be ready as far as possible to give advice and information to those teachers who are preparing for examinations.

The College Library will be open for several hours every day, and permission to use other Libraries can be had on application.

There will be opportunities for boating and cricket, and for excursions to places of interest in the neighbourhood.

The Visitors will be lodged and boarded in College at a weekly charge of £1 1*s.*; this will cover all items except beer, wine, or spirits.

They will be expected to conform to the ordinary rules of College discipline. The College gates are closed at 10 p.m. during the vacation.

In 1886 Sir William Markby and Dr. W. W. Jackson wrote the Report. In it they say that thirty men were received in Balliol and eighteen in Exeter, and that—

The schoolmasters expressed a strong sense of the benefit they had derived from their stay in Oxford. They showed a keen appreciation of the lectures given to them as something different both in kind and degree from the instruction they had previously received. They had also plainly conceived a warm attachment to the University, and had gained an entirely new insight into the services which the University is capable of rendering to the general education of the country.

From the inception of the plan Mr. J. Murray Macdonald[1] took the responsibility of the headship of the party. He lectured every working day, and by Mr. Jowett's desire attendance at his lectures was compulsory. Thus for eight years all the teachers came under the influence of a character which, by its simple directness, its unquestioning subservience of private to public aims, and its intuitive recognition of the spiritual life as the only basis for conduct, could not fail to do all men good.

In 1887 the invitations came from Merton and Jesus,

[1] The Right Hon. J. Murray Macdonald, M.P., author of *European International Relations* and *The Constitutional Reconstruction of the Empire.*

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and forty men went into residence for two weeks. The next year the plans were more ambitious and the period of the visit was extended to a month divided into two terms. Fifty-two men went up, some of whom stayed the whole month, the tuition being generously given by fellows and tutors, who kindly stayed up during the time the teachers were in Oxford.

From these visits grew the Teachers' University Association, which, with Mr. Barnett as President, strove to "promote the training of teachers at the Universities." The Committee included:

T. H. Warren, M.A., President of Magdalen College, Oxford.
Rev. W. W. Jackson, M.A., Rector of Exeter College, Oxford.
Rev. E. H. Bradby, D.D., formerly Head Master of Haileybury.
Rev. J. Percival, D.D., Head Master of Rugby.
Sir W. Markby, D.C.L., Fellow of Balliol and All Souls', Oxford.
J. Murray Macdonald, Esq., 15, Thurlow Road, Hampstead.
H. Dixon, M.A., F.R.S., Professor of Chemistry, Victoria University.
Rev. M. Creighton, D.C.L., Dixie Professor of Ecclesiastical History, Cambridge.
Donald Macalister, M.D., University Lecturer in Medicine, Cambridge.
Dr. Gladstone, Vice-Chairman School Board for London.
Rev. Mark Wilks, Member of the School Board for London.
W. Roston Bourke, F.E.I.S., Member of the School Board for London.
E. B. Sargant, M.A., Secretary, Education Reform League.
R. G. Scott, M.A., Fellow and Tutor, Merton College, Oxford.
J. B. Bury, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin.
Right Hon. A. J. Mundella, M.P.
Mrs. Barnett.

Various means were adopted to push the scheme, and there were many deputations, one to Sir William Hart Dyke—May 21st, 1887—headed by Professor Stuart, M.P.; another to the authorities at Oxford; and a third to the National Union of Teachers; while of conferences, meetings, etc., there was no end. To them all Mr. Barnett gave close attention and directing sympathy, even when the inability to be in several places at once hindered his presence. For years the Association continued to use its influence for obtaining the highest education for teachers, holding as its principle the words my husband wrote long before Toynbee Hall was founded:

1879.—I would repeat my belief that the education of the people will not be satisfactory till it is widened by the introduction of interesting subjects taught by more widely taught teachers.

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Such a teacher . . . will give to the children the interest which will kindle their intelligence and will teach unconsciously lessons which will make life better worth living.

Only a few teachers could, however, go to Oxford, and therefore in Whitechapel opportunities of obtaining wider knowledge were offered, not only through the classes open to all comers, but by a Teachers' Association. Thus to a very large number of serious-minded men and women, Toynbee Hall became their intellectual home, and Mr. R. W. Kittle their revered godfather. Of his influence even he was not aware, but his humility, gentle courtesy, and penetrating common-sense unconsciously rebuked conceit, restrained obtrusiveness, and banished pretensions, while his dedicating religion silently convicted the easy-going.

"Imagine a Toynbee gentleman wearing patched boots," the Canon overheard a young teacher say.

"Why not? It's Mr. Kittle," was the reply of one who had learnt to understand something of the character great enough to ignore conventions.

It is impossible to report the meetings, conferences, lectures, rambles, excursions that grew up under Mr. Kittle's fostering care. They ranged from a course on "Board School Sore Throats" and "Thrift in Schools," to "Teaching of History to Children" and "The Ethics of the Playground." Men and women at the top of the profession, such as Mrs. Bryant, Canon Glazebrook, Archdeacon Wilson, Miss Beale, Dr. Percival, Dr. Abbott, Dr. Alex. Hill, and Dr. W. W. Jackson came to speak to the elementary teachers and to build bridges over the gulf between different classes in the same profession. The spirit in which they were welcomed is best indicated by quotations from Toynbee publications.

1889.—In dealing with teachers, we possess peculiar advantages. Our own education has fitted us to some extent to feel with and assist them; and the University Extension Society, as it has here developed, with first-rate lectures and a keen organic life—democratic, modest, and intelligent—offers exactly the aid which our teachers, living for the most part in great intellectual isolation, and working under a system of all-engrossing "standards," are most in need of.

1892.—About 100 teachers from the nine Limehouse and St. George's Schools met in the drawing-room on April 12th for a chat with each other... At ten o'clock the Warden conducted the party round the Exhibition, and expounded the pictures in his best form. Needless to say he thoroughly

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interested his audience, some of whom came up afterwards with parties of their school children, and passed on the impressions they had received in their quiet private view. . . The thought of the immense leverage of such a body of teachers, if set single-heartedly to raise our young citizens, is most inspiring.

1898.—Toynbee's connection with the schools has many attractions. Residents who are quite unfit to influence the "lowest five per cent." find their opening among teachers and children. The teachers, with intellectual interests awakened by their training, find a genial sphere in the intellectual life of Toynbee Hall, and the young graduate, anxious to help, finds men and women able to make use of him.

At many of the meetings for, or conferences with, teachers, the Warden either took the chair, or if he could not spare the whole evening, went in to welcome them or to bring a pithy thought to the subject under discussion. His chief contribution was given by Bible classes which he usually took himself, though for the sessions of 1886 and 1887 Canon Bradby, D.D., took a course on "The History of the Books of the Bible," and in 1890 Dr. Abbott conducted some memorable meetings. Dear to Mr. Barnett's heart was the study of the Bible. In 1881 he wrote to the parishioners:

It is impossible to teach the Bible by means of sermons; the Book must be studied and understood as other books are. Such students would not only find a new literary pleasure, but also learn that religion rests on a firmer base than men's childish memories or emotions.

It is a favourite dream of mine that some day such students may meet in church, and together reverently work out the meaning of old words.

The "dream" of discussing in church was never carried out, for people were shy, and it is foolish to try to get over two stiles at the same time; but for years groups of people, chiefly teachers, met either in the Vicarage or Toynbee Hall drawing-rooms and "communed earnestly" together. In these classes difficulties were boldly faced, and though sometimes time was wasted on what people rather boastfully called "doubts" and which could be more truthfully dubbed ignorance, yet that no subject was shirked or tabooed created confidence for those who were reverently seeking light.

In 1898 a course on the "Religion of the Hebrews" gave Mr. Barnett opportunity for showing how wonderful was that nation, and how essential is the understanding of the

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Old Testament to the valuing of the New. The following year lessons on *The Pilgrim's Progress* surprised those who heard them, as wells of spiritual fancy were opened and imagery deeper than fact explained. Further courses were taken on the Miracles, St. Mark's Gospel, St. Paul's teaching, and the importance of chronology in the evolution of religion. For some of the sessions' work careful syllabuses were prepared. On other occasions Mr. Barnett shortly introduced the subject and invited immediate discussion with a freedom which shocked some good people. From his long experience of teaching religion to children he was able to realise and solve many of the difficulties of teachers, whom he always counselled to teach nothing but what they believed to be true, and neither to trade on children's credulity nor to anticipate their scepticism. On the much debated subject of religious teaching in the schools he has written:

> Religious education can only be undertaken by religious persons. They who themselves hear the spirit-voices will teach the children also; they who know that right is might will be able to make others understand that "right is right, since God is God, and right the day must win"; they who through Jesus Christ have found peace and joy in union with God will alone be able to preach Him as the Way, the Truth, and the Life. . .
>
> Religious education must be trusted to religious people, and what electors should demand from candidates is not pledges about hours and books of instruction, but the assurance that they love truth and goodness, and will choose as teachers men and women who will say what they believe, and do what they know to be right.

No one knows, but he and I, of the fruit of these classes, and often I have been thanked for his lessons with such words as:

> "It is not possible to describe the difference the class has made to me. I see now that there are bigger things than stumbling-blocks, and the children shall be told to see them too."

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CHAPTER XXVIII

"As the workman gets more leisure—not enough to make him dull as leisure now makes many of the rich dull—he will find excitement in thinking, in beauty, and travel."

"It must be clearly borne in mind that the societies are not classes. In them there is neither teacher nor taught. They are groups of men and women who, interested in the same subjects, meet together to exchange thoughts and obtain information, and appeal especially to those minds who find their happiest exercise not along the beaten track of class lessons, but in self-guided speculation and inquiry."

These words explain the Toynbee societies which elected their own officers and met their own expenses, though the Council gave them house-room and hospitality. There were a large number, the following being the most important:

Adam Smith Club.
Antiquarian Society.
Art Students' Club.
Athletic Association.
Camera Club.
Chess Club.
Economic Club.
Education Reform League.
Elizabethan Literary Society.
Ethical Society.
Football Club.
Guild of Compassion.
Leonardo Sketching Club.
Life-saving Club.
Limehouse and Poplar Students' Union.
London Pupil Teachers' Debating Society.
Library Readers' Union.
Literary Association.
Literary and Discussion Society.
Natural History Society.
Nursing Society.
Old Students' Association.
Orchestral Society.
Philosophical Society.
Popular Musical Union.
Sanitary Aid Society.
Scientific Reading Society.
Shakespeare Society.
Students' Union.
St. John Ambulance Brigade.
Society for helping women and girls.
Swimming Club.
Teachers' University Association.
Travellers' Club.
Vigilance Society.
Workmen's Travelling Club.

Some of the societies had many members, others but few. Under the wonderful leadership of Mr. G. L. Bruce, that founded in 1886 for the study of natural history numbered 192, and had botanical, geological, and entomological sections.

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1892.—Its fortunes have fluctuated. For a time the first enthusiasm fell off, but the last two or three years have seen a great revival. This summer there have been two main excursions, one in June to the New Forest, and one in July to Dartmoor, the former specially for Botany, the latter for Geology. About twenty went on each excursion and lived in tents for about a week. The cost was 23*s.* for one and 42*s.* for the other. . .

Various classes have grown out of the Society, and monthly meetings are held to hear lectures, see specimens, and foster good fellowship. . . If old members will still work hard themselves, and welcome all who are willing to work hard, however little they know, the Society will not exist in vain.

Seven years later the following programme showed the life and energy of the Natural History Society to be unabated :

1899.—List of Lectures :
October 3rd.—" Plant Mosaics," by A. G. Tansley, M.A., F.L.S.
November 7th.—" Volcanoes," by A. M. Davies, B.Sc., F.G.S.
December 5th.—Entomological paper by J. S. Sequeira, M.R.C.S.
January 9th.—President's Address.
February 6th.—" Some Pond Life Studies," by D. J. Scourfield.
March 6th.—" Bacteria as Friends of Man," by V. H. Blackman, M.A.
April 10th.—" The Geological History of Plants," by G. E. Shaw.
May 1st.—" Fruits and Seeds of British Plants," by T. A. Dymes.
June 5th.—" The Flora of the Tyrol," by Dr. Stapf.

Excursions were arranged to the following places : Brighton Downs, Sevenoaks, Leith Hill, Hayes and Keston, Chingford, Caterham, Redhill, Burnham-on-Crouch, Reigate, Felday (four days Easter), Burnham Beeches, Aylesbury, Loughton, Limpsfield, Chorley Wood, Hayling Island (three days at Whitsuntide), Weybridge, Broxbourne, Chatham, and Switzerland (three weeks).

Entrance fee, 1*s.* Annual subscription, 1*s.*

But no bald facts can express the value of the work of the society or its virile influence on the minds and characters of its members.

The Antiquarian Society also was large and active, and an account of its visits to old buildings, papers on brasses, investigations into ancient lore, or enjoyment of disputed points, would fill pages. The value of the societies did not, however, depend on large numbers, and those, whose members were few, often made up for the interest of excitement, by the closer relationship that exists when " two or three are gathered together." The work of the classes and the societies became very interdependent. Members often joined a society for its social interest, and thereby finding themselves stimulated to desire more knowledge, joined classes ; or else, those who sought knowledge first by direct teaching, and later desired the companionship of others with similar interests, became members of a society.

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The musical societies were very energetic and provided music for the social gatherings of other bodies. To Mrs. Aves' and Miss Rosabel Watson's generosity of service Whitechapel owes the series of classical concerts that were given for nearly thirty years on Sunday afternoons in the lecture-hall.

The self-government of the societies led to some interesting experiments, and it is tempting to tell of the work of Mr. R. E. Mitcheson and his philosophical followers; of Mr. A. P. Laurie and his group of seekers after scientific truth; of Mr. James Bonar and his students of economics, as well as many others. But the temptation has to be resisted, for it is of Mr. Barnett's work that this book has to tell. Of several of the societies he was asked to be President, and for all he obtained the learned among our friends to give addresses or welcome the members in interesting places. These lecturers we usually entertained at dinner at half-past six, and after coffee in the Toynbee drawing-room and talk with all and sundry, we returned at eight o'clock to the Vicarage—later the Warden's Lodge—locked the communicating doors, and really rested for an hour. At nine o'clock we again took up duty, and for the next hour or so went round the classes, visited the societies, looked in at parties to make short speeches or chat with the guests. We always divided between us what had to be done, and soon after ten o'clock our own drawing-room saw us both again, my little tea-table surrounded by lecturers, Residents, Associates, and old friends who knew we were to be then found. They were delightful opportunities for introductions between delightful people, and wider ever wider became friendship's circles.

Public service grew from some of the societies. Thus the Nursing Society—ninety-one members—stimulated by Mr. W. H. Winny's ceaseless labour, did valuable work, and pioneered some of the plans which have now become recognised municipal duties. Ailing children in schools were visited, the sick attending the out-patient dispensaries taught how to obey the doctor's instructions, and a friendly hold kept on all the convalescents on their return from Erskine House.

The Toynbee division of the St. John's Ambulance Brigade also existed to serve. It turned out on all occasions when crowds were expected, and we felt a thrill of pride when at King Edward's Coronation they received a cheer for their

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smart appearance. Later they carried off the Efficiency Cup presented to the best division in the Metropolitan Corps.

The Art Students' Club, under the fostering care of Mr. and Mrs. T. Hancock Nunn, discovered unexpected talent, fostered deep friendships, and provided not only many opportunities for valuing nature, but also an art-room which enabled students to do quiet work on Sundays, and humbler people to share their pleasure in beauty. The Council reported:

1902.—The Art Room was formed to carry out a hope of Mrs. Barnett, who planned to hold there a sort of picture soirée on Thursday evenings. Talks were arranged, pictures were brought, books were gathered, and some very pleasant evenings were enjoyed. Mrs. Barnett's illness took away her help, and so the plan was not kept up through the whole winter. But enough was done to show that men and women will come to look at pictures and spend quiet hours enjoying the talk of people who can tell their meaning and value. The plan lies waiting for workers.

The largest of the Toynbee societies was the Travellers' Club, numbering at its zenith 234 members. It grew out of the resolve we registered in St. Peter's at Rome, to show the St. Jude's workers some of the marvels we were enjoying. For seven years the seed lay dormant but never forgotten, and when Toynbee Hall was built and Mr. Bolton King whole-heartedly threw his life and work into East London, it became possible to bring it to fruition. Italy was our first goal, and so during the winter of 1887 the would-be travellers heard lectures, saw photographs, and read books on Italy and her history, Florence and her art, Milan and her galleries, and Antwerp and her buildings. Neither were the conditions of the countries passed *en route* neglected, and we were further instructed on Switzerland's government and Belgium's trade.

How well I recall the last meeting of that winter's work, when everyone was bubbling with excitement and we were harangued on minimum baggage, and received one of Mr. Barnett's inimitable addresses on unselfishness in travel. On our return we heard much chaff on that sermonette, it being reported by friends who had seen us in the train crossing the Alps that we were all huddled together in the centres of the carriages, everybody being too unselfish to look out of the windows in case another's view should be intercepted! However, though that was a fiction, it is true that there could not be a party more possessed with the spirit of helpfulness and camaraderie, or more prolific of jokes.

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We crossed to Antwerp on Tuesday, March 27th, 1888, and after a day spent among its wonders, occupied our special train for the night, and reached Lucerne early in the morning. There we were met by the news that an avalanche had fallen on the summit of the St. Gothard pass and that no trains were running. What was to be done? Eighty-one tired and homeless travellers, hardly any of whom had left England before! For a few moments we quailed before this breakdown in the organisation, and then the party was asked to wait, and Mr. Barnett, Mr. Bolton King, Mr. Ward, Mr. Okey, and I went off to the town to find accommodation. Of course the big noted hotels refused us, but M. Zahringer, of the Hôtel des Balances on the Reuss, considered for five minutes and then said:

"I give you eighty-one beds and three good meals for seven francs a head, and breakfast can be ready in twenty minutes after the party arrive"—and it was!

We blessed that avalanche which enabled not only Lucerne to be enjoyed, but gave us the experience of walking over the blocking snow, and incidentally some fine snowballing. The "Battle of Brugnasco" the fighters called it, while the gendarme, who solemnly took names and addresses, pronounced it "un incident incroyable." After a day at Milan we reached Florence and found much welcome. To each of us a ticket was presented franking us into all the galleries, no slight privilege as it allowed many to revisit favourite pictures or to go for short times unhindered by calculation of francs.

Our days were carefully arranged. Every evening after dinner the party, which was accommodated in three hotels, met in the rooms generously lent by Dr. Coldstream, and after lectures from the Dean of Windsor,[1] Professor Villari, or "Vernon Lee," the three-fold programme for the next day was announced by Mr. Bolton King, and the eighty-one asked to select where they would go. Thus all tastes were satisfied. Mr. Barnett and I often led a group, and delightful were the mornings spent in beautiful and sunny surroundings, with those with whom we had long worked amid dirt and gloom. In the afternoons the whole party was welcomed by Italian hosts in their charming villas, or made expeditions to see the beautiful country encircling Florence. The organisation went without a hitch. Great harmony prevailed among the travellers, among whom all social classes

[1] Archbishop of Canterbury.

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were represented. In 1892, when the Toynbee Travellers' Club was fully established, it took out the following list of their members' occupations; but to our first party more Toynbee Residents were joined; and a few married friends such as Mr. and Mrs. Michael Sadler, my husband's brother and his wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Bartholomew, went with us and made for serenity.

	Women.	Men.	Total.
Civil Service: Post Office	—	10	10
„ „ Other Departments	—	8	8
Clerks and Salesmen	3	14	17
Domestic: Married	13	—	13
„ Unmarried	5	—	5
Miscellaneous: Architects (2); Basket Maker; Book-binders (2); Brush Maker; Builder; Chemist's Assistant; Hospital Nurse; L.S.B. Kindergarten Instructor; Journalists (2); Lecturers (2); Librarian; Printers (2); Reporter; Sculptor; Secretary; Shopkeepers (4); Solicitors (2); Solicitors' Clerks (2); Watchmaker; Wood-carver	7	23	30
Teachers—London School Board	45	16	61
„ Others	9	—	9
	82	71	153

Accademia delle Arte del Toynbee Hall di Londra.

È permesso al Sig. Samuel A Barnett

ed alle persone componenti la Comitiva del Toynbee Hall di Londra, di visitare gratuimente le Gallerie e Musei di Firenze.

Valevole fino a 12 Aprile, 1888.

Firenze, il 31 Marzo 1888.

IL DIRETTORE

Segretario.

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It was a great pleasure to invite some who could not otherwise have travelled to be our guests, one of whom shall tell her own tale:

On February 14th, 1888, I had a letter from Mrs. Barnett saying that a gentleman had handed £5 to her to help anyone who would like to go to Florence to do so. Would I like to avail myself of the opportunity? It would cost about £11. The letter came by the breakfast post. My acceptance was posted by 8.30 and I walked to school—Spitalfields—on air. "I want an extra week's holiday to go to Italy at Easter," I breathed to the head master. "Italy," he fairly yelled it, and understanding at last I was going with St. Jude's, he could only murmur very brokenly, "Why don't they take you all up in balloons? What next?"

The party returned by Pisa, the Genoese Riviera, and Brussels, and arrived in Whitechapel eighteen days after they had started, each £10 6*s*. 7*d*. the poorer in pocket and richer by incalculable value in the things that matter.

Soon our experiment of co-operative travelling got into the newspapers, and some wild things were written, to counteract which Mr. Barnett sent a letter to *The Spectator*, June 23rd, 1888, from which the following is taken:

The reign of the industrial spirit in modern life has its glories, but under its sway beauty is destroyed, and the half-million of people who inhabit the Tower Hamlets live under a smoke-darkened sky amid depressing surroundings. The compensation which the industrial spirit offers to men for the destruction of those things which enable them to bless God for their creation, is the possibility of travel. If our cities make a "blacker, incessanter line," and if the calm of our fathers is gone, we have the power they never enjoyed of learning the ways, the thought, the life of other countries. The possibility is, though, open only to a minority of people. It is only the few who have traditions of travel, and it has never occurred to a Trades-Union to strike for wages which will enable its members to spend an annual holiday abroad.

Such a party, however, has a record which is of public interest, and since it has been shown that the impulse which has brought to Whitechapel the best teaching of the Universities is able to carry on the teaching in Florence, it may be fairly asked—"What is the good?"

If the element of generality be gathered from recollection, the answer might be—"A sense of humility." . . .

Brought face to face in Florence with a life which expressed itself in building, in painting, in sculpture, they felt a quickening of brain as they strove to understand this new language and a widening of sympathy as they realised that success cannot

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always be measured. Arnolfo and Brunelleschi were something else than architects who built houses and churches to make money. Giotto, Fra Angelico, and Michelangelo were clearly moved by some other force than the desire to do a picture business. A party of English people might be content to be ignorant of the names of artists so long as they hold artists to be mere decorators obedient to the fancies of their paymasters; but in Florence, where art may be seen to be part of life, there can be no such content with ignorance. Questions were eagerly put as to the life of the men. It is humiliating for those who believe that all thought can be expressed by the printing-press, and all action represented by the steam-engine, to confess that men who thought as clearly as themselves and did great deeds in their day, found the expression of their thought and action in Art. It is humiliating to see that a factor is left out in our system of the universe. And at Florence many of our party realised that in their system they had left out Art. They were humbled by the new light, and perhaps also by the revelation that there are heights above the nineteenth century.

Of the value of what Mr. Barnett said, as he told unaffectedly his thoughts of the world's masterpieces, I had an evidence the other day, when the Rev. G. Hudson Shaw, lecturing at the Hampstead Garden Suburb Institute on "Mediæval Florence," startled me by attributing his care for art to that Italian visit.

"To me those three weeks were more fruitful than my four years at Oxford," sounded like exaggeration, but from others has come similar testimony, and only last week I saw a letter from Mr. J. Beck Forman who told his newspaper readers of his recollections of Orcagna's picture in the Campo Santo at Pisa as seen twenty-eight years ago with Canon Barnett "of revered memory."

On several occasions Mr. Barnett and I joined the T.T.C. tours, and in 1892 we took responsibility for a party of thirty-nine, and had a glorious visit to Venice, Verona, Munich, and Cologne. As time went on the T.T.C. grew strong and vigorous, organised long and ambitious tours, and issued voluminous reports:

1892.—The Toynbee Travellers' Club has ventured on three excursions this year, the innovation being one at Whitsuntide to Paris, the special aim being to study objects connected with the French Revolution of 1789, and to the guidance of M. Emile Corra, who possesses an unrivalled knowledge of the topography of the Revolution, the party was greatly indebted. Thirty-four took part in the excursion, and stayed away for nine days at an average cost of £4 9s. 6d. per head. About forty-five joined the summer

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Swiss party; and at Easter 1892 a party of fifty-five went to Rome for what proved to be one of the most successful expeditions as yet organised by the Club. They were absent eighteen days at a cost of £13 8*s*. 1*d*. per head.

1897.—The Toynbee Travellers, happy in their years of wandering, have signalised the year 1896 by an enterprising and successful Expedition to Iceland, and Easter of 1897 by another to Spain. Our grandfathers would have rubbed their eyes on being told that the cost of the latter for twenty-four days was £16 15*s*., and perhaps they would have been still more surprised at the expedition at Whitsuntide when eight days were spent in Normandy at a cost of £4 7*s*. 3*d*.

The periodic meetings in the Toynbee drawing-room were pleasant occasions when old friends met, heard new experiences, cemented friendships, and enjoyed the club's really splendid trophies. For twenty-five years the club lived, and then formally dissolved itself, at its annual general meeting, October 23rd, 1913. At first it kept its original intention of providing co-operative travel for those who were studying together, but later the voting decided to open the club to elected outsiders. From that time it lost its chief significance, and in spite of Mr. Thomas Okey's, Mr. A. C. Hayward's, and Mr. F. V. Turpin's splendid gifts of service, the progress of its barque was not without storms.

Through all its vicissitudes Mr. Barnett remained the club's President and its friend, though his faithfulness forced him to action which sometimes strained the relationship, as, for instance, when the club claimed the right to invite to its meetings anyone it fancied, even persons of tarnished reputation, forgetful that it was itself only the guest of Toynbee Hall, which was supported by philanthropic funds; or when it refused to welcome as club members men and women of humbler social status, or to share the collection of books, photographs, or other treasures which had accrued to it from the help of many, not always self-obtained, friends. All these difficulties have gone and need not be remembered, except that they serve to illustrate much of Mr. Barnett's work which was not a sequence of triumphal initiations, achievements, and successes, but frequently a series of disappointments in people or failures in plans, compelling acceptance of an upward path strewn with barriers, often created by trivial conventions or class snobbery—the last most active among those whose generous impulses had been warped in the struggle to raise themselves. To the end of the T.T.C.'s life the relations were harmonious and the memory of a June river excursion is full of pleasure:

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To Mrs. F. G. B., June 22nd, 1909.—On Saturday we joined the Toynbee Travellers, who kept their 21st birthday at Hampton Court. There were 215, and many of the Florence party whom you would remember. We were all very happy together in renewing memories. Bolton King was there.

We both felt very strongly that the advantages of travel should not be limited to any class, and therefore in December 1902 the Toynbee Workmen's Travelling Club was founded by Mr. H. R. Maynard and Mr. Thomas W. Glare. It was an indirect result of a Trades Union conference, and in reporting its intention the Toynbee Report said:

1903.—Partly because workmen have not secured holidays of periods but only holidays of days, partly because travel seems to involve too much adventure and money, they turn aside from proposals to spend a week or ten days on the Continent as something not for them. Ignorant that foreign travel is as easy as home travel, and that the expense of a visit to the Continent is probably less than that of a week at Margate.

Though it aimed at foreign travel, the Workmen's Travelling Club did not neglect Saturday visits to places of interest in or near London, and whole-day excursions on Whit Mondays to Oxford and Cambridge. It also visited Brussels and Antwerp, Paris and Rouen; parties of thirty to forty men leaving London on the Thursdays before Easter and returning on the following Tuesdays. In 1913 I was honoured by being elected President of the club, and greatly hoped in 1914 to have gone to Normandy with its members, but ill-health prevented, and a long afternoon that they kindly spent with me in the Garden Suburb was but a poor substitute.

It was not only for those who joined the classes or societies that higher education was provided. Every Saturday the beautifully panelled lecture-hall was freely opened to anyone who cared to listen to the distinguished men who "responded with alacrity to the invitation to come" and speak to an audience that represented no political party, no religious organisation, and whose manners and clothing gave evidence that all classes in East London were present. It was no small privilege to be introduced to mysteries new and old by those who brought for our instruction the results of their life's labours.

Mr. Barnett often told his brother of his pleasure in the lectures:

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October 23rd, 1885.—Last Saturday Lubbock gave a lecture. Most interesting was it to hear of the ants. They are our brothers and sisters, and in some way have higher developments. Perhaps indeed they have another sense which understands those vibrations which lie between the 1,300 which we hear and the millions which we see.

February 23rd, 1897.—In the evening Haweis lectured on "Music, the Art of the Age," a lecture which in one way was a model. It held the people by making them tingle with mirth while he poured in thoughts.

March 19th, 1897.—On Saturday Sir Francis Grenfell lectured on Egypt. It is always good to meet and hear men who have done brave things and he told the tale simply. On Sunday Dr. Fairbairn lectured on Luther. He is a man of whom I hold a very high opinion. He is a clear thinker and has a gift of language. Better than this he feels, and he fetched the audience while he let them into the forces which were at work behind what we call the Reformation.

On Tuesday Herkomer lectured to a room full of teachers, on "Art-teaching," and made them sit up while he told how the present system failed and what system was possible. He would set children to draw, then eliminate those obviously unfit, then teach the others by letting them see their teacher work, and calling on them to do original work. Art is, I suppose, the stimulating and the restraining of the imagination, the teaching of the sense of proportion. If this be so, how practically important it is, and how good art teaching would prevent, on one side narrowness and extravagance, on the other side indifference. These are the sins of all time.

December 11th, 1897.—As our lecturer we had Mrs. Humphry Ward, who in exquisite English gave us a paper on the "Peasant in the Novel"—a most interesting survey of 2,000 years, in which by quotations she showed how the peasant character had been illustrated, culminating in the books of the present day, of which she put Cole's *Iceland Fishers* at the top.

1890.—Lord Herschell lectured and was splendid. He did not preach, but he dug round all the arguments and the manner of life they showed, till everyone was, unknown to himself, changed. That is the way to preach, but what shrewdness of thought and what self-abnegation it shows! To-night Lord Brassey comes to dine. We get too many lords.

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The Toynbee Council also report some interesting occasions:

1886.—The Saturday popular lectures throughout the winter, which have been given by persons as eminent in their various spheres as Lord Wolseley, Mr. Tom Hughes, Mr. Lewis Morris, and Mr. Farmer, Sir John Lubbock, Sir Walter Besant, Mr. Romanes, and Mrs. Fawcett, have been well attended. Professors Seeley, Norman Lockyer, Gardiner, Tylor, Burdon-Sanderson, have also responded with alacrity to our invitations to instruct or entertain a Whitechapel audience, and Mr. John Farmer has delivered lectures on the teaching of music to the Board School masters of the neighbourhood.

I well recall my husband's enthusiastic description of Mr. Marconi's new discovery, which was first publicly shown in our lecture-hall.

"It will bring mankind together," he said, "and make for peace and goodwill."

The Westminster Gazette described the occasion—December 12th, 1896:

Mr. W. H. Preece, the telegraphic expert of the Post Office, had a surprise in store for his audience at Toynbee Hall on Saturday night, when he lectured, under the presidency of Canon Barnett, on "Telegraphy without Wires." . . . Towards the close of his lecture he announced that a Mr. Marconi, a young Italian electrician, came to him recently with a system of telegraphy without wire, depending not on electro-magnetic but on electrostatic effects—that is to say, on electric waves set up of a much higher rate of vibration, 250,000,000 a second in fact. These vibrations were projected through space in straight lines, and could be reflected and refracted like light. . .

Mr. Marconi was present that night, and this was the first occasion on which the apparatus had been shown, except to the Government officials. . .

The apparatus was then established. What appeared to be just two ordinary boxes were stationed at each end of the room, the current was set in motion at one, and a bell was immediately rung in the other. "To show that there was no deception" Mr. Marconi held the receiver and carried it about, the bell ringing whenever the vibrations at the other box were set up.

Mr. Preece said he had had the greatest possible pleasure in telling Mr. Marconi that day that the Post Office had decided to spare no expense in experimenting with the apparatus, and one of the first trials would be from Penarth to an island in the Channel. He might add that he had the greatest faith in the apparatus. If the experiments were successful, it would be of inestimable value to our ships, for it would provide an easy way of communicating with lightships and lighthouses. Neither day nor night made any difference, neither rain nor snow would interfere with them, and if the invention was what he believed it to be, our mariners would have been given a new sense and a new friend which would make navigation infinitely easier and safer than it now was.

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We were really very grateful to all these public-spirited and delightful people who shared their best thoughts with our neighbours, but sometimes I fear we forgot to say so.

"The odd part of it is," said Canon Ainger to a mutual friend, "that the Barnetts rarely thank you, but take it for granted that you should come and give gratis what you usually receive a useful cheque for; but then they live there, and we only go for an evening once a year. That is their pull."

At the Saturday and Sunday lectures the audience were not expected to speak, but on Thursday evenings they were encouraged to debate. As long ago as 1879 Mr. Barnett and Mr. James Bryce had begun the plan in relation to their work with the Liberal Three Hundred—in the hope of teaching the voters what they were voting about.

The "Literary and Discussion Society," as it was then called, met in our small, dark, up-the-passage school-rooms; but when Toynbee was built, it moved into the lecture-hall. From the beginning it attracted a class of men who rarely attended lectures, and the introduction of the soothing but hardly fragrant pipe resulted in keeping women out, and bringing in the audience for whom the debates were arranged. Of these debates the Toynbee Report said:

1898.—A reproach sometimes levelled at Toynbee Hall, that it caters rather for the "middle" than for the "working" class, does not apply, at least, to the Debates. It is, of course, true that the "middle class" is predisposed to swallow with avidity whatever it believes to represent the culture of the upper ten thousand, while the working man affects rather a distant independence that is easily mistaken for hostility. At any rate, it is certain that at our debates we meet the genuine British working man (not merely those of the poorer class), and perhaps a large enough selection (for the weekly audience averages 200 to 250) to enable us to judge of his views and ideals, his knowledge and his prejudices. . .

Though the bulk of the audience is Radical in sympathies, very few evenings have passed without the discussion having a real educational value, making it clear to those who were present that most questions are many-sided. On the whole, these evenings have been a great success; the audiences have been large and rightly composed, the temper good, and the discussions keen; the debates have earned a good reputation for their fairness, their interest, their value, and, on the whole, their thoroughness.

Descriptions of a few of these evenings are worth reprinting, all the more because they are dated twenty-seven years ago:

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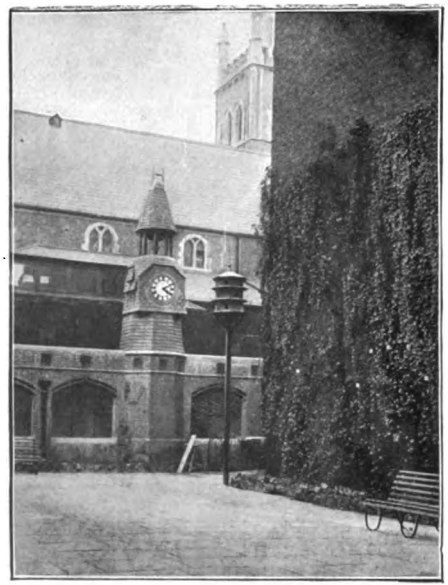

THE EAST END OF THE TOYNBEE QUAD.

Showing St. Jude's Church in the background, and the "Bolton King" clock.

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THE TOYNBEE LIBRARY.

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1889.—Our first debate this season took place on October 3rd, when Mr. Ben Tillett introduced "The Future of the Dockers' Union." The hall was crowded to overflowing with the "dockers," flushed by their recent victory. Great enthusiasm prevailed, and the success of the Union is assured if the men remain in their present frame of mind.

1889.—Mr. George Smith, of Coalville, opened a debate on "Gipsies and Tramps." Again our hall was crowded to excess. Much amusement was caused by one of the debaters, a tramp who related his experiences of many casual wards. He said it was impossible to get a day's work after spending a night in the workhouse, as the task work to be done kept one too late on the following morning. He also referred to the disheartening effect of some of the work, and related a case in point where (at Yarmouth) casuals had to shovel ballast through a hole, and when they had finished they were marched round and told to shovel it back again. Surely we might learn something of the dignity of labour from the "casual" view.

1889.—A very crowded gathering filled the hall to overflowing, showing the great interest which East London takes in the subject of "Sugar Bounties," which Mr. David Martineau opened. He tried very hard, with all his special knowledge, to prove that the imposition of a duty on bounty-fed sugar would not increase its price, and that this imposition was in thorough accord with the principles of free trade. . . The audience, however, would have none of this; they would not be persuaded into refusing the bounties which foreign nations taxed themselves to give us.

The history of the debates was a chequered one. Sometimes it seemed useless to provide a meeting-place where rank rubbish was talked by the audience, but then again there was always the three-quarters of an hour during which everyone listened to an expert, and there were the twenty minutes when in reply he again showed wisdom. Also there was the large body of silent listeners; and the gradual development of a conscience of what was or was not advisable to be said. The tone of the meeting was a sensitive thermometer to public events, and my husband was more than once urged at periods of social unrest to withdraw the opportunities of meeting, but his conviction that good was stronger than evil prevailed, and he never closed the debates. He used to argue also that the very violence of some of the speakers' enmity towards law and right would, by the principle of opposition, result in making others defend, if only mentally, what had been attacked.

The subjects of the lectures and debates and the names of those who dealt with them for two, and sometimes three, evenings a week for twenty-two years, are too many to be given; but knowing that my readers can always skip, it gives me pleasure to set out the names of some who rendered

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this service to those whose lives had little of what was best. Each person is mentioned but once, though in many cases the name covers annual visits.

1890.	Ben Tillett . .	"The Future of the Dockers' Union."
,,	Earl Compton, M.P.	"Housing of the Working Classes."
,,	H. H. Asquith, M.P.	"The House of Lords."
,,	Lord Balfour of Burleigh . . .	"Leasehold Enfranchisement."
,,	Lord Monteagle .	"Irish Land Purchase."
,,	Montague Crackanthorpe, Q.C. .	"State Socialism."
,,	Canon Wilberforce .	"Total Abstinence or Moderate Drinking."
1891.	Sir H. C. Cunningham . . .	"Has English Government helped India?"
,,	R. B. Haldane, Q.C., M.P. . . .	"The Law of Combination and Conspiracy."
,,	Sir Sydney Waterlow	"Hospitals, Voluntary or State?"
,,	Hon. Bernard Coleridge, M.P. .	"International Trades' Unions."
,,	Herbert Burrows .	"Socialism and the Unemployed."
,,	Henry Cuninghame.	"London Coal Dues."
,,	Miss Beatrice Potter	"Sweating."
1892.	Hon. E. Lyulph Stanley . .	"The School Board Election."
,,	R. T. Reid, Q.C., M.P.	"Rate-supported Free Libraries."
,,	Mrs. Fawcett. .	"Justice and Expediency."
,,	Stepniak . .	"The Russian Crisis."
,,	C. Howard Vincent, M.P. . . .	"United Empire Trade."
,,	J. A. Spender .	"Pension Schemes for Old Age."
,,	H. L. W. Lawson .	"Ought Canada to Join the United States?"
1893.	B. F. Costelloe, L.C.C.	"London Taxation."
,,	J. Murray Macdonald, M.P. . . .	"The Eight Hours' Day."
,,	Tom Mann . .	"Docks and Dockers."
,,	Lord Monkswell, L.C.C. . .	"Alien Immigration."
,,	Prof. Stuart, M.P. .	"University Teaching for Workmen."
,,	W. H. Dickinson, L.C.C. . .	"London Government."
,,	J. Fletcher Moulton, Q.C. . . .	"Our Occupation of Egypt."
1895.	Cyril Jackson, M.L.S.B. . .	"Truant and Industrial Schools."
,,	Henry Ward, L.C.C.	"The County Council Election."
,,	J. Williams Benn, M.P., L.C.C. .	"The Working Man in America."
,,	Alderman Beachcroft, L.C.C. .	"Communications with the Suburbs."
1896.	T. J. Macnamara, M.L.S.B. . .	"The People's Schools."
,,	Herbert Samuel .	"Liberalism and Social Reform."

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1896.	Sir Edward Grey, Bart. . . .	"British Foreign Policy."
1897.	Wm. Crooks, L.C.C.	"The Armenian Difficulty."
„	Hon. W. P. Reeves	"Labour Legislation for New Zealand."
„	Corrie Grant . .	"The Secrecy of Diplomatic Negotiations is no longer Desirable."
1898.	Fred Rogers . .	"Labour Movement, and 'The Man Outside.'"
1899.	L. A. Atherley Jones, Q.C., M.P. . .	"The Foreign Policy of England."
„	Mrs. Garrett Anderson, M.D. . .	"The History and Influence of Vaccination."
„	Earl of Portsmouth.	"Arbitration in Labour Disputes."
1900.	J. St. Loe Strachey.	"The Transvaal Crisis and Future of the British Empire."
„	Major Leonard Darwin . . .	"Municipal Trading."
„	J. A. Simon . .	"The Price of Imperialism."
1901.	Hilaire Belloc .	"Co-operation and Collectivism."
„	Dadabhai Naoroji .	"The Condition of India."
„	Fabian Ware. .	"Secondary Education."
„	F. W. Hirst . .	"The Budget as it Ought to be."
„	Sir W. Wedderburn	"Indian Famines."
„	Edgar Foà . .	"International Arbitration."
1902.	J. Ramsay Macdonald . .	"Labour Representatives in the 'House.'"
„	The Bishop of Stepney . . .	"Citizenship in East London."
1903.	Edward R. Pease .	"Shall we Abolish the London School Board?"
„	Dr. Farquharson, M.P. . . .	"Must Britain take a Back Seat?"
„	Percy Alden . .	"Arbitration and Conciliation."
„	G. Bernard Shaw .	"That the Working Classes are Useless, Dangerous, and Ought to be Abolished."
1904.	C. R. Buxton .	"The Macedonian Question."
„	W. H. Beveridge .	"Trade Union Legislation."
1905.	Sir John Gorst, K.C., M.P. . . .	"The Rights of Children."
„	George Lansbury .	"The Unemployed."

St. Jude's also enjoyed similar privileges, for before Toynbee Hall existed, and when the little schools were our only meeting-place, old lists show that in 1880 we were lectured by:

Alfred Milner. . .	"The State and the Duties of Rulers."
Rev. C. W. Stubbs .	"The Education of Life."
Arnold Toynbee . .	"The State and Religion."
Rev. E. C. Hawkins .	"Women and War."
Professor Bryce . .	"True Democracy."

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In whatever branch the students worked they were able to meet in the Students' Union, a large and living organisation which included them all. It was founded the year before Toynbee Hall was built, and has had so many children that its inception and birthday deserve to be chronicled. . . I give all my husband's letter in which he tells me of it, because it shows the sides of his nature not usually connected with education, but without which the education he advocated would have been a meaner, weaker product.

To H. O. B., January 19th, 1883.—The day is over. I feel wonderfully well, vigorous, and more satisfied with myself than I have felt for a long time.

Last night we had a very jolly party. About sixty University Extension students came. I addressed them. Text being "Alice Hart" and expansion being "Thoroughness." The text was inspiring, and on the whole I believe I did well. There must be more of such meetings; if thus we can weld the students together, the classes may go better.

This morning I preached and new life went into old words as I showed people what religion had to do with life. In the afternoon Gell came. His speech was too sermony. He is a Joke. He missed your presence by the appearance of the drawing-room. "Make it like her," said I. Then he began kicking the chairs over and putting things out of shape. Quite sure he could do it. I roared at him and said I would tell his "Gossip" his idea of her taste. He will come and dine with you on Saturday if you will ask him. Mr. and Mrs. S—— came to tea. He is a fair and thin-looking man, a remnant of a Stubbs. His wife loves him, so there must be something in him. He preached a simple sermon on abhorring evil. There was a very good congregation, quite 200 people I should say.

A month later, I being still away ill, my husband wrote:

To H. O. B., February 25th, 1883.—Milner brought his cousin to the party, so would not come to dinner. The party was a capital one; about eighty real students came and we formed a Students' Union. Milner made one of the merriest of speeches. The people enjoyed him.

Nine years after this "merry speech," Mr. Barnett, writing of the Students' Union, which then took in about sixty per cent. of those attending the courses, societies, and classes, said:

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1892.—The students of the University Extension Classes early discovered the power of union. Long ago when they met in St. Jude's School they realised the need of the enthusiasm which grows among those who talk together of their aims, of the widening interest which follows the contact of different minds, of the bond which holds together those who learn to know one another. A Union whose members should meet frequently at conversaziones, and during the summer join in excursions, was therefore formed, with a nominal fee. It can show a good record of work. Parties in Toynbee Hall, annual excursions to either Oxford or Cambridge, visits to parks and gardens of country friends, and many rambles. There are few Saturdays when the students of the Union do not meet to encourage one another. . . By these and other means the way of the student is made easier, and a body of opinion is being created, which ought in time to compel the careless to study.

To help the Students' Union to obtain these pleasures, Mr. Barnett used all our friends, and Mr. Boyle, who acted as his secretary for eight of the years under review, remembers hundreds of letters that were written on the subject. Cordial replies came to the requests, and the Students' Union, under the efficient management of Mr. Monk and Miss Wild, took abundant advantages of their opportunities. The leading artists invited its members to their studios, and at beautiful houses both in town and in the country they were welcomed "by request." Ever-hospitable Oxford gave them generous entertainment, and people of world-wide repute, such as Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mr. Anthony Hope, Mr. Frederic Harrison, Mr. Leslie Stephen, Sir Sidney Lee, Sir Henry Roscoe, Mr. Oscar Browning, Mr. William Morris, Sir A. Conan Doyle, shared with them their literary or artistic harvests. Each year also the Students' Union went touring, sometimes for four or five days' jaunts at Easter or Whitsun in England, sometimes on the Continent.

To Mr. Barnett all this was wholly good, but I was not so happy at so much hospitality being lavished on men and women just because they had joined a class and paid 1*s*. a year towards its social side. It was different when the members were teachers who by enriched minds unconsciously enriched those of their pupils; but to expend so much work and to use up so much influence to provide social evenings and Saturday outings for clerks, shop assistants, factory foremen, and sons and daughters of

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tradesmen seemed to me but a new form of pauperising, especially for a class never backward in obtaining pleasure.

"If they would each do more public service it would be all right," I would argue to my husband, "but the majority accept all and give nothing."

"They will learn the joy of giving when they know more," he would reply. "At least in a small way luxuries are being nationalised."

Perhaps he was right. He usually was, but I felt that, in any case, the opportunity of service for others should be offered to those who themselves were being served so generously.

One afternoon in 1898 Mrs. Winkworth was entertaining the Union; the apple blossom was out, and the gardens and tennis lawns were aglow with May sunshine, abetting by their lavish beauty our hostess, whose hospitality included the sharing of her home treasures as well as much dainty food. As I sat in the verandah I told a few of my women friends what I thought.

"Can you wait here," said Miss Wild and Miss Hickling, "while we all go and fetch some of the others, and then will you say again to them what you have just said to us?"

Each messenger brought back a few friends until a little crowd had gathered, and to them all I told of the workhouse wards where the aged sat day after day joyless, without duties or interests, waiting for death; of the rough girls whose whole lives could be transfigured by the gift of some months' training; of ailing little children who could be received into the country and made stronger if they could be cleaned and planned for; of the need for service in countless ways that were not dramatic nor even interesting. Then I said, too, though it required some tact—for while one pleaded for those who suffered, one had to avoid causing the suffering of offence—that the Students' Union was ever receiving hospitality without even proposing to offer the sacrifice of time, strength, or money involved in making a return. How could any of those present give Mrs. Winkworth pleasure? It was not possible, but it was possible to accept her gifts and pass them on.

This talk founded the "Toynbee Guild of Compassion." Its name was perhaps more fanciful than I should have selected, but from the first hour that the ladies met in the Warden's Lodge drawing-room, they governed the society, and from it many sad lives have been gladdened and ennobled.

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The necessary funds were obtained by a large working party of the students which met every Tuesday evening, be the weather cold or hot, wet or dry, and the work undertaken by the Guild rapidly grew, until it included:

(*a*) A Training Home for Girls.
(*b*) Clothing and preparing the inmates of a home for sick children supported by a friend.
(*c*) Flower Shows in the Toynbee Quad.
(*d*) Small parties of old workhouse women taken to spend afternoons in friends' houses.
(*e*) "At Homes" to old men and women long ago cast as useless on the rubbish-heap of humanity.
(*f*) Concerts and entertainments given in the wards of asylums or infirmaries.
(*g*) Small groups of children taken for rambles.
(*h*) Monthly meetings of the convalescents and girls who had been in Erskine House.

All unpretentious labours, not undertaken to reorganise society, but to uplift or comfort a few who had "fallen by the way," and all salted by the sacrifice of time and force, given by those whose self-support demanded most of both. To the Guild my husband rendered the sustaining sympathy he offered to each of my duties, taking the chair when I was ill, and always putting in an appearance and buying what no one else wanted at the sales the sewing party held.

Mr. Barnett believed that every society should aim at so bettering conditions that it should extinguish itself, and he gave twenty years as the legitimate limit of a charitable society's life. The Guild of Compassion has nearly reached that limit, and it still lives its kind life.

Are social conditions worse, or do I feel them more because, after thirty-three years in Whitechapel, I now live alone amid the beauty of the Hampstead Garden Suburb? I cannot tell, but never did I so realise the cruel kindness of the poor-law system than when I helped twenty-two old ladies out of the brake which had brought them from the Whitechapel workhouse to my door. Ugly and uniform clothing; sterile and forbidding faces; gauche and suspicious manners; silent and antagonistic attitude to each other—but who can wonder if love flags among those who are herded together without individual interests? My neighbours had as usual been kind, and came each to take two guests, so that at least for one afternoon they should be addressed by their names and asked if they liked sugar

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in their tea. And in the evening they came back, arm in arm with their hostesses, whose gardens had paid toll, their faces softened, enlivened, their ways gentler, their hearts full of gratitude. Good God! what a difference—and these are our nation's old folk who have been taught life's lessons by toil and sacrifice. These are the unpaid teachers of consideration, pity, self-control, wanted by grand-children in numberless houses, and we shove them all together out of sight, and into barrack wards.

Why?

Why? Oh! because rent is so dear.

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LETTERS, 1886 TO 1895

These letters have been selected from an enormous correspondence. In some cases I have united passages from more than one letter, in others only portions are printed, but the date sequence has been carefully preserved. They have all been chosen to illustrate my husband's work or to show some trait in his character.

ST. JUDE'S VICARAGE, WHITECHAPEL, 1886.

MY DEAR FRANK,

We have seen a good deal of Seeley. He is good company but a bit vain. He sums up Gladstone's character as essentially Catholic, and so considering truth to be "what is everywhere believed," viz. the old Catholic doctrine. When I said "the worship of the jumping cat," his answer was, "Yes, *Cat* holic." Joking apart, he does suggest a key to the strength and weakness of G.O.M. . .

All minds are occupied by Home Rule. I keep firm to the principle, but I distrust Gladstone; he is such a manager somehow. I should like a Resolution carried and his Bill sent back. Days are coming when the believers in a future must act and speak. There are many signs of the decline of Rome in our midst, and those who see that there is a future better than any past, must grapple with it and make it understood. The sad thing of all crises is the way in which good people use their strength in trying to restore the old. . . I can't help thinking that there is a better time within reach, that now, as at the Renaissance, England might ride on the new things to greatness, but then one is so bothered by the moral cowardice. We have the weakness of wealth and the rich must always find it hard to do any good. . .

On Tuesday I met Goschen and talked about University Extension. He is able and halting. The habit of halting makes him sure when he has time. In the Kingdom where weeks are months he will be first. . .

On Thursday Ritchie of L.G.B. sent for me apropos of my *Nineteenth Century* article, "Relief Funds and the Poor." We had a good talk, but officialism may be so tight that outside pressure may make for a return of out-relief.

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A mysterious parcel came yesterday from a man on Canon's Marsh, Bristol. My wife says it is a clip for the reins and holds it to be a mark of your sweet thoughtfulness. We cannot, though, fit it on, so you must come up for the purpose of showing us! We had a lovely drive yesterday round Stanmore and Harrow, keeping out for six hours. The day was a poem, and we took in stores of rest as we jogged alone far from cares and friends.

Love for ever, S. A. B.

St. Jude's Vicarage, Whitechapel, 1887.

My dear Frank,

We have been spending our Sabbath with Lord Dunsany. He is near eighty and a dear—intelligent, active, and liberal. He despairs of Ireland but is not bitter. As out of his experience he tells of efforts—plans which have failed, one joins in his hopelessness, but is assured that the only experiment left for trial is that of Home Rule. . .

On Monday we went to Watts; he finished my portrait and gave it to my wife. She is very pleased and the face is certainly like something in me. He was very happy in her pleasure, and she was very happy in her possession.

On Tuesday we dined with the Courtneys, and greatly enjoyed our talk. He is a strong man and they make a beautiful home together.

On Wednesday we went in the morning to the New Gallery. The pictures are distressing: there is hardly one with any poetry; most of them are affected and the voice of all is "Vanity of vanities." It is terrible to think of the passion which speaks out of the walls of Florence, and then to see pretence, the mockery of passion on our walls. The warriors are stage warriors and the lovers have got up their looks from pictures. In the afternoon we went to a garden party and heard Corney Grain. Have you heard him? He is very clever hitting off the little weaknesses of little people. It is strange to watch folk laughing at themselves; people seem so vain that they would rather be laughed at than not noticed. Rich people differ here from the poor, who hate notice. Vanity is a strange outcome of civilisation—a result, I take it, of a free press and empty minds. . .

Last night we went to the House. Y—— sat next to Mrs. Gladstone, a commonplace old lady, and confided to her that she did not like Harcourt's speech. "Then you are the other side?" she said. "No," replied my wife; "but I can't think my side perfect always." "Ah, then you must come and hear *him* [Mr. Gladstone] on Monday," she said.

Harcourt's speech was detestable, the speech of a spendthrift politician using up to-day what will be wanted to-morrow to

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keep society together. We saw the row and I don't think the Speaker will last long; he clearly was inconsistent, and should have shut up Sanderson. The latter is Irish, a man to speak more vigorously than he acts, a man loving effect, a man who would any day sacrifice truth for a joke.

We came away sad that the pulse of the machine should be so frivolous, and ashamed of what other nations must think. There is no argument against coercion except Home Rule. Gladstone was in the House, a nervous irritable man, conscious of every reflection on himself. I can't think how he has lived so long, wearing himself down as he does. . .

My lady's book looks very well, and is the ground-work of many of to-day's articles. She is all right and has endured well a very heavy week.

With dearest love, S. A. B.

ST. JUDE'S VICARAGE, WHITECHAPEL, *July 2nd*, 1887.

MY DEAR FRANK,

The weekly letter becomes the birthday letter. Instead of telling you about the past I have to throw myself into the future, see you growing to the dignity fit for the Abbey House, increasing in prosperity and goodness, sheltered and supported by the love of many. Dear old boy, may all good be yours, good within and good without.

My wife, as usual remembering everything, thought of you and will send you some art-worked brass plates for decoration of the Hall for your birthday. One thing will, I fear, be missing to-morrow, and that is the raspberry and currant tart along the series of which my memory leaps, and I am borne to Samber House, sea-side lodgings, and even Portland Square.

We picture you in your new house—excited—a bit worried, but full of hope. The house must look its best with this sun, and to-morrow you will begin to feel you are married to the Cathedral. Did you ever read Victor Hugo's *Notre Dame*? There a child got, weirdly, strangely, to belong to the great silent home of the living and the dead.

Dear people, our thoughts will be with you all next Sunday, and oh! how we hope that your home may be blessed and how the sacrifice may bear fruit to many! Can't you think of a motto for your hall, which shall be nothing to the blind but which to those who can see shall declare that man's work, like God's work, is to be shared, and that all honest comers will come to you? What a lot still lies before you, and how much to be done to make your gift of residence in the city among the people perfect!

With dearest love, S. A. B.

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RED, NORWAY, *July 31st*, 1887.

MY DEAR FRANK,

"When it is fine we see the waterfalls, and when it is wet we see the waters fall." In fact, wet and fine alters only the position of an "s." Thus Ward describes Norway and there is more in the description than is at first apparent. Water is the making of everything; the pleasure of the tourist and the living of the people depend on the water, and both soon get careless of wet. You would have been astonished to see us both at 5 a.m. on the deck of a steamer wrapped in waterproofs enjoying the rain; and you would be glad to see us both blooming in health, trudging our twelve or eighteen miles, and eating and drinking whatever we can find—eggs, fish, beer.

You would like the people, the honest and just-awake look of the men, with their reserve of strength, the simple, broad-browed girls armoured in purity. You would like their gentleness to animals—we have not seen a driver strike a horse—and the method of driving seems to be to let the horse follow his own taste, drink when he likes, stop when he likes, and run when he likes. As he likes to run down hill and as the hills are very steep, we descend with a flash. You would enjoy the rapid movement from place to place, the welcome at the hotels, and always the most lovely and inspiring surroundings. Sometimes a steamer bears us for a whole day in and out the windings of the fiords. The rocks shut us in on every side, and sympathy with the people who live wherever, from sea or rocks, a living can be scraped, makes us almost melancholy. We have a sense of the might of nature, of a might greater than man's, and we remember how if we did not love one another we should go mad for very weakness' sake.

Sometimes during one day we pass by the side of torrents which rush and roar till they lose themselves in a waterfall, climb ravines where every rock is radiant with green, reach heights when we see hill rolling on hill, or stand by plains or lakes beyond which rest the snow mountains or glaciers. It is the last view which I like best. I like the sense that earth and heaven meet, that the rough at our feet belongs to the peaceful distance, that man by going may reach the skies. My wife, I think, likes best the torrents, as they roll and rage in volumes greater than the Avon. She likes their life, their will to achieve, their progress, till in a glorious death at some fall they fill the world with a sense of power and beauty. . .

The journey so far has been a success, the necessary effort refreshes our wills and reminds us that we are not old. We cannot be old to enjoy riding in a coster's barrow without springs, and with no harness but a bit of rope. We cannot be old to giggle with our fellow-travellers over the difficulties to be understood by the people. . .

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Our experience of our party is very satisfactory. We two have been alone and yet not alone. In the traps called stolkjars, we drive for hours, and then when we meet our fellow-travellers we are sure of a talk, sure of thoughtful care, sure that some sign of unselfishness will be pleasant. Ward is the practical man who plans journeys, fixes times, and delights in the thing done. Shields is the mystic who sees coincidences, believes in ideas. "How many pounds avoirdupois can an angel's wings lift?" asks Ward. "A feather weight," answers Shield. "America," says Ward, "is the last product of civilisation." "Its highest product," retorts Shields, "is the railway-station." Bartholomew is the paymaster, and he is glad when he takes as a receipt the handshake of landlord or waitress. . .

To-day we are spending quietly on a lake which much reminds us of Lucerne, only here there are no visitors, no arrangement for tourists, and no heat. I am writing by an open window and the air blows from a glacier across the still shadowed waters. My wife is very well. I need not tell you that she is the life of the party, opening our eyes to see the beauty and making us think of all we see.

Goodbye now, our thoughts and talk often go to you and yours. May you have a good holiday!

With love for ever, S. A. B.

WHITECHAPEL, 1887.

To H. O. B.

Here is a bit of good news. There was a clerical meeting at Jerusalem Chamber, and from Kate and from Bolton I heard the same account. The meeting was more clever than earnest, the speeches below tone and frivolous. Then M—— spoke to a higher key, with more feeling for the people and with more practical sense of their needs. He described the "man hardened by East End life, softened to tears and lifted to hope by the music of the Worship Hour." . . So let us hope on for him.

I have been to the Communicants' Meeting. The communicants mustered fairly well and were sweet. I tried to show them how goodness walks among us, like a light surprising us; how one day we may be at one with it, how now we may touch it.

Yesterday at the Congregational Committee I loved my people more than ever, and at the Liberal ditto I hated and shrank from politicians. We discussed places and decided to go to Cambridge, to get up a fund for church decoration, to discuss Willis and overhaul Stewart. They were very fair to Stewart and appreciate his qualities. "He's a ruff 'un like me," says Browning, "and I ain't fit for a smooth post." They will try to get volunteers to show people to seats.

I am very happy. Your note has made me so. Foolish man that I am, I live on your life, and if I feel you are getting well, I live. . .

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SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS, MANCHESTER, *September 3rd*, 1887.

MY DEAR FRANK,

Here is a letter from the centre of thought. There are 4,000 people gathered to discuss atoms, thoughts, logics, and isms—they gad about and sit in lecture-rooms and generate gases. My calm judgment is that the meeting must take its place among the big advertising agencies which distinguish progress. Men unknown in their studies, and the studies themselves are here advertised.

On the whole it is good, better that the men in the street should know that atoms, "isms," and logics exist. . .

About the Exhibition it is impossible to say enough. We spent the whole of yesterday among the pictures, and it did us good to note how progress was written on the fifty years' work. Clearly, too, the living artists seek their motive in more serious subjects than did the dead ones. Of course one feels as one always does that the human ideal is expressed in past rather than in present forms. Artists don't look at facts to find truth. Those who do look at facts, like Zola, look to find horror and sensation.

We looked at the furniture exhibits thinking of you, and Y—— saw one room with a frieze which gave her a thought she will transfer. On Wednesday evening we went to Roscoe's lecture. It was not satisfactory, as it was too learned for most of us and not learned enough for the learned. On Thursday—(my wife is so naughty and is bothering me so much about the extra attraction in a certain lady's figure caused by her 9½ stone, that serious writing is impossible. She has just addressed the Association on "The duty of serious living," so that our common stock is used up).

Good-bye, with dearest love, S. A. B.

ST. JUDE'S, WHITECHAPEL, *March* 1888.

MY DEAR FRANK,

On Monday we had a quiet evening, having lunched with the Forbeses and made a selection of Israel's pictures for our Exhibition. The Forbeses are pleasant, common-sensible people and the pictures are an education. Forbes evidently has a bit of tender, social sentiment, and this comes out in his love of Israel, Corot, Millet, etc. You will get a sight of our pictures. . .

On Tuesday we had a long visit from Brooke Lambert. He is a very fine fellow, and represents nineteenth-century Christianity. He takes misfortune from God, and goes on as if the Best were still Governor. We greatly enjoyed our talk, and there is just a chance that he may join us in Florence. . .

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I went down to see Hart Dyke about our University Training for Teachers scheme. He was most pleasant and it looks as if the Universities and University Colleges might be recognised as Training Colleges. Might it not be a good plan to put the scheme before Bristol teachers? . . .

Thursday, a few of my young parson friends spent "a quiet day" together with Young and me at Kingston. We talked over our work and tried to realise where as Liberals we fail. We do fail, we do not get into our teaching something which is good in that teaching which we know to be wrong. We need, I think, much more of meditation and more practices of self-control. . .

I read Gladstone on *Robert Elsmere* in the train. He gets the better of the argument and with a power of words tramples on the inadequacy of Mrs. Ward's position. He makes so much of connection with the Church and values it not only because of its strength, but because it is the basis of authority. A queer mind, Gladstone's, which can adopt a principle in religion from which it shrinks in politics. If I were a Conservative I would write an article on him, using against him his argument against Mrs. Ward. . .

Friday was our blessed "Sabbath," and we talked out Y——'s new book on Physiology. She will set to work on it after we return from Italy.

Love for ever, S. A. B.

NAPLES, *April 23rd*, 1888.

MY DEAR FRANK,

After you left us at Pisa we took a drive to a Carthusian monastery. The great place with its eleven dirty, ignorant inmates, its frescoes of bad art, its cool courts with oranges and flowers, its magnificent situation, set us thinking. Clearly its disestablishment was justified, but clearly also there is a use in any system for buildings adapted for rest, for self-culture, and for common life. Perhaps some day the need for convalescent homes for the mind will be recognised.

From Pisa we travelled to Rome, passing from the highly cultivated plots of Tuscany to the desert stretches of the Papal States. Was the cause large holdings? We don't know, but I think if these deserts were given to the peasants who now emigrate they would find America at home. Rome we felt to be a confusion or to have a unity too great for our comprehension. . .

Such study as I gave to Michelangelo and Raphael sent the latter up very high. In Michelangelo there is so little hope.

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His prophets see nothing but woe, woe; with all the glory of form, with the beauty of life, his people wake to sorrow. All is fine and his study opens our eyes to see the sorrow which goes to the building of truth, but give me Raphael. His Christ of the Transfiguration is a man who knows sorrow *and* triumph, whose glory is of giving. His "Disputa" shows us men worshipping with the devotion of Fra Angelico's men, but men with characters formed by thought and inquiry. In fact, as I looked I asked myself what more was wanted. If art be one voice through which is answered the question "What is the mystery of life?" then what more is wanted than the voice which says "Think," "Study," "Be yourself," and "Worship." Then it came to me that there was little in Raphael of what this age has learnt about "doing," "service," etc., etc. The painter of the future, the man who will put into form a later answer to the question, must be one who will tell of love in action as well as in contemplation. The greatest is yet to be and no art is in the truest sense "Christian," that is, expressive of the truth that "He who would save his life must give it." . . .

From Rome we came here and have put up at a villa in the midst of a vineyard which slopes to the sea, and whence we have a view which tempts to idleness and one expects to hear singing, to see dancing, and find life a play. Naples is a town which glitters but does not glow. The colours which flit from the balconies, the bright figures in the streets, the small silver-decorated horses, the sharp sounds—all make, as I said, a glitter. We have been to the Museum to see our old love, the Listening Pan, which as my wife says should be kept as a companion to the Mercury of the Bargello to represent obedience as that represents action.

By the by, don't take what I have written about art as from her. She knows so much more that I only pick up her crumbs, and it won't do to have her credited with my errors. She has been very well and is, of course, our life, bringing out in every one his best and making even the blind see. I wish we could find out how to keep her well in Whitechapel; here she does so much and is so much. One day we started at 8.30 and were at it till 7.30, and she was then up for a moonlight walk. This was on Vesuvius day, which has been the event of our journey since Florence.

We drove up the slopes through groves where spring was revelling in his power, over lava streams, dark, contorted like the snakes which seized Laocoon, up to the railway which is 2,000 feet above the sea. Here we turned our backs on the wonders of nature, to admire how, by an almost perpendicular road, man had made a way for cars to pass. We got in and in ten minutes were hauled up 1,300 feet. Then we were on the outside of the crater. We looked down on islands, sea, and land. We felt the smallness of ourselves—of man—in the presence of

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the world. We forgot our fears and hopes, worshipping something greater—the world—in which we are but ants.

Then we turned and behold a greater than the world. The earth itself was shaking, its sides were torn by a force which was rending its rocks; with a restrained roar some mightier power was sending out breath after breath which rolled in volumes to the heavens in an eternal stream. For a moment we felt ourselves in front of Force, Power. And now the world—everything—seemed small and we understood why the first name given to God was "the Strong One."

I wish I could give you some idea of the inside of the crater, its vast gloomy circumference, its ridges of contorted lava, its veins of yellow and red, its volume upon volume of steam with every now and then a roar followed by the belching forth of rocks and stones. The idea which it left in my mind was of "Force," and somehow of the unity of Force with Beauty. Terrible as it was, it was also beautiful, beautiful enough for a Turner's picture. Some day, though, you will come yourself or some day a worthy person will tell what he has seen. We will bring you ourselves. Yes—and I expect a good portion of the mountain if we succeed in bringing home the specimens my wife has made us collect! Rocks of all forms and colours did she and we gather. Once Marion was seen choking over a chasm while Bartholomew was dragging at a piece of yellow stone, pulling it, as he said, from the jaws of hell, so sulphurous and hot was it.

You will see from all that we are very well, and to-day we are just basking while everything around us sleeps.

Now with love to you all,

Ever yours, S. A. B.

St. Jude's Vicarage, Whitechapel, *May* 12*th*, 1888.

My dear Frank,

Once more we are at home. Lucerne was very beautiful, more beautiful than any place we know. Thence we travelled to Strasburg to meet Nunn, who wished to see us on his way to Switzerland. It was pleasant to meet him in his holiday costume. He has a very beautiful character, a simple heart with a strong mind. He plans to adopt the son of a peasant and to bring him up as his own brother. This hardly seems wise, or really good for the boy, but Nunn has a generous notion at bottom and generosity is never a wasted expenditure.

With Strasburg after Italy we were disappointed. The Cathedral missed a something, I know not what. Those in Italy spoke of some sort of common life. That of Strasburg

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was solitary—unsocial—individual. I wonder if the keynote of Gothic is individualism. The most striking thing in the town was the soldiers, who looked grand and were everywhere. From Strasburg we journeyed to Brussels: here we enjoyed Mass in the Cathedral on Ascension Day, a Mass much more beautifully sung than that in Milan, and during which the vast congregation was most reverent. I tried to feel how such a service might be translated into the realms of thought.

From Brussels we came home, having again a quiet passage. Here we found everything well, the table was loaded with flowers to give us welcome, friends were everywhere. The Bartholomews had even come to the station. We have as yet only shaken hands and looked pleased, though the wife had to go to Miss Edwards's lecture on the women of Egypt. In the evening we dined in Toynbee and then went to bed.

With love to all, S. A. B.

KILKEE, IRELAND, *September 7th*, 1888.

MY DEAR FRANK,

After a week with the Monteagles we have come on here for a few days to see the Atlantic. Our stay at Mount Trenchard was very interesting. The place stretches along the bank of the Shannon, and is surrounded with extensive woods, through which paths wind over "lynns," and the estate includes three villages. Monteagle has been a model landlord, and so the houses are good. He has developed resources and employs twenty men at a saw-mill.

We went about seeing land, landlords, and people. The land is terribly neglected, and there is hardly a field which is not full of "wire" grass, weeds, and thistles. The cottages, even when well built, have no gardens nicely kept with flowers and no sign of care in furniture. To-day in one specially well-built I saw the pig and the fowls admitted to a place at the fireside.

If there be plenty there is untidiness, and if there be want the untidiness becomes squalor. With all this the people are finely grown, clean-skinned, and very intelligent. The girls it is a pleasure to look at. The men seem "noble savages"—noble by look, by manners, by the respect they show for women, by their loyalty to one another, by their intelligence—savages by their powers for hating, by their love of passionate revenge, by their dislike of hard work, by their fondness for drama, by their simulated servility. Their landlords are like themselves—idle, proud, and incapable of sustained effort.

With all the circumstances, if I were responsible here, I would shun politics; I would devote myself to local work, to developing better farming and local government. In time the people will be sick of agitation, and then they will turn with all their old

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loyalty—this time founded on reason—to follow the men who have done right. It is worse than useless, it is almost wicked to fight for "Union." The ideal, if it be beautiful, is not possible; representation has been accepted as a system of Government and by representation Ireland has declared its will. It must have its will, or be governed as a Crown colony, and this is impossible.

Love to all, S. A. B.

ST. JUDE'S VICARAGE, WHITECHAPEL, *October* 1888.

To H. O. B.

When I got home the house smiled a welcome, shadows of my wife's smiles. The house never would have smiled so without her love and thought. The study was warm, light and full of red! . . I sat there after dinner and finished *Idolatry*. It is a strong book and the man may be eager for God, though he does play suspiciously near what is beastly. It is a grand picture of broken idols, and the fair idol which attracts so many is well broken at the end. Balder found that not even his own righteousness could be a God. That's well done, so all the way through is the mingling of fact and fancy, mental and physical phenomena. . .

A very little, as you say, makes me happy. I have too large a store of hope to give up for long. . . Knowles, of *The Nineteenth Century*, to whom I sent *Practicable Socialism* with a stamped envelope for its return, to-day sends me the proof. My breath is a bit taken away as some of the statements are strong and roughly stated. I must see to their correctness. We will go over the proof together. . .

A—— was with me yesterday—I put my foot down on his business arrangements and showed myself to be your disciple in the matter of accounts. He has to get out another system. I do dislike his manner and I am never more severe to anyone. I shall tell him some day I expect return in my own coin for my investment of time and brain. . .

It is just nine and I shall get off this letter so that you may have a message to-night at Liverpool. What a lot there is to tell when lives are shared as are ours. Uneventful I should describe yesterday and Sunday to be, were I writing to others; to you this quire of paper would not tell you all. . .

Nurse and Fanny dined with me off pheasant, Nurse feeling half uncomfortable lest she were eating what I liked. Women spoil men.

S. A. B.

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The following two extracts are from two letters, on February 9th and February 16th, 1889:

To F. G. B.

On Tuesday we went up early to the Parnell Commission. The Secretary received us and took us to good places in the body of the court near the Judges. Soon the court filled and we were struck by the dignity of the dark, ill-shaped, and inconvenient room. Davitt was there with a face like Mazzini's, sad, earnest, and more emotional than reasoning—a good man. Webster, Russell, James, Reed, Lockwood, Atkinson, faced us. Webster—a ponderous man—most irritable and ready to snub any interference, especially Graham's. His questions showed culture, experience, force, but not agility. He could not fight a losing fight. Russell is sleek, quick, and just the man to seize an advantage. James is cruel. Lockwood full of humour. The witness was Le Carron, and we were intensely interested as for hour after hour he, without a failure in date or name, gave his evidence. If a patriotic spy is justified, he is one, but somehow one can't respect the man who saves lives by sacrificing truth and honour.

To F. G. B.

My wife has just had an attack of palpitation from consternation over Piggott so I have had to break off my letter and discuss the Parnell Commission. . . I never conceived *The Times* could have had such a foundation and the effect will be bad. Of course there will be a general rout, as the Unionists have built so much on the unfitness of Ireland's chosen. But this is not the evil result I mean. Now there will be a sort of justification for assuming that an opponent must be wicked, a wider disbelief in any conscientious action. Sometimes I think our only hope is in a movement which will compel people to see that only truth and good matter. There is no leading man, politician or parson, who so teaches. They all have some platform.

St. Jude's Cottage, Hampstead, 1890.

My dear Frank,

We have been staying at Grace Dieu Manor with the Charles Booths, and enjoyed our stay to the end. He is a noble fellow—one of the natures which seem to be grown fine and to need nothing from circumstance. At any rate by himself, by faithful obedience to his own right, he is higher than most men. If his

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own right could be transfigured, by say, Christ's right, how high he would be! He reminds one of the Stoics—Seneca and Aurelius—a Christian before Christ. He works hard and lives low. When he is in East London he dwells in a workman's home, so as to be in full touch with their life. . .

We went to there from Oxford when I had preached on Sunday, staying with the Markbys. They are nice folk and you will hear tales of their life, her drawings, and their experience in India. They live at Headington on three acres overlooking Oxford.

Yesterday my wife went to the Board while I stayed at home and read *A Winter's Tale*. We are to be taken this evening to see Miss Anderson in it. The play did not find me as do some of Shakespeare's; there is a poverty about the plot and a want of subtlety in the characters. It is a play made, as it were, out of the chips of the workshop. I agree though with you in wishing to put other books aside and study him.

On Tuesday I went to see a church Vatcher has built in Stepney. His father left him a lot of money and he has used it to build a magnificent structure with double aisles—mysterious corners—vaulted roof, etc. There is something great in his modesty (it is only a surmise that he has done it), which has built such a grand structure. We are both struck by the absence of advertising in his efforts, and in the goodness of what he and his wife have done. . .

On Thursday I saw Mrs. Humphry Ward about her Settlement. I don't think it will go. Why should it? It has neither the force of a sectarian movement nor the charm of a free movement. A few people are caught by the phantom beauty of Elsmere's character, but it cannot be grasped. She is a sweet tender woman, full of anxieties, too great anxieties, to serve others. She was meant to be religious and is fitted for the Mary service rather than the Martha busyness of this age. We have had some good talks, and notably one on the possibility of religion for the crassly ignorant.

We have a busy week before us. Mabel Bradby is to be married this morning and to-night we dine with the Courtneys.

There is no end to do. St. Jude's is getting ripe for harvest and might be a centre of religious life. Toynbee might be extended and influence public opinion. Wadham might be developed and the beginning made of a residential University; to do this, though, there must be a staff of teachers and tutors.

I have greatly enjoyed Stevenson's Essays. They are good. One about Walt Whitman put exactly what I think about him and confirms a shy suspicion that he is the first *longo intervallo* of the poets of the twentieth century, the true developer of the truth expressed in the form of the tale I love about "gun, rust, bust, dust."

Now good-bye, with dearest love for ever, S. A. B.

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WHITECHAPEL, *February* 1893.

MY DEAR FRANK,

How lovely are these days! Perfect spring day follows perfect spring day. Lough, M.P., who dined with us, spoke of the beauty of the weather in contrast with the ugliness of the "House." . . .

Tuesday we went to an "At Home" at the Bryces' and saw the folk who are at the tops of things—the motes in the sunshine. We had no very thrilling talks and met no dear friends, but we enjoyed ourselves. Electric lighting helps and there were many there we knew.

On Wednesday we dined with the Courtneys. Balfour, Morley, Asquith, the next Duke of Devonshire, and Hobhouse were there. It was very interesting. My wife fell in love with Balfour and I with Morley. We must tell you of their talk when we meet. It was most free, and Mr. Gladstone came in for good-tempered criticism. Morley is a better parson than politician. He has the narrow sense of right, the stiff back and the somewhat sensitive organisation of a parson. Asquith is the better politician. He has the sense of what will grow, knows with how much wrong to put up, but is still wanting in ease and polish which he will gain. Balfour is charming in manner, as easy as a giant, but his greatest faith seems to be in doubt. Here you have the basis of his conservatism, and he is saved from cynicism by his sweetness of nature. How by and by he will hate the young men who follow him! He doubts because he has a sense of responsibility. They doubt because they are conceited.

I have been to see Ibsen's *Master Builder*. It is long since I have seen such good acting. Ellen Terry never moves my heart, only my head. This just moved me altogether and I nearly shouted. The play itself is very stimulating. It has a message, but I doubt if the message is true. Roughly translated it is *Pecca fortiter*, but, like other parables, it has several interpretations. One is, Go at all risks after your ideal, climb as high as you can build, live in your castles in the air. Another is, Seek your own end at all costs, get everything else out of the way. Another is, War against convention, which has given a wrong meaning to duty, which has invented a conscience, which destroys the innate goodness of human nature.

My reading has been *David Grieve*, which Mrs. Humphry Ward sent me. The book is so honestly written and with such high purpose that one does not care to condemn it for its length, its want of interest, or its artistic defects. Honest writing won't make up for insight, and even the most instructed cat (able to describe every ornament and gesture of her Majesty) would not see the Queen. Mrs. Ward painfully tells of all that is visible in character, but somehow does not see the man. Then the noble purpose, that of showing godliness as the end of education, is

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somehow not reached. The education is not touched with modern fire, and remains that of all the ages. We would want someone to show the frivolity—the indifference—the emotions—and the passions of the century breaking in on the human soul—someone to give voice to the unheard messages of the hour.

I have also been to see Lord Coleridge *re* Marlowe Memorial, which has been started by some Toynbee Hall students. Lord Coleridge is sleek and satisfied, better cultured than sustained, more insinuating than strong, a literary rather than a legal man. He complained bitterly of Street as an architect.

What do you think of the Tolstoi tales? If you like what you have read, I will lend you some. We have been much fascinated by their delicacy and insight.

Love always, S. A. B.

WARDEN'S LODGE, WHITECHAPEL, *August 2nd*, 1895.

MY DEAR MARY,[1]

The silk is in my Bible as a book-marker and as a token of your thought about me when you were winding the silk. It is pretty work to wind silk and gives time for thinking and for singing. Ask your Mother to tell you a tale of Pippa—an Italian girl who wound silk all day long and had one holiday. She used it—well, the tale will tell you how she used it.

To-day I expect you are running over the Cornish country, making friends and plans. We expect to have a good time with you and are going to make ourselves young before we come. I used to see a picture of a mill which turned old people into young. It was in our magic lantern. Your father will remember it. I have never seen a real mill like the picture, but I have found that there are other ways of getting young, so we shall use those ways to come to you quite young.

Dorothy is quite well. She went to a party yesterday. To-day we are going to Ely. It is a place which once was an island but is now dry. In old days people built on it a house for quiet living and they made it beautiful. This is now the Cathedral. We are going to stay with the Dean, and then to-morrow twenty Whitechapel people are coming to join us. We shall go into the Cathedral and listen to music in the dark so that the shadows will seem to speak. Perhaps music is the talk of shadows.

With love, your SAML. A. BARNETT.

8, ROYAL YORK CRESCENT, CLIFTON.

MY DEAR WIFE,

How I wish you could find the children when you come in anxious over your invalid. Their life, their originality, their

[1] His little niece, aged nine.

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sweetness are all so helpful. They have not the depth of grown-ups, but somehow they seem to inherit qualities grown-ups learn by life and losses. Would that you could see and hear them in your pretty room. They have been playing a history card game when "horrid facts" have been got into their minds without any relation. Phyllis's direct common sense and Dorothy's gentle feeling run well in couples. Dorothy fell to-day with the hoop and bruised her arm. She won't be able to cycle to-morrow, but will be right in a day or two. I tell her it is preparation against being a Lord Mayor. We have all enjoyed our dinner, laughing and telling tales.

Good night, love always, S. A. B.

JAN 2 2 1920

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